ALL-STAR SUPERMAN™

DC BLACK LABEL

"A stirringly mythic, emotionally resonant, and gloriously alternative take on the Man of Steel."
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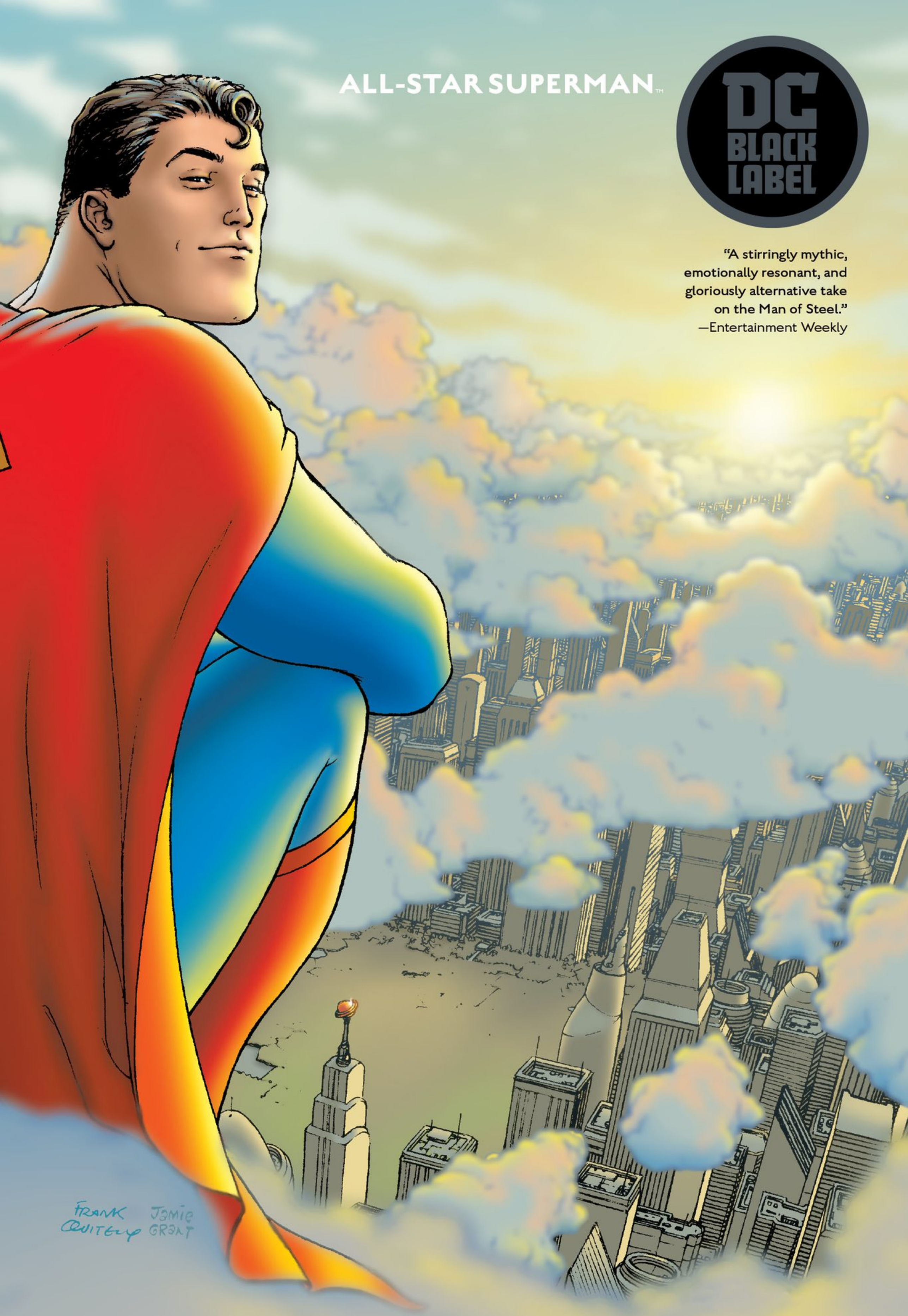

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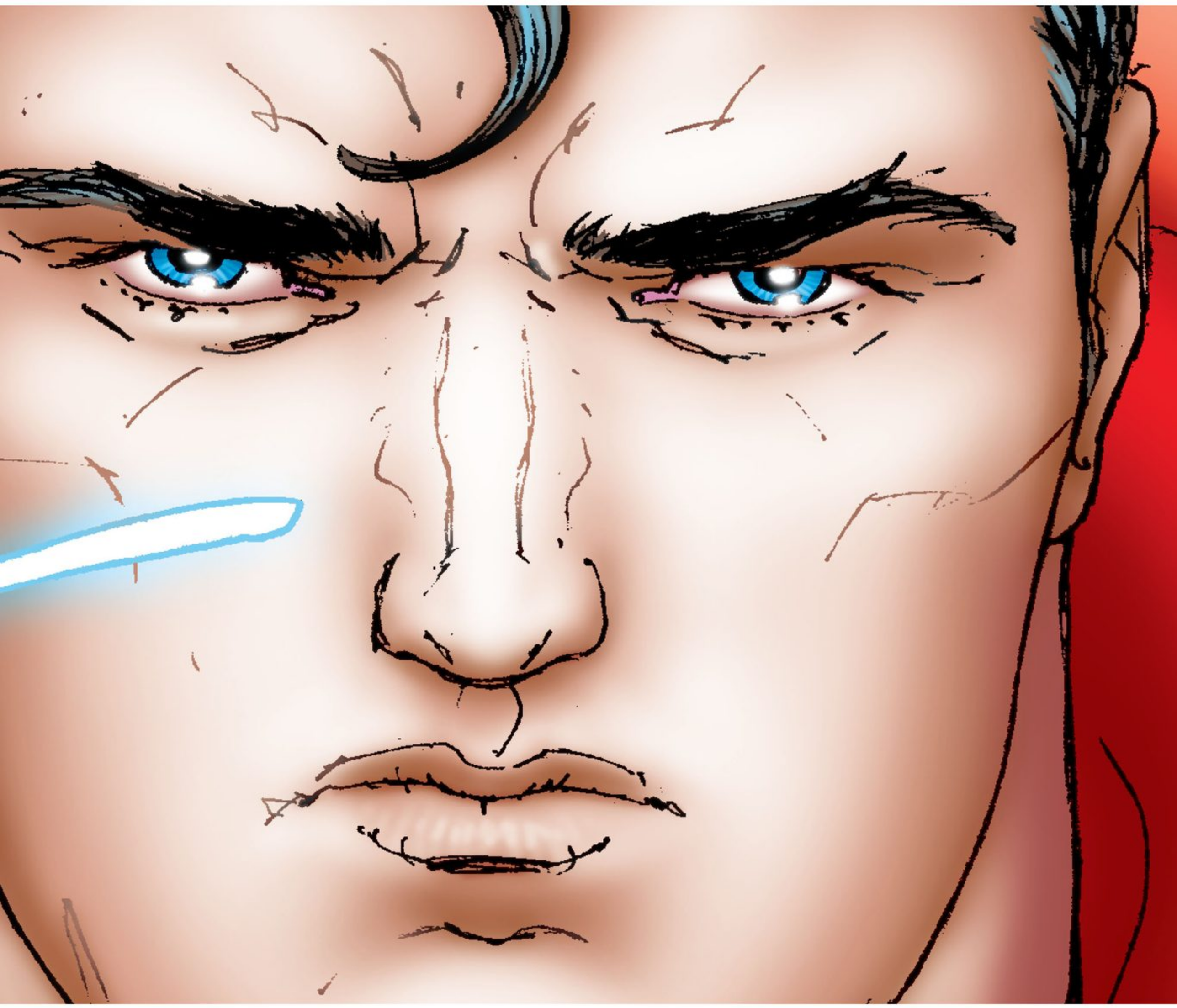

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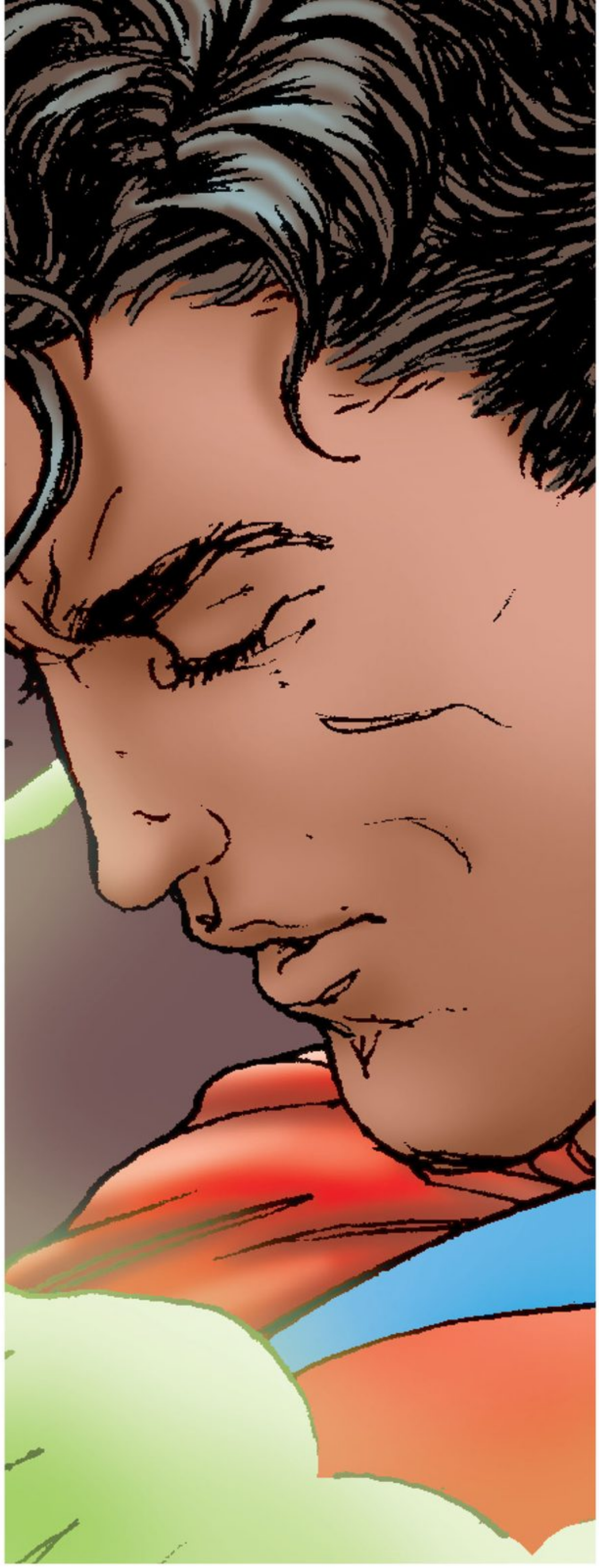

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For Agnes and Walter,
my mum and dad.
—Grant Morrison

For Ann Jane, Vin, Joe & Orla.
—Frank Quitely

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE I ...FASTER...

DOOMED PLANET.

DESPERATE SCIENTISTS.

LAST HOPE.

KINDLY COUPLE.

GRAVITY SHIELDS ARE SHATTERING!

WE'RE FALLING INTO A SUNSPOT THE SIZE OF SOUTH AMERICA!

TEMPERATURES WILL REACH 40 MILLION DEGREES WHEN WE HIT THE CONVECTION ZONE!

WE WERE GROWN WITH ZERO FEAR GENES, MISTER QUINTUM, BUT YOU...

FEAR IS THE SAUCE ON THE STEAK OF LIFE, FLORAL!

I PROMISED I'D BRING BACK A SPOONFUL OF SUN AND I REFUSE TO LET A LITTLE THING LIKE ENGINE FAILURE HOLD ME BACK!

PERHAPS NOT.

BUT I AM.

LEO'S NOT QUITE READY TO DIE YET!

SEE, I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING.

I'M A GENETICALLY MODIFIED SUICIDE BOMB IN HUMAN FORM.

DEATH.

COURTESY OF LEX LUTHOR!

SUPERMAN IS THROUGH THE *CORONA* BUT CONDITIONS ABOARD *THE RAY BRADBURY* ARE DETERIORATING.

THERE CAN'T BE MUCH TIME.

I KNOW HE ARRIVED ON EARTH FROM THE PLANET *KRYPTON.*

I KNOW EVERY CELL IN HIS BODY IS A LIVING *SOLAR BATTERY,* EVOLVED TO STORE RAW ENERGY FROM THE SUN.

BUT THE TEMPERATURE AT THE SOLAR CHROMOSPHERE IS *6000° FAHRENHEIT.*

SUPERMAN SAVES FIRST MANNED SUN-MISSION

HMMM?

I SAID HOW *BIG* IS IT?

I HAVE *NO* IDEA, LOIS, DEAR.

I'D SAY QUITE LITERALLY *ENORMOUS* FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.

PHILANTHROPIST LEO QUINTUM WHO SET OUT TO 'MAP THE SUN'

SUPERMAN *RESCUES* SUN MISSION?

WE DON'T *KNOW* THAT YET.

LOIS, HE'S *93 MILLION* MILES AWAY AND I'M RIGHT HERE WITH A HEART THAT'S *TRUE.*

I *ALWAYS* WRITE THE SUPERMAN HEADLINES BEFORE THEY HAPPEN, STEVE.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BIG THE *SUN* IS, GO *AWAY.*

IT'S AS BIG AS *333,000* EARTHS.

IMAGINE ONE HUNDRED BILLION *H BOMBS* EXPLODING IN YOUR *FACE,* MISS LANE... PER *SECOND.*

I LOOKED IT UP ON MY *SUPER-WATCH.*

YOU'RE A KILLJOY, JIMMY OLSEN.

LEX LUTHOR TOLD THE WORLD HE HAD *REFORMED* AND FOR SOME REASON THE WHOLE WORLD *BELIEVED* HIM AND DOUBTED *US.*

PERRY WHITE
EDITOR IN CHIEF

I DON'T HAVE TO *TELL* YOU I'M PROUD OF EVERY ONE OF YOU WHO STUCK BY THE PLANET'S *INTEGRITY* IN ITS DARKEST HOUR.

BUT LEX LUTHOR *LIED,* LIKE HE *ALWAYS* LIED.

INVESTING HEAVILY IN *WATER.*

DAMMING MORE THAN *FIFTEEN* RIVERS.

WITH INTENT TO PROFIT FROM A GLOBAL *WATER SHORTAGE* BROUGHT ABOUT BY TAMPERING WITH THE *SUN.*

DAILY PLANET

LUTHOR LIED

THIS IS TOMORROW'S FRONT PAGE.

WE'RE BREAKING THE STORY OF THE CENTURY.

"I'M APPROACHING CRITICAL MASS!"

LEX ?

ARE YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF AGAIN?

"FUSION WILL OCCUR IN THIRTY SECONDS."

LEX, I'VE JUST HAD A CALL FROM ONE OF OUR PEOPLE IN *WASHINGTON.*

HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT *JOURNALISTS.*

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL.

I'M REMOTE-CONTROLLING A *WEAPON* WITH A *VOICE COMMAND* SEQUENCE I DESIGNED.

THE SIGNAL TAKES *9 MINUTES* TO REACH THE SUN.

I HAD TO TIME MY TRANSMISSION *EXACTLY.*

THE SUN?

LUTHOR...WE RELEASED YOU FROM JAIL TO WORK FOR *US,* FOR YOUR *COUNTRY...*

WELL, I'VE *TRIED* TO BE A MODEL CITIZEN, GENERAL LANE.

I *KNOW* I PROMISED I WOULDN'T WASTE MY INTELLECT ON KRYPTONITE ROBOTS AND ELABORATE SUPER-DEATH TRAPS.

=FRRUUK=

I *KNOW* THAT.

THE MAGNETIC SEALS ARE IMPLODING!

S.O.S.!

SOMEBODY HELP US!

BUT THREE MONTHS AGO, I LOOKED IN THE *MIRROR* AT THOSE NASTY LITTLE SPIDERWEBS OF *LINES* AROUND MY EYES, AND I *REALIZED* SOMETHING.

NOBODY CAN HELP YOU HERE!

I'M APPROACHING CRITICAL MASS!

I'M GETTING *OLDER* AND...

...AND HE ISN'T.

FUSION WILL OCCUR IN THIRTY--

NOT IF *I* CAN HELP IT.

SO, IF I WANT TO DIE ***HAPPY,*** IT'S TIME TO GET SERIOUS ABOUT KILLING ***SUPERMAN.***

DON'T YOU THINK?

THE PURPOSE OF MY *EXISTENCE* IS TO EXPLODE!

UNNH!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO LIMIT MY AMBITIONS, FASCIST!

NO RIGHT AT ALL TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY SELF-REALIZATION!

YOU *MISUNDERSTAND.*

I'M HERE TO *HELP* YOU WITH THAT.

BLOW THE HATCH, QUINTUM!

...SUPERMAN IS SHIELDING US BY EXTENDING HIS OWN BIOELECTRIC FIELD...

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

ONLY *NOTHING* IS IMPOSSIBLE, FLORA.

...WE'VE RUN *EXHAUSTIVE* TESTS.

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.

YOU'RE NOW PUSHING AGAINST THE EQUIVALENT OF *200 QUINTILLION TONS,* SUPERMAN.

I'D SAY YOUR STRENGTH HAS *TRIPLED,* AT LEAST, AND WE *STILL* HAVEN'T FOUND AN *UPPER LIMIT.*

YOU'VE MANIFESTED *ONE* NEW SUPER-POWER AND *OTHERS* MAY APPEAR.

THAT'S THE *GOOD* NEWS...

I... SUPERMAN, I'M NOT SURE HOW TO *TELL* YOU THIS.

NN!

TELL ME STRAIGHT.

YOUR TRIP TO THE *SUN* EXPOSED YOU TO *CRITICAL* LEVELS OF STELLAR RADIATION, MORE RAW ENERGY THAN YOUR CELLS ARE ABLE TO PROCESS *EFFICIENTLY.*

APOPTOSIS HAS BEGUN. CELL DEATH.

THERE CAN BE ONLY *ONE* OUTCOME, EVEN FOR *YOU.*

I *SEE* IT, LIKE TINY *FIREWORKS* BELOW MY SKIN.

AT LEAST THIS EXPLAINS THE WEIRD *BIOELECTRIC* DISCHARGES.

WHAT A BIZARRE IRONY IF THE SOURCE OF MY POWERS WINDS UP *KILLING* ME, WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS *FAILED.*

OUR OWN SCAN OF YOUR *CELLS* SHOWS THEM *SUPER-SATURATED* WITH SOLAR RADIATION.

BURSTING FROM WITHIN.

SUPERMAN, I'M SO SORRY.

IF I HADN'T TRIED TO STEAL FIRE FROM THE SUN, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

YOU RISKED *EVERYTHING* TO SAVE MY CREW AND ME.

BUT LUTHOR HAS *USED* US TO *KILL* YOU.

I'M TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM A DOOMED WORLD TOO, SUPERMAN...

IT'S CALLED THE *PAST.*

WHEN I RESURRECTED THE *DNA P.R.O.J.E.C.T.* AND DIRECTED IT TOWARDS THE ENGINEERING OF NEW HUMAN FORMS, I HAD *ONE* GOAL IN MIND.

DON'T WORRY, MY PARTNER, *AGATHA,* ONLY WANTS TO READ YOUR *DNA.*

SHE'S ONE OF OUR *SENSITIVES*-- GENETICALLY ATTUNED TO *ALL* LIFE.

OH, IT'S LIKE *BACH.*

IF ONLY WE COULD FIND A WAY TO CRACK THE *KRYPTON CODE,* WE COULD GROW A *SECOND* SUPERMAN.

PHOTOSYNTHETIC GIANTS, *BIZARRO* WORKER DRONES...

I DEDICATED P.R.O.J.E.C.T. RESOURCES TOWARD *BUILDING* A NEW *RACE* OF SUPERHUMANS IN CASE... IN CASE ANYTHING EVER *HAPPENED* TO YOU.

SMART THINKING.

UIIU

ONE OF OUR *VOYAGER TITANS,* MENTALLY PREPARING HIMSELF FOR *CENTURIES* OF DEEP SPACE EXPLORATION.

THE BLUE SKIN IS *TYPICAL* OF THESE ANAEROBIC MEGANTHROPES. HIS BLOOD IS 80% *LIQUID NITROGEN* AND, OF COURSE, *NORMAL* RESTRICTIONS ON HUMAN SIZE AND ANATOMY JUST DON'T APPLY IN *WEIGHTLESS* CONDITIONS.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE, GENETICALLY MODIFIED P.R.O.J.E.C.T. *NANONAUTS* ARE UNLOCKING THE MYSTERIES OF THE *CELL,* THE *ATOM* AND THE INFINITESIMAL *YOCTOSPHERE.*

WE'RE BUILDING OUTPOSTS OF *TOMORROW* RIGHT HERE, IN THE *NOW.*

YOU *INSPIRED* IT, SUPERMAN, *ALL* OF THIS...

AND I PROMISE, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO *SAVE* YOU.

OR TO REPLACE YOU, IF WE HAVE TO.

THANKS.

THERE'S *ALWAYS* A WAY.

NO ONE MUST KNOW.

NOT YET.

THERE ARE... *THINGS* I HAVE TO DO FIRST.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

"WAIT," HE SAID!

DAILY

"EXCLUSIVE *INTERVIEW*," HE SAID!

CLARK KENT IS *FIRED* IN FIVE SECONDS.

3.

2.

HOLD THE PRESSES!

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN, KENT?

=WUFF=

UH...

WORKING ON MY SUNTAN, CHIEF?

GENTLEMEN.

LEX LUTHOR.

WE HAVE A WARRANT HERE FOR YOUR ***ARREST*** ON CHARGES OF ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ALSO CRIMES AGAINST ***HUMANITY.***

THANK GOD.

IT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD, I ***REALIZE*** THAT.

PUT ME AWAY, BOYS.

BEFORE I DO SOMETHING ***REALLY*** TERRIBLE TO SUPERMAN.

...FASTER...

EPILOGUE: LOIS & CLARK

NICE SENSE OF DRAMA.
CAN YOU BELIEVE HE WALKED *SMILING* INTO CUSTODY?
HE COULD WIND UP IN THE *ELECTRIC CHAIR!*
DO...AH...DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT *DEATH,* LOIS?
I MEAN... I WONDER WHAT I'D DO IF I KNEW I WAS DYING AND... AND...
PLANET TO FINGER LUTHOR
PLANET TO FINGER LUTHO

WHO'S *DYING?* DON'T BE SO *MORBID,* CLARK.
ANYWAY, A BIG COUNTRY LUMMOX LIKE YOU?
YOUR SKILL FOR SELF-PRESERVATION IS ALMOST A SUPERPOWER IN *ITSELF.*
WHUPPS--
EXCUSE *ME,* SIR.

KRASH
CLUMSY IDIOT!
YOUR BOYFRIEND'S AN *IDIOT!*
HOW *DARE* YOU!
AND HE'S *NOT* MY IDIOT!
WHY THANKS, LOIS.

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE MY SELF-ESTEEM WOULD BE WITHOUT YOU.
ALONE IN FRONT OF THE *TELEVISION.*
THANKS FOR CARRYING ALL THIS STUFF, CLARK.

LOIS, THERE... WELL...

THERE WAS SOMETHING I WANTED TO *TELL* YOU AND...

IF THIS IS ABOUT THE *TRIAL* COVERAGE, WE CAN GO OVER ALL THAT *MAÑANA.*

I HAVE TO FLY, CLARK.

LOIS.

PLEASE STOP TALKING FOR JUST ONE SECOND.

I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE 2 SUPERMAN'S FORBIDDEN ROOM

CLARK KENT?

CLARK KENT.

AND YOU'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN CLARK KENT?

SORRY.

I JUST DON'T *BELIEVE* YOU, SUPERMAN.

WHAT?

And I don't care how many times he tries to convince me.

I've been through this before.

I've spent years trying to prove it and now he's getting his own back with the cruelest trick he's ever played.

He says Clark Kent is Superman after all.

But I know he can't be.

OKAY, I'LL GO *ALONG* WITH THIS BUT THERE HAD BETTER BE A *DEVASTATING* PUNCH LINE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BIG GOLDEN *KEY?*

THE ONE YOU *USED* TO HAVE?

DIDN'T THINK IT WAS *SECURE* ENOUGH.

THE *NEW* KEY TO MY FORTESS OF SOLITUDE IS *RIGHT* HERE.

SEE?

GOOD AFTERNOON, SUPERMAN.

C-CAN WE BE OF ASSISTANCE?

AFTERNOON, ROBOTS.

PLEASE BRING MISS LANE'S *CAR* INTO THE GARAGE AND REPAIR THE SLIGHT DAMAGE TO THE *ENGINE BLOCK*--I SMELLED A LEAK.

SO YOU AND *BATMAN* NIXED THE *TOYMAN'S* PLAN TO TURN *GOTHAM CITY* INTO HIS OWN PERSONAL *DISNEYLAND OF DEATH?*

HOW IS HE?

BATMAN?

GREAT.

YOU KNOW BATMAN.

ROBIN?

GREAT KID.

I ALWAYS WONDERED IF *I* SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A PARTNER.

YOU? NO ONE COULD KEEP UP.

THAT KEY *CAN'T* BE SAFE, SUPERMAN.

UNLESS I'M WITNESSING ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR "THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE" MOMENTS?

WELL, TRY IT IF YOU *LIKE,* LOIS.

BUT BE CAREFUL.

IT'S *EXTREMELY* HEAVY.

-nnffgg-

IT'S MADE OF SUPER-DENSE *DWARF STAR* MATERIAL AND WEIGHS HALF A MILLION *TONS.*

I'M THE *ONLY* PERSON ON EARTH WHO CAN LIFT IT.

AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT.

WHEN YOU SPEND ALL DAY SAVING THE WORLD--

SUPERMAN'S FORBIDDEN ROOM
--YOU NEED SOMEWHERE QUIET TO RELAX.
Columbia
United States
THE BAD PENNY · GOOD FOR ONE CRIME · TOKER

Lois Lane, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist... and I don't know what to think about this.

Does it have something to do with my birthday tomorrow?

Is this where it all turns serious at last?

Is this where Superman's girlfriend finally gets what she always wanted?

When we're married fifteen years, when I'm sagging and he looks just the same, will he still meet me and say things like...

THESE ARE FOR *YOU.* I PICKED THEM ON *ALPHA CENTAURI 4.*

Or is he setting me up for another big joke?

...IT MAY LOOK LIKE A MODERN *ART GALLERY,* BUT IT'S ACTUALLY THE *ARMORY.*

OVER THE YEARS, I'VE HAD TO CONFISCATE SOME OF THE GALAXY'S DEADLIEST *WEAPONS OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION.*

THERE ARE THINGS HERE THAT CAN HURT EVEN *ME,* LIKE THIS *KRYPTONITE LASER.*

OUCH.

I HOPE NONE OF YOUR *ENEMIES* EVER FIND A WAY IN HERE, SUPERMAN.

OR ANY *ART CRITICS.*

HA HA.

ONLY MY *FRIENDS* ARE ALLOWED IN HERE, LOIS.

I ESPECIALLY WANTED *YOU* TO SEE WHAT I'VE BEEN *DOING* WITH THE OLD PLACE.

HMM.

NO LASTING *ILL EFFECTS* FROM YOUR BATH IN THE HEART OF THE *SUN,* THEN?

...NEVER BETTER.

LET... LET ME SHOW YOU MY NEW *TIME TELESCOPE.*

IMAGINE I WAS ABLE TO CONTACT MY *SUCCESSORS* AND ENLIST THEIR AID TO HELP *PREVENT* THREATS BEFORE THEY EVEN *OCCURRED.*

SO FAR I CAN ONLY RECEIVE BRIEF, CRYPTIC MESSAGES FROM THE *FAR FUTURE.* BUT I'M *WORKING* ON IT.

THAT LOOKS LIKE *KAL KENT, THE MAN OF STEEL OF TOMORROW.* SUPERMAN OF THE YEAR *85,230 AD.*

...WE FOUGHT SOLARIS, THE TYRANT SUN, AGAIN IN THE YEAR 50,400...

KAL KENT, HUH?

THE FORTRESS ISN'T A *MUSEUM,* LOIS, IT'S A *TIME CAPSULE.*

ONE DAY SOME FUTURE MAN OR WOMAN WILL *OPEN* THAT DOOR, WITH THAT *KEY.*

WHEN THEY DO, I WANT THEM TO KNOW HOW IT FELT TO LIVE AT THE DAWN OF THE AGE OF *SUPERHEROES.*

...THE *PHANTOM ZONE* MAP ROOM'S PRETTY *DULL* UNLESS YOU CAN SEE *RADIO-NEGATIVE ANTI-WAVES...* BUT HOW ABOUT *THIS* CRITTER?

HE'S A BABY *SUN-EATER;* I CAUGHT HIM PROWLING AROUND THE ORBIT OF *JUPITER.*

→eeurr←

WHAT DO YOU *FEED* HIM?

SUNS, WHAT *ELSE?!*

MINIATURE SUNS I CREATE HERE ON THIS *COSMIC ANVIL* FROM *NEW OLYMPUS.*

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE *HUNGRY,* WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

LOOK OUT, LOIS!

THERE YOU GO, BIG FELLA!

BON APPETIT.

But now we come to the part of the story of my life where things go *wrong.*

It wasn't *my fault* the door was open.

I know I wasn't supposed to see inside that weird room.

But I did.

-wuhh-

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU *THINK.*

LOIS, *DON'T* GO IN THERE!

YOU CAN GO *ANYWHERE* IN THE FORTRESS, BUT THIS ROOM IS *OFF LIMITS.*

TRUST ME.

COME THIS WAY AND LET ME SHOW YOU MY *GENETIC LIBRARY.* I USED BRAINIAC'S *SHRINKING RAY* TO STORE LIVING SAMPLES OF *EVERY* THREATENED SPECIES WITHIN A HUNDRED *LIGHT YEARS* IN A SINGLE *DRAWER...*

REPORT FOR *REPAIR,* PLEASE, ROBOT 7.

...OKAY, "TIME" MAGAZINE, NO LESS, CALLS ME ONE OF THE FINEST INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISTS IN THE COUNTRY, IF NOT THE *WORLD.*

I *EAT* SECRETS FOR BREAKFAST.

BUT IN ALL MY *YEARS* OF TRYING TO *PROVE* CLARK WAS YOUR *DISGUISE,* DID I UNCOVER EVEN *ONE* SHRED OF SOLID EVIDENCE?

THE ANSWER IS *NO.*

--WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

TRADITIONAL KRYPTONIAN FORMAL WEAR FROM THE *FOURTH AGE.*

I MADE IT MYSELF.

...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD *SEW.*

I THOUGHT I SHOULD *LEARN.*

MY TRIP TO THE SUN DID MORE THAN TRIPLE MY *STRENGTH,* LOIS. IT TRIPLED MY *CURIOSITY,* MY *IMAGINATION,* MY *CREATIVITY.*

AND IT'S ALSO MADE YOU THREE TIMES MORE *HONEST,* IS THAT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE?

SPARE ME THE *SUSPENSE,* SUPERMAN! WHEN DO *CLARK* AND *JIMMY* AND *PERRY* POP OUT OF THE SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS AND YELL *"HAPPY BIRTHDAY?"*

HA.

HOW *ABOUT* THIS?

...THE... AH...THE MENU IS THE ACTUAL ONE...FROM THE *TITANIC...*

I PICKED THE INGREDIENTS AND PREPARED IT *MYSELF...*

LOIS, PLEASE, I *AM* CLARK.

AREN'T YOU *HAPPY* YOUR SUSPICIONS WERE *RIGHT* ALL ALONG?

WHY WOULD I BE *HAPPY?*

ANYWAY, WHAT ABOUT THE TIME CLARK WAS A *WITNESS* IN THE *BOSS GRIMALDI* TRIAL AND YOU ACCOMPANIED HIM *EVERYWHERE* AS HIS *BODY-GUARD?*

BATMAN WAS STANDING IN FOR ME.

...OR THE TIME CLARK PRESENTED YOU WITH THE *"METROPOLIS MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM"* AWARD?

A *ROBOT.*

PLEASE, I KNOW HOW IT MIGHT HAVE *SEEMED* BUT THOSE WERE ALL *RUSES,* TO *PROTECT* YOU.

CLARK KENT AND *SUPERMAN* ARE ONE AND THE *SAME* PERSON!

I *SWEAR* I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU.

DON'T SWEAR...BECAUSE IF YOU *WERE* CLARK...

IF *CLARK KENT* WAS SECRETLY *SUPERMAN* OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND, WHATEVER.

IF IT WAS ALL A "RUSE."

THAT WOULD MEAN YOU'D BEEN *LYING* TO ME FOR *YEARS,* WOULDN'T IT?

SO WHY CONFIDE IN ME *NOW?*

AFTER *ALL* THIS TIME?

I...

I CAN'T *TELL* YOU WHY, LOIS.

YOU HAVE TO...*TRUST* ME.

SAID WITH *SUCH* CONVICTION!

YOU'RE ACTING *VERY* STRANGELY, SUPERMAN!

AND I'M NOT SURE I *LIKE* IT.

It was the first time I'd really seen our whole freakish relationship in stark black and white.

And now I keep asking myself, "what does this have to do with that creepy room he keeps disappearing into?"

WHY WOULD HE LIE TO ME?

MIRROR OF TRUTH, HUH?

These new powers; his new super-intellect.

What if they've really changed him?

What if something's happened to his mind and he's brought me here to be a part of some awful experiment he's planning in that room?

How would I know?

HOW CAN I TELL HER I ONLY WANTED US TO HAVE THIS *TIME* TOGETHER BECAUSE IT MAY BE OUR *LAST?*

And you know what would be worse?

What if he's telling the truth?

HOW CAN I SPOIL HER BIRTHDAY WITH THE NEWS THAT I'M *DYING?*

What if there really was some part of him that was bumbling, oafish Clark Kent?

I just don't know if I could live with that.

I have to be ready.

I have to protect myself.

I need a weapon.

Just in case something happens.

KZZZVT...ANYBODY THERE...VXXXK...COME IN...

HELLO?

KAL KENT?

NO... I...HUUIZZZ... AM THE UNKNOWN SUPERMAN OF 4500 AD...

...IT IS TERRIBLE...KKFF... DARKNESS IS HERE...

...BUT ASK... 3 QUESTIONS...

WILL... SUPERMAN AND I EVER *MARRY* AND HAVE *CHILDREN?*

I NEED TO KNOW.

...THE HORRIBLE... ZZZXXTTT... ANSWER IS BEFORE YOU...

...NOW... KKZZKKT... MY QUESTION...

...FUTURE... MUST KNOW... VEEEE... GREAT CONUNDRUM...

WAIT!

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?*

...ANSWER FIRST... VEEEKKT... RECEPTION POOR HERE... LISTEN CAREFULLY...

SOMETHING WRONG, MISS LANE?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME WITH US TO SUPERMAN?

WHO... GZZVVT...

WHO... VZZT... WAS J.LO?

MISS LANE?

I'M... I'M *FINE*... SERIOUSLY...

I DON'T *NEED* ANY HELP, THANK YOU.

Future Supermen?

GOTCHA!

It's all making sense.

What if that was really him, transformed into a monster so awful he has to hide his face and lie about his deformity?

He knows I know.

He saw a vision of his own future in there.

SUPERMAN!

Whatever he's become, whatever lurches out of that room...

...I have to be ready for it.

And if he's brought me here to be the mother of a race of deformed superhuman horrors, he has to be stopped.

God, forgive me.

KEEP OUT SUPERMAN AT WORK

SUPERMAN?

He has to be stopped.

SUPERMAN!

ARE YOU THERE?

AAAAAAA!

OWW.

SUPERMAN?

OH, MY GOD!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

?

INTERESTING WAY TO DISCOVER I'VE BECOME IMMUNE TO GREEN KRYPTONITE RADIATION.

TICKLES.

MIND IF I JUST *TAKE* THAT FROM YOU, LOIS?

ROBOT 7 HAD A DATA PROCESSING PROBLEM, IT SEEMS.

HE LEFT THE LAB DOOR *OPEN* WHILE I WAS SYNTHESIZING SOME ALIEN *CHEMICALS.*

THEY CAN CAUSE *VISUAL* DISTORTIONS AND EXTREME *PARANOID* REACTIONS...

BUT...

THAT AWFUL ROOM WITH THE *DISSECTING MACHINE...*

LOIS, *SHH.*

WHAT YOU SAW WAS A SUPER *SEWING MACHINE.* IT USES *DIAMOND-TIPPED* NEEDLES TO WEAVE LIGHT, INDESTRUCTIBLE THREAD.

SORRY I KEPT *DISAPPEARING,* BUT I WANTED TO MAKE YOUR *BIRTHDAY PRESENT* AND, AT *SIX BILLION* LETTERS, IT TAKES EVEN *ME* A LONG TIME TO READ AND MEMORIZE AN ENTIRE *DNA CODE.*

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

YOU *ALMOST* SPOILED MY SURPRISE, BUT I GUESS YOU CAN COME *IN* NOW.

THESE NEW *EXO-GENES* I'VE BEEN MAKING ALLOW A HUMAN BEING TO DUPLICATE MY *POWERS* FOR *24 HOURS.*

I WAS TRYING TO KEEP IT A *SECRET,* LIKE... AH... LIKE THAT IDENTITY OF MINE.

BUT THIS IS FOR *YOU.*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LOIS LANE.

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE 3 SWEET DREAMS, SUPERWOMAN...

GO ON.

OPEN IT.

WHAT IS IT?

MY SUPER-POWERS.

IN LIQUID FORM.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LOIS.

YOU'RE SERIOUS?

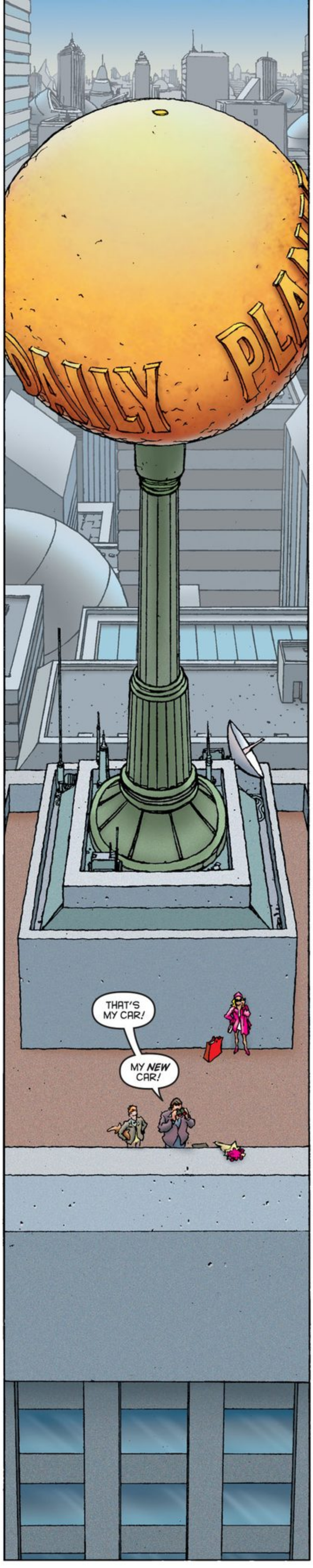
I GET TO BE LIKE YOU?

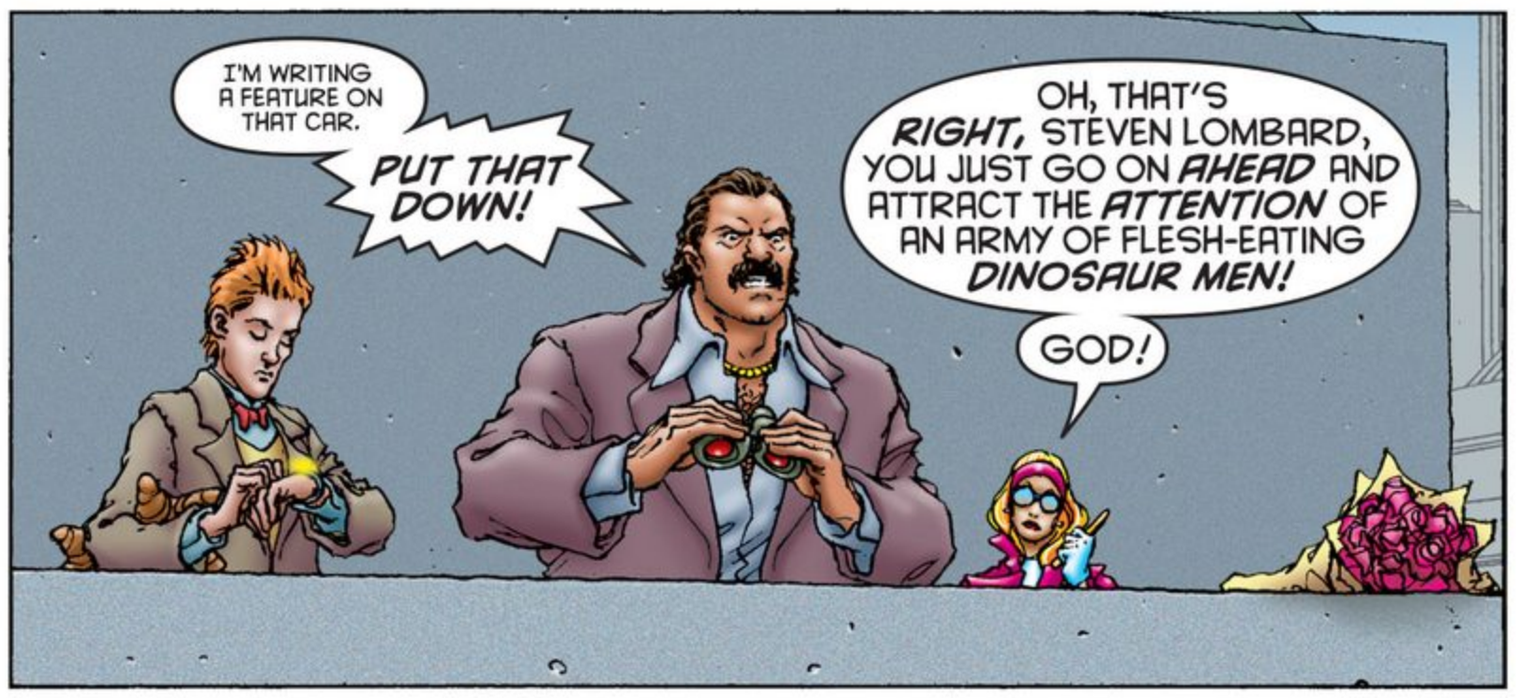
FOR A WHOLE DAY?

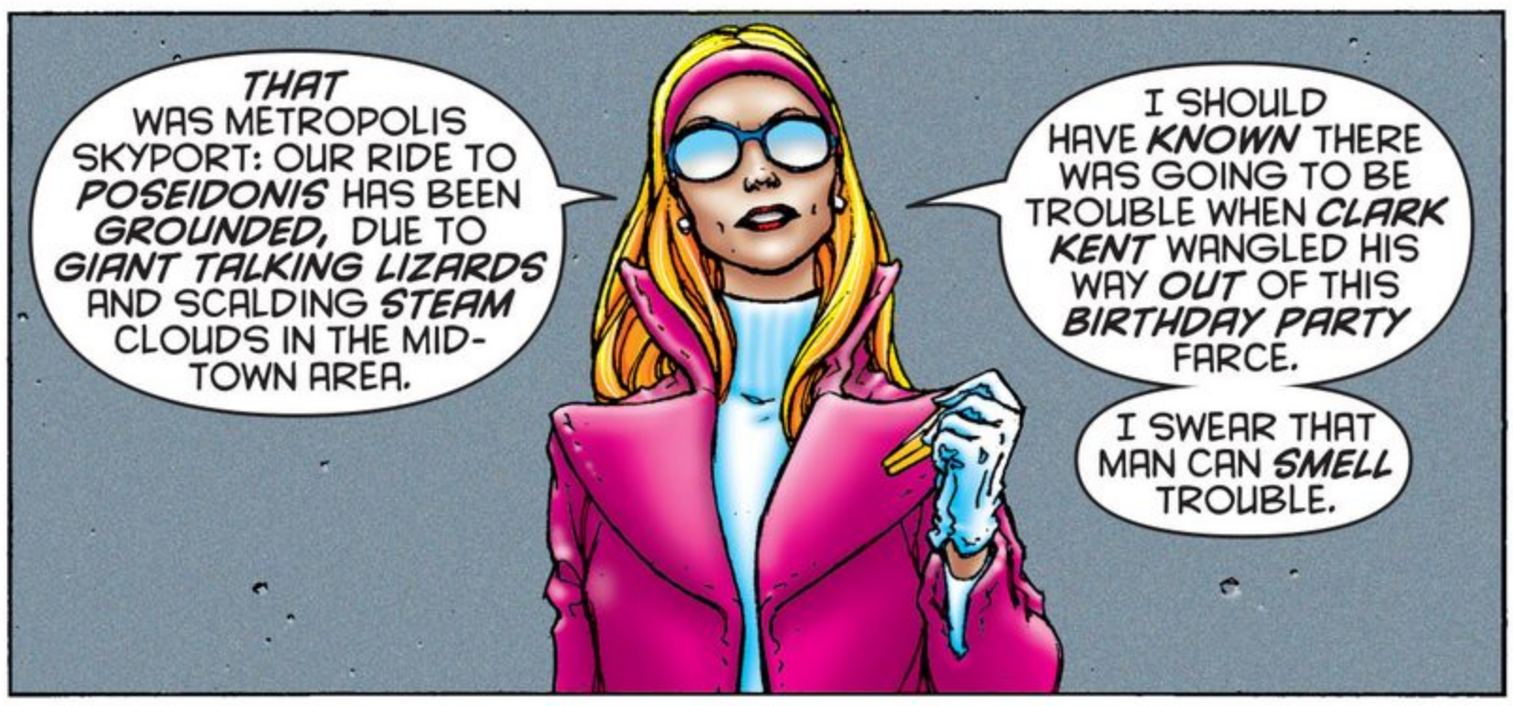
BRING IT ON.

MEH-TRUH-PUH-LISZZ!

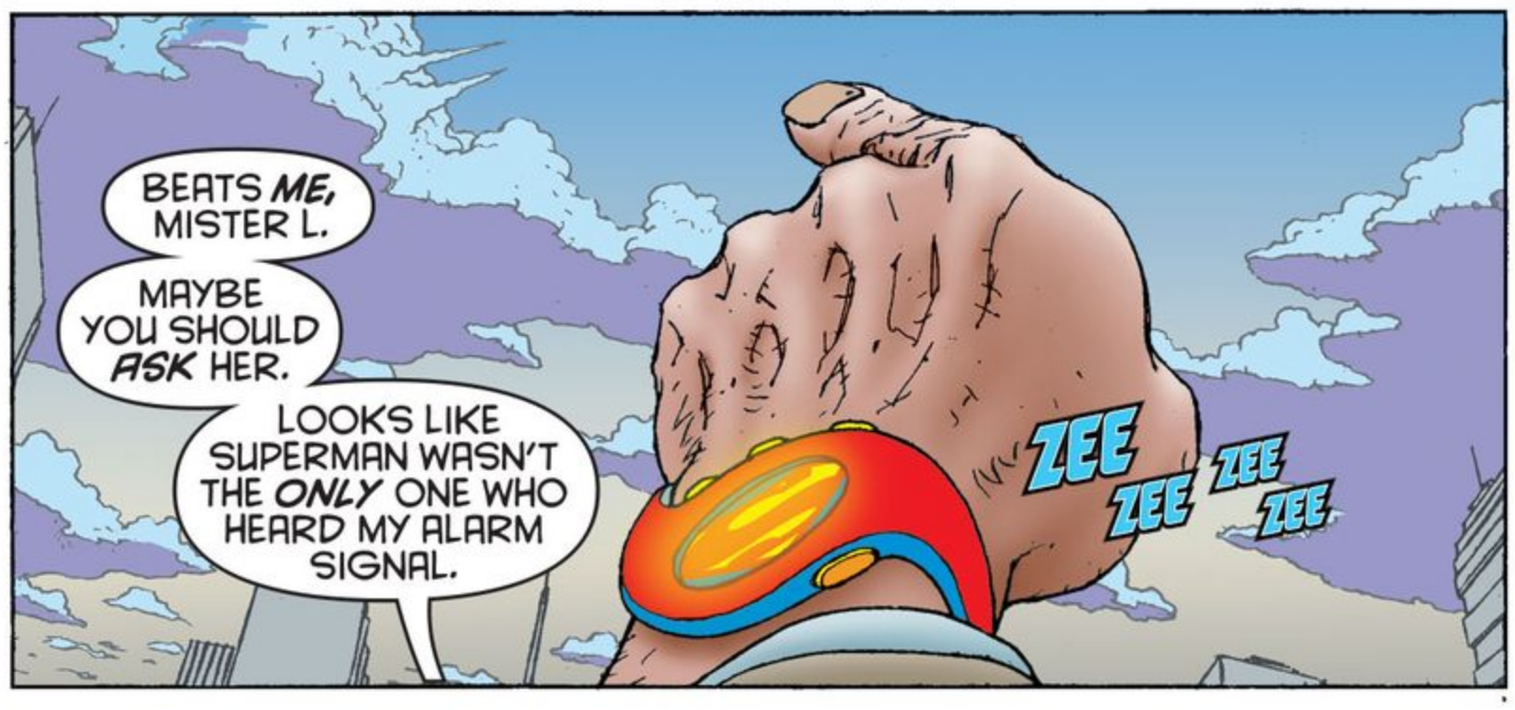
KRULL WILL EAT YOU!


DAILY PL
THAT'S MY CAR!
MY NEW CAR!


I'M WRITING A FEATURE ON THAT CAR.
PUT THAT DOWN!
OH, THAT'S RIGHT, STEVEN LOMBARD, YOU JUST GO ON AHEAD AND ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF AN ARMY OF FLESH-EATING DINOSAUR MEN!
GOD!


THAT WAS METROPOLIS SKYPORT: OUR RIDE TO POSEIDONIS HAS BEEN GROUNDED, DUE TO GIANT TALKING LIZARDS AND SCALDING STEAM CLOUDS IN THE MID-TOWN AREA.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE WAS GOING TO BE TROUBLE WHEN CLARK KENT WANGLED HIS WAY OUT OF THIS BIRTHDAY PARTY FARCE.
I SWEAR THAT MAN CAN SMELL TROUBLE.

MS. GRANT, MR. LOMBARD, I'M TAKING IMMEDIATE STEPS.
WE DON'T NEED SUPERMAN! AND, IF YOU ASK ME, OLSEN, NEITHER DOES LOIS LANE.
YOU TELL ME WHAT A SPACEMAN FLYING AROUND IN HIS UNDERWEAR CAN GIVE HER THAT A GOOD OLD HUNK OF PRIME AMERICAN MANHOOD CAN'T?
-tt-
ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE


BEATS ME, MISTER L.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK HER.
LOOKS LIKE SUPERMAN WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO HEARD MY ALARM SIGNAL.
ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEE

IS THAT WOMAN OUT OF HER MIND?

THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, LOIS, I'M SORRY.

THE LAST THING I WANTED ON YOUR *BIRTHDAY* WAS A *REPTILE* INVASION FROM THE EARTH'S CORE.

ARE YOU *KIDDING?*

I'D HAVE FELT *CHEATED* IF THERE *HADN'T* BEEN MONSTERS.

COME ON!

SHOW ME HOW YOU *DO* IT!

HMM. I MAY NOT *HAVE* TO.

SOMEONE JUST BEAT US *TO* IT.

HOW ABOUT *I* GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CHEW ON, UGLY!

KRULL WILL EAT YOUR CHILL-DRUNN!

GGGAAAUURRR!

STILL HUNGRY?

AND LOOK WHO IT *IS.*

OH, I *KNEW* TODAY WAS GONNA BE GOOD.

JUST WHAT I NEED.

YO-*HO*, SUPERMAN!

SAMSON.

EASY!

HE WON'T BE BOTHERING METROPOLIS AGAIN FOR A WHILE.

THAT'S *MY* FEAT TAKEN CARE OF.

FEAT?

HAVE I *MISSED* SOMETHING?

KRULL'S *LUNGS* JUST BURST.

SAMSON.

LAST WE MET, YOU WERE HEADED FOR THE YEAR *2061* TO RETRIEVE SOME *TREASURE* YOU'D HIDDEN ON *HALLEY'S COMET*...

NEVER MIND *ME,* LOOK AT *YOU!*

BY *YAHWEH,* I'VE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT ACROSS *THREE* GALAXIES AND *COUNTLESS* CENTURIES, BUT I'VE *NEVER* MET A WOMAN LIKE *YOU,* LOIS LANE.

I MEAN THAT *SINCERELY.*

AND I'M SURE MY *FELLOW* SUPER-STRONGMAN WOULD AGREE.

?

NNGG... MY *BACK!*

THERE'S ONLY *ONE THING* ABOUT THIS *HELLISH* CENTURY THAT COULD DRAW ME HERE FROM *NEW ELYSIUM.*

I SWEAR BY THE EVERLASTING SNOWS OF *OLYMPUS,* LOIS LANE, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY *DRIPPING* ALLURE IN YON CLINGING GARMENT.

THOU SURELY HAST THE *LOOKS,* THE *INTELLECT,* AND NOW THE *SKIN OF STEEL* THAT *ATLAS* DEMANDS FROM A WOMAN.

YEAH... ONLY FOR *TWENTY-FOUR HOURS,* ROMEO.

THESE ARE *TEMPORARY* SUPER-POWERS; SUPERMAN MADE THEM FOR MY *BIRTHDAY.*

HSSSTHH

ATLAS, TOO.

I MIGHT HAVE *KNOWN.*

GENTLEMEN, IF YOU DON'T MIND, THE LADY'S WITH *ME.*

I DID ONLY OFFER *COMPLIMENTS.*

IS SHE NOT *DESERVING?*

HOW ABOUT WE LET THE LADY *DECIDE* WHO SHE'D LIKE TO SPEND HER DAY WITH, SUPERMAN?

WE PROPOSE A *CHALLENGE OF THE AGES!*

IT'S SIMPLE.

WE'LL *EACH* OF US PERFORM A *SUPER-FEAT* OF STRENGTH IN HONOR OF LOIS LANE.

THE MOST *INCREDIBLE* FEAT *WINS* HER COMPANY.

WINS MY COMPANY?

SINGLE GIRLS WITH BRAINS, BEAUTY *AND* SUPER STRENGTH ARE RARE IN *ANY* CENTURY, LOIS LANE.

WE HEROES ARE ALWAYS WILLING TO GO THE *EXTRA* FURLONG IN OUR QUEST FOR THE PERFECT MATE.

AS YOU CAN *SEE.*

I DEFEATED *KRULL,* THE DINO-CZAR'S SON ON THE EVE OF HIS *WAR* ON METROPOLIS.

AND *I* SUBDUED HIS *ARMY.*

THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH *LEFT* FOR *YOU* TO DO, SUPERMAN!

HMM.

LET'S GET THESE WOULD-BE *CONQUERORS* BACK TO THE CENTER OF THE *EARTH* WHERE THEY *BELONG.*

...MY SON WILL PUNISHED BE FOR CRIMESss, YESss.

THE SUBTERRANOSAURI HAVE EVER FEAREDDDD AND ADMIRRRRED YOU, SUPERMAN...

BUT KRULL SPEAKS OF HIM GOADED BE INTO ATTACK ON METROPOLISSS...BY MAN SSSZAMSON!

I SEE.

THEN ALLOW *ME* TO DEAL WITH THIS, *DINO-CZAR TYRANNKO.*

THE *DESCENDANTS* OF DINOSAURS WHO ESCAPED *EXTINCTION BY* BURROWING TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!

LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S *AMAZING.*

AS AMAZING AS THESE *RADIOACTIVE CROWN JEWELS* I...ERR... *BORROWED* FROM THE *ULTRASPHINX* BACK IN THE FIRST DYNASTY OF *ATOM-HOTEP,* 80TH CENTURY *BC?*

IMPRESSIVE.

BUT I'D WATCH OUT, LOIS; ^{238}*URANIUM* IS *LETHAL.*

NOT WHEN YOU'RE IMMUNE TO *ALL* HARM FOR *TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.*

LOOK, I'M GENUINELY *FLATTERED,* GUYS-- BUT YOU'D HAVE TO GO A *LONG* WAY TO OUTDO *SUPERMAN.*

HAH!

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WITH SUPERMAN CAN *NEVER* RIVAL THE DATE OF A *THOUSAND* LIFETIMES WITH TIME-TRAVELING *SAMSON!*

WHEN YOU'RE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF MY CUSTOM CHRONOMOBILE, *ETERNITY'S* THE LIMIT!

WE'LL DINE *AL FRESCO* ON *TRICERATOPS BOURGIGNON* IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE CRETACEOUS ERA, THEN *END* THE EVENING WITH *DRINKS* AT THE CRUCIFIXION.

PAH!

IF *I* WIN YOUR HEART, I'LL MAKE THE *TITANS* KNEEL BEFORE YOU AND HARNESS EIGHT WILD *HIPPOGRIFFS* TO DRAW OUR PERFUMED LOVE CHARIOT ACROSS THE BRAVE *EMPYREAN.*

I'LL CRUSH RAW *DIAMONDS* IN MY MIGHTY FISTS AND *SQUEEZE* FROM MY FINGERS A SPARKLING *WINE* FIT FOR *IMMORTALS!*

THAT'S *DAY ONE...*

LOIS, CAN WE TALK?

DID YOU SEE THE WAY SHE SPIED MY *BELT BUCKLE?*

HAHAHA

BUT MINE IS *BIGGER!*

I DON'T GET IT, LOIS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE FLIRTING WITH *SAMSON* AND *ATLAS!*

WELL, MAYBE I'M JUST TEACHING *YOU* A LESSON.

Y'KNOW? AFTER THE CREEPY AND RIDICULOUS IMPERSONATION OF *CLARK KENT* THAT STARTED ALL THIS?

I WASN'T *IMPERSONATING* CLARK, I *AM* CLARK.

LOIS, WHY WON'T YOU *BELIEVE* ME?

SUPERMAN, PLEASE, WE BOTH KNOW YOU'LL WIN *ANY* CONTEST THESE LOSERS CAN DREAM UP.

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!

HAVE SOME *FUN.*

I DON'T *LIKE* YOU MUCH, SAMSON; WHEREVER YOU GO, TROUBLE *FOLLOWS.*

WHAT DO I HAVE TO *DO* TO MAKE YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL?

I'M A *TIME-TRAVELER,* SUPERMAN.

ACCORDING TO *MY* SOURCES, SHE WON'T BE *YOUR* GIRL FOR TOO MUCH *LONGER.*

DAILY PLANET

SUPERMAN DEAD

IN FACT, IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL BE NEEDING A SHOULDER TO *CRY* ON SOON ENOUGH.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

AND WE FIGURE YOU'LL SOON BE ***WAY*** TOO BUSY WITH YOUR ***CHALLENGE*** TO EVEN ***THINK*** ABOUT DATING.

FORGET IT, SAMSON.

LOIS AND I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN ***POSEIDONIS*** AT ***3:30 MID-PACIFIC TIME.***

WHAT'S GOING ***ON,*** ATLAS?

IS ***THIS*** PART OF MY BIRTHDAY ***SURPRISE?***

-ERRR-

THERE WAS ***SOMETHING*** WE NEGLECTED TO MENTION... THE ***ULTRA-SPHINX.***

THIS MONSTER HAS ***HOUNDED*** US LIKE A ***FURY*** SINCE WE... *AH...* BORROWED THE ***JEWELS OF ATOM-HOTEP...***

JUST BEFORE YOUR ***DEATH,*** IT'S SAID YOU COMPLETED ***12 SUPER-CHALLENGES,*** THE STUFF OF ***LEGEND.***

YOU CREATED ***LIFE,*** YOU ***ESCAPED*** FROM THE ***UNDERVERSE,*** YOU OVERTHREW THE ***TYRANT SUN...***

...AND YOU ***ANSWERED*** THE ***UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.***

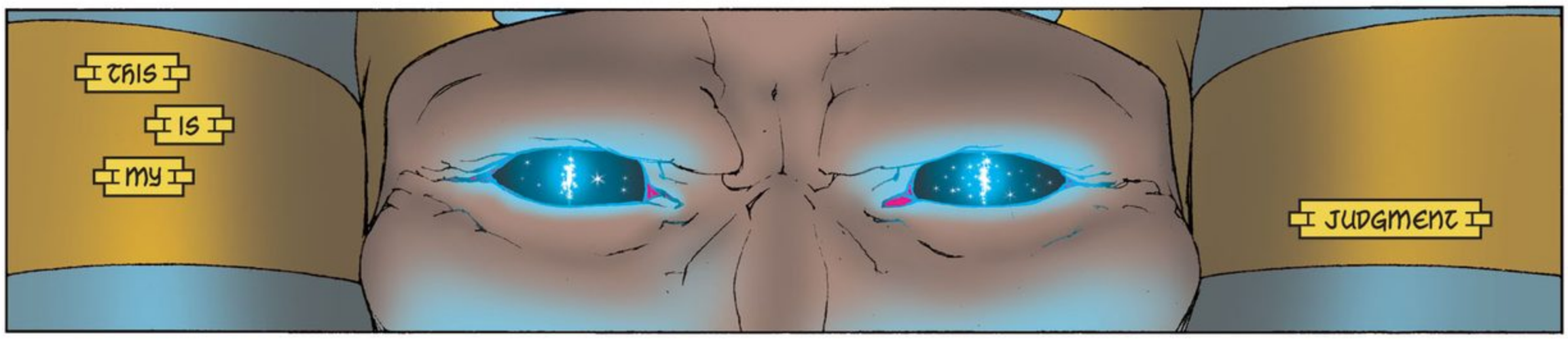
WHAT?

SUPERMAN?

WHAT?

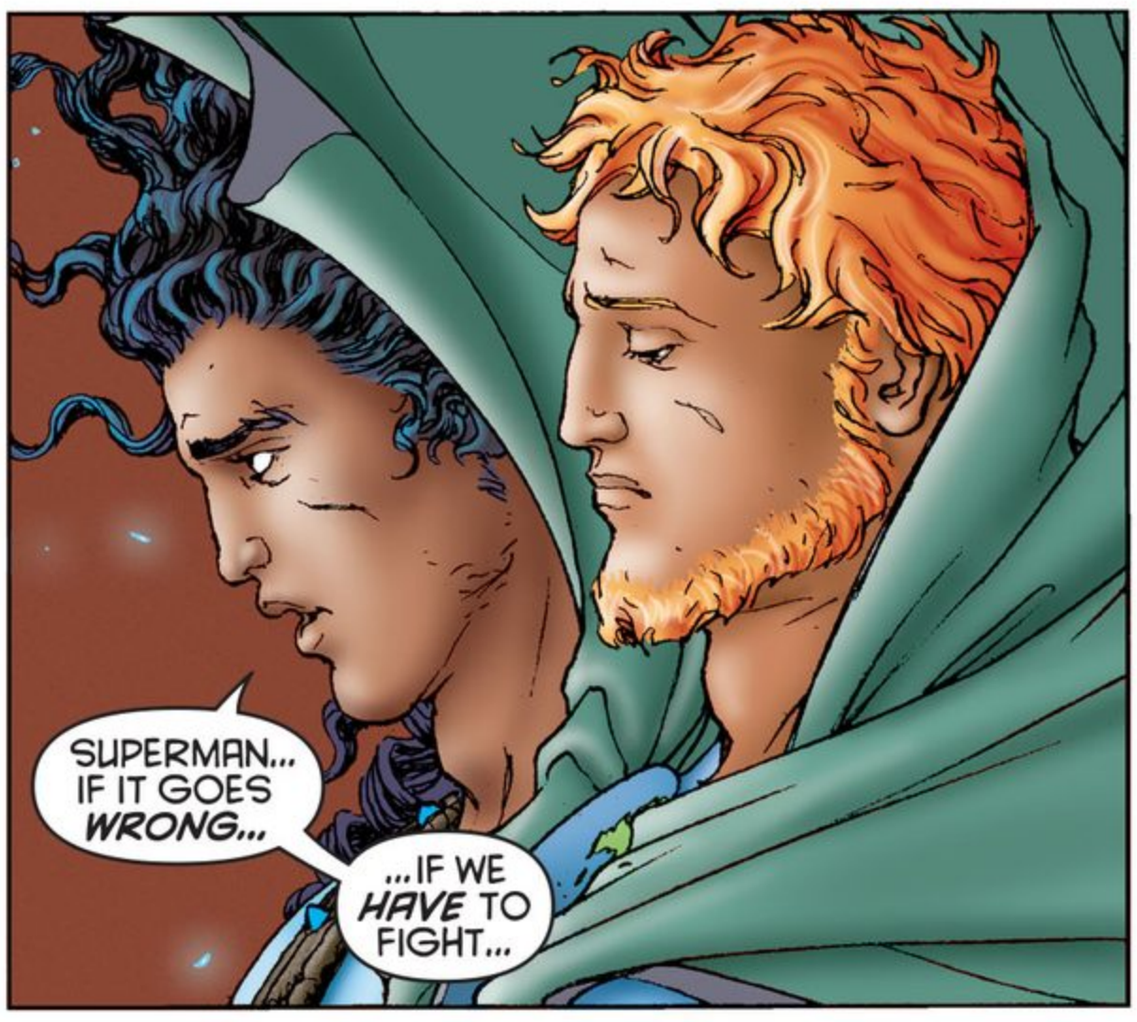
WHAT ***IS*** IT?

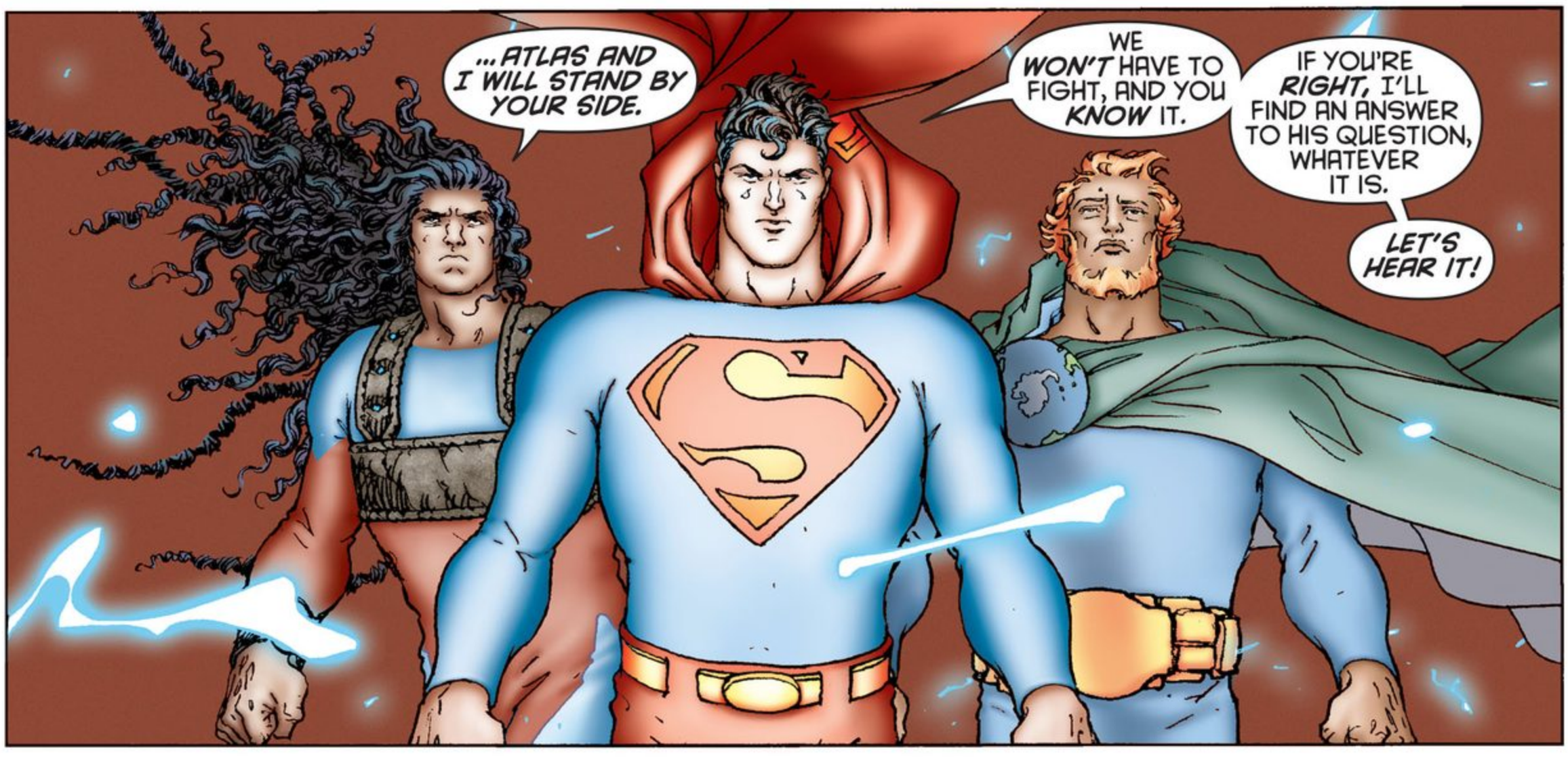
RETURN
WHAT
WAS
STOLEN!
AND
PAY
THE
PRICE
LOIS!
NO!
HALT!
SHE
EXISTS
NOW
IN
A
CONDITION
OF
QUANTUM
UNCERTAINTY
NEITHER
ALIVE
NOR
DEAD
TO
ANSWER
CORRRECTLY
IS
LIFE
FAILURE
TO
ANSWER
CORRRECTLY
IS
DEATH


THIS
IS
MY
JUDGMENT

YOU TWO MORONS *STOLE* THAT NECKLACE, DIDN'T YOU?
WE...WE DIDN'T MEAN FOR *THIS* TO HAPPEN!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE COULDN'T FIGHT THE ULTRASPHINX WITHOUT *HELP*... SO...SO WE LED IT *HERE*...
WE *TRICKED* YOU, SUPERMAN.
BUT I SWEAR TO *LIVING ZEUS*, WE MEANT *NO* HARM TO LOIS LANE.

AND *I* SWEAR, TOO.
IF SHE *DIES*, YOU'RE *BOTH* ON A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE *PHANTOM ZONE!*


SUPERMAN... IF IT GOES *WRONG*...
...IF WE *HAVE* TO FIGHT...


...ATLAS AND I WILL STAND BY YOUR SIDE.
WE *WON'T* HAVE TO FIGHT, AND YOU *KNOW* IT.
IF YOU'RE *RIGHT*, I'LL FIND AN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION, WHATEVER IT IS.
LET'S HEAR IT!

QUESTION: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE MEETS THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT?

HA HOW ABOUT THIS?

THEY SURRENDER.

RESPONSE ACCEPTABLE

SUPERMAN.

I WAS *ALIVE*... AND... AND *DEAD* AT THE SAME TIME.

OH, MY GOD.

IT'S OKAY, LOIS.

I GOT YOU.

LET'S GO.

WE HAVE A DATE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, REMEMBER?

WAIT A MINUTE!

WHAT ABOUT OUR *CONTEST*?

THAT'S *HARDLY* WHAT YOU'D CALL A FEAT OF *STRENGTH*, SUPERMAN.

HE'S RIGHT!

HOW ABOUT I *WRESTLE* YOU FOR HER!?

OR IS THE MIGHTY *MAN OF STEEL* A *COWARD* AFTER ALL?

EVEN THE "*S*" ON HIS BACK IS YELLOW.

OKAY, THAT'S *ENOUGH*.

BOTH OF YOU.

WE'RE *AGREED*, THEN?

IF I *WIN*, YOU GET IN SAMSON'S CHRONOMOBILE AND *LEAVE* THE 21ST CENTURY *RIGHT NOW.*

I'LL BE LEAVING WITH *LOIS LANE* ON MY ARM AFTER I'VE *DEFEATED* YOU, SUPERMAN.

I ONLY HAVE ONE WEAKNESS... *SCISSORS.*

YOU I CAN... UNNH... HANDLE.

=Rrr=

CAN'T QUITE SEEM TO GET IN A COMFORTABLE POSITION.

YOU CAN QUIT ANY TIME.

COME ON, FELLAS.

OR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO *PUSH!?*

AAARRRR!

MY ARM!

TAKE HIM, ATLAS!

HE'S... NNNGG...

...WUH- WEAKENING...

GGRAHHH!

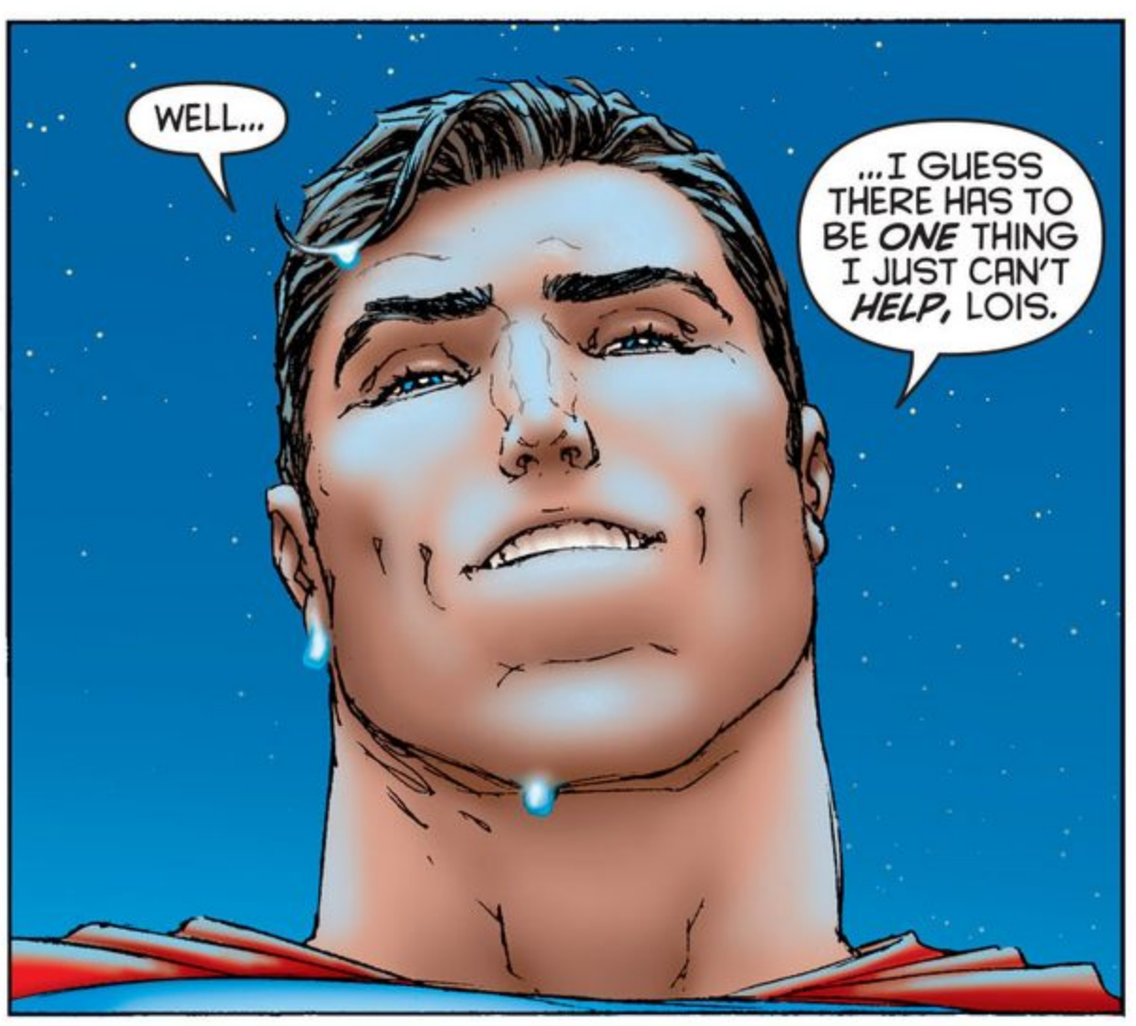
DAILY PLANET

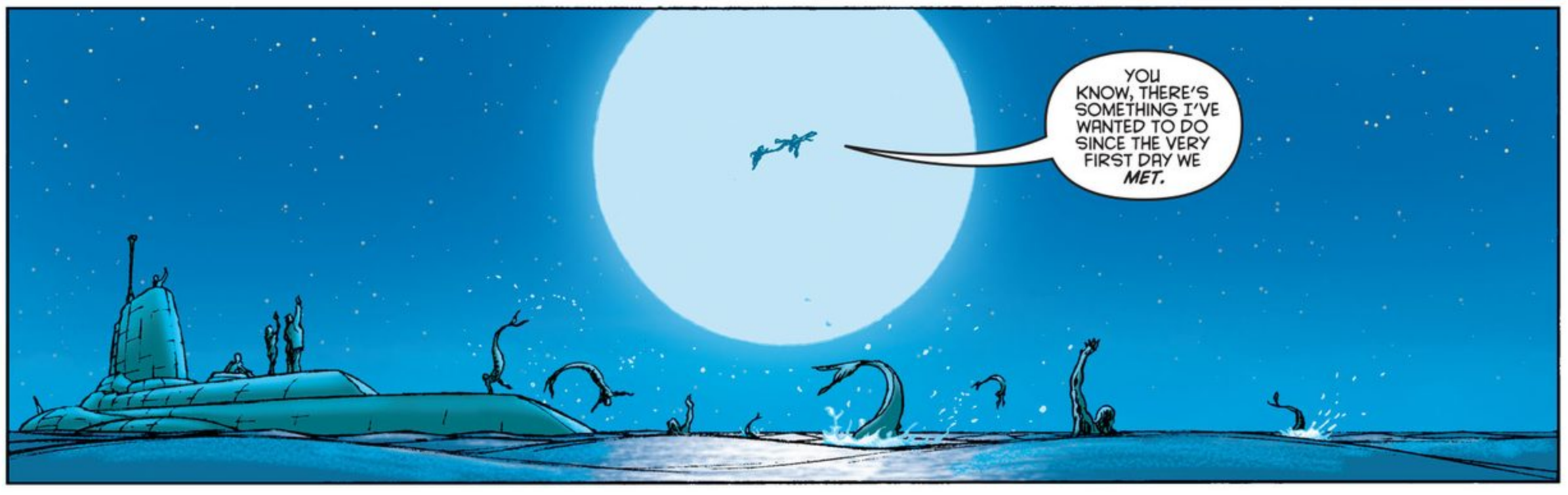
EST 1007 DATELINE

GREEK HERO

ATLAS AT LOIS PARTY

ATLAS SCORES





...AHHH

MY BIRTHDAY GIFT IS STARTING TO *WEAR OFF*... BIG TIME.

I CAN'T SMELL THE TREES IN *CANADA.*

I CAN'T SEE ALL THAT GORGEOUS *RADIO* ANYMORE... THE *STARS* HAVE STOPPED SINGING LIKE THEY USED TO.

...BUT I'LL NEVER HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THE ANNOYING *ZEE ZEE ZEE* OF JIMMY OLSEN'S *SUPER-WATCH* AS LONG AS I *LIVE,* AND FOR THAT, I'M *GRATEFUL.*

I FEEL TIRED AND I'M *SORE* ALL OVER, SUPERMAN, LIKE I'VE BEEN DANCING ALL *NIGHT.*

BUT THANKS... FOR LETTING ME LIVE IN *YOUR* WORLD FOR A DAY.

MY PLEASURE.

YOU KNOW... I DO *OTHER* THINGS.

BESIDES BEING SUPERMAN.

...MMMM

YOU DO A REALLY *GOOD* CLARK KENT IMPRESSION... ALMOST HAD ME *FOOLED.*

WHERE... WHERE WAS CLARK... TODAY ANYWAY...?

LOIS...

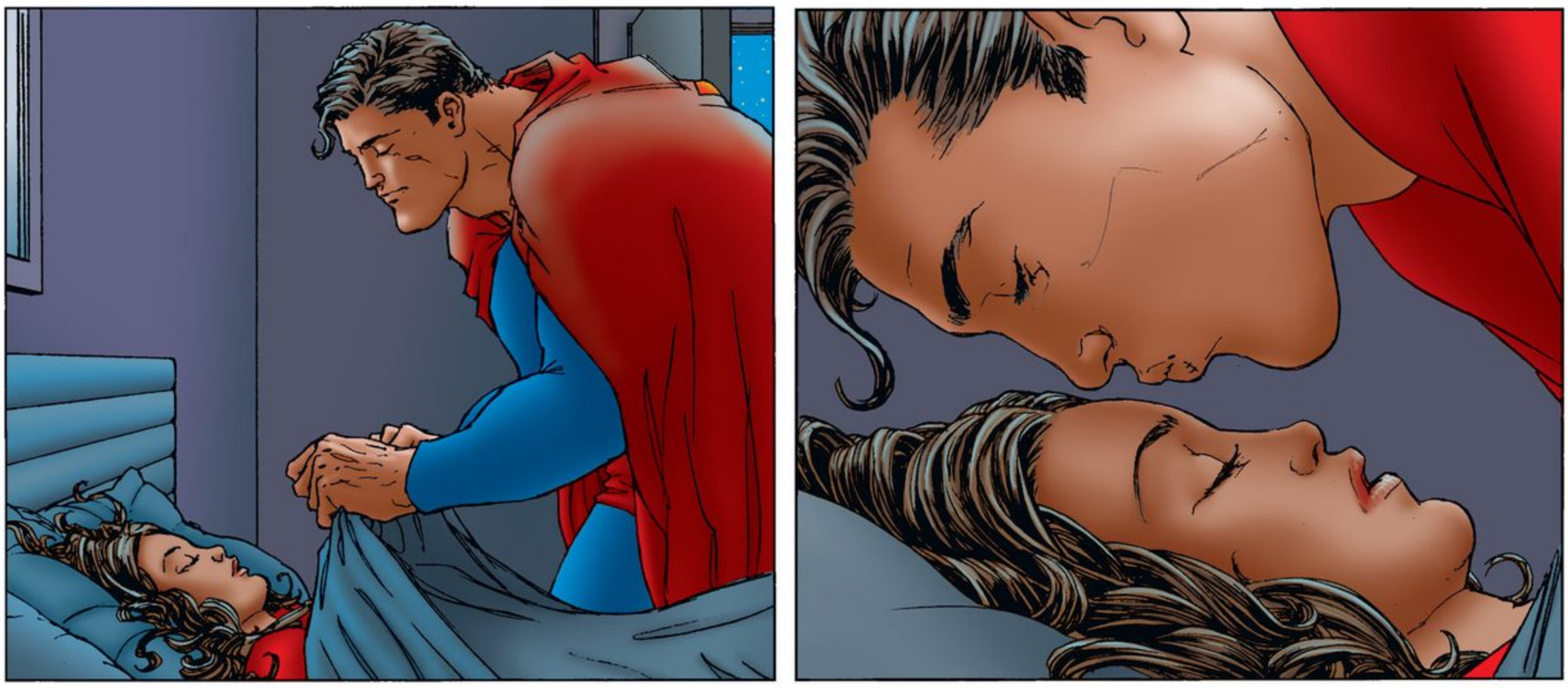
I... I HAVE A QUESTION FOR *YOU,* TOO.

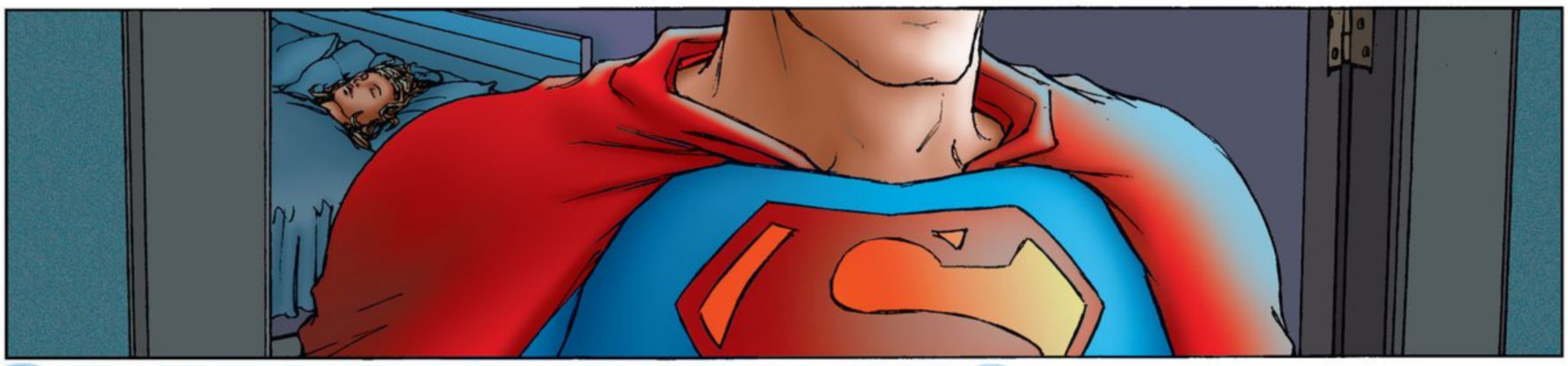
LOIS, WILL... WILL YOU...

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK IT FOR A LONG, *LONG* TIME BUT THINGS KIND OF GOT IN THE *WAY...*

LOIS?

ZZZZZZZZ

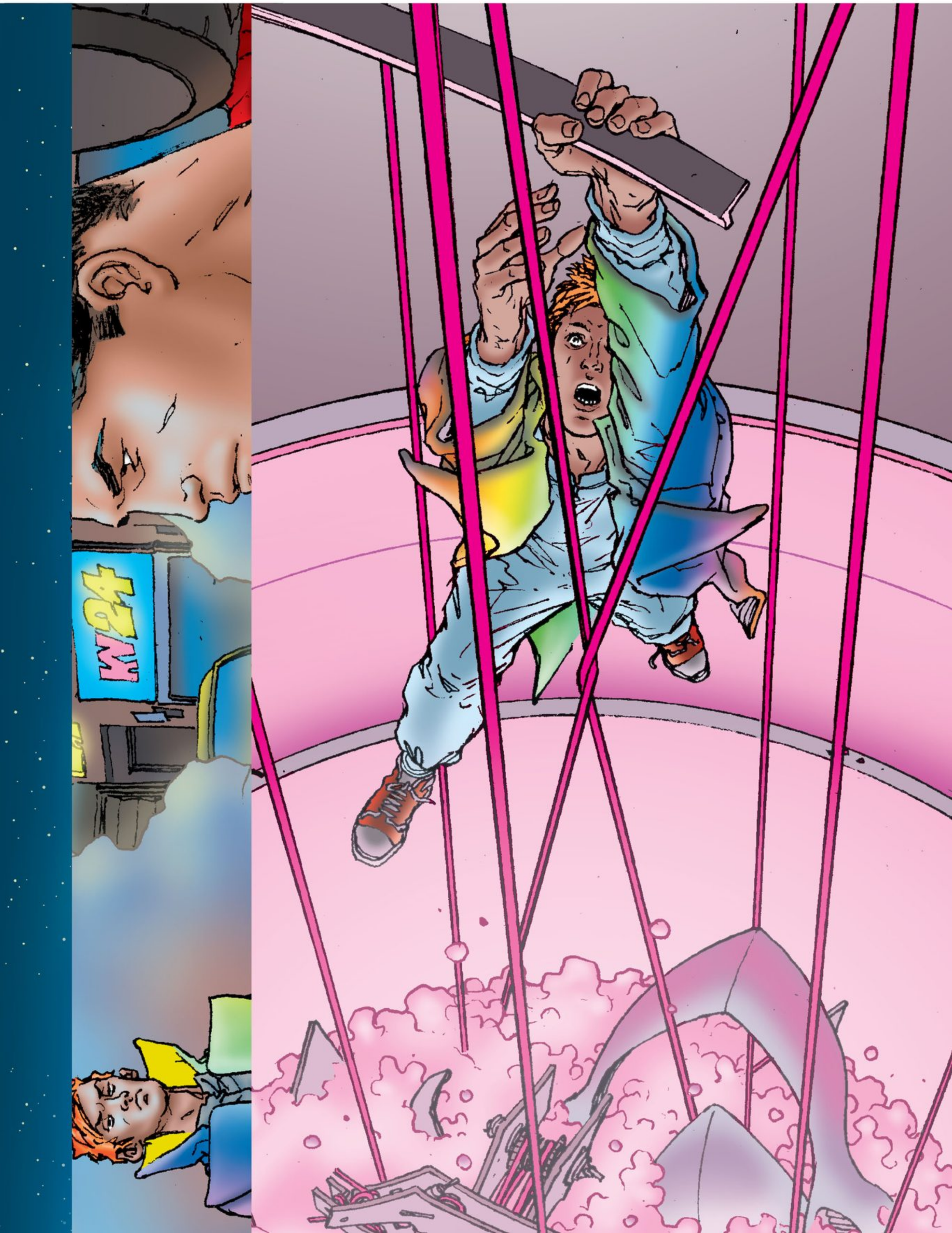




SWEET DREAMS, SUPERWOMAN...

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE 4 THE SUPERMAN/JIMMY OLSEN WAR!



THAT'S *IT!*

WE'RE *THROUGH,* JIMMY OLSEN!!!

PLANET SPO

DAILY PLANET

YOU'VE JUST BEEN NAMED THE *WORST-DRESSED MAN IN METROPOLIS* FOR THE *SECOND* YEAR RUNNING!

ST &

ORST

LEO QUINTU

Y OLSEN

HEY, THAT'S NOT *FAIR!*

THE *"FOR A DAY"* FEATURE THEY *BASED* THAT ON WAS *"I WAS DOWN AND OUT IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND..."*

...THE YEAR *BEFORE,* I WAS CELEBRATING MY BRONZE MEDAL SUCCESS IN THE *HOMELESS OLYMPICS!*

MAKE ALL THE *EXCUSES* YOU WANT, PAL.

ROCK HANSOM, THE *SPACE PILOT,* HAS ASKED ME TO GO WITH *HIM* TO THE OPENING OF *FRANKENSTEIN ON ICE* AND I'M *SERIOUSLY* THINKING ABOUT TAKING HIM UP ON IT.

"ROCK HANSOM!!!"

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* YOU'D BE SO *SHALLOW,* LUCY!

BELIEVE IT, JIMMY.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO *REINSTATE* YOURSELF IN MY AFFECTIONS BEFORE IT'S TOO *LATE?*

THIS IS *OUTRAGEOUS!*

IT'S ALL BECAUSE THAT *GYPSY* CURSED ME WITH *BAD LUCK* UNTIL THE NEXT *FULL MOON,* RIGHT?

WORST DRESSED!

WHAT ARE THEY *TALKING* ABOUT?

I'M JIMMY OLSEN!

I LOOK *GREAT!*

...I HAVE TO *HAND* IT TO YOU, OLSEN.

HALF THE GUYS IN THE COUNTRY *HATE* YOU, THE OTHER HALF WANNA *BE* YOU.

AND LET'S NOT FORGET THE HALF THAT WANTS TO *DATE* YOU.

THAT'S *THREE* HALFS, CHIEF.

AND SO FAR THEY'RE ALL *GUYS.*

RELUCTANT AS I AM TO *ADMIT* IT, *EVERYBODY'S* READING JIMMY OLSEN ON THE WEEKEND.

CIRCULATION ON THE *SUNDAY PLANET* IS THROUGH THE ROOF SINCE WE PUT *YOU* ON FEATURES, BUT WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME *NEXT*?

HOW DO YOU TOP *"I WAS AMERICA'S SWEETHEART... FOR A DAY"*?

PICTURE *THIS,* CHIEF.

"SOME SAY SPACE IS THE FINAL FRONTIER, BUT FOR ME, JIMMY OLSEN, IT WAS ONE SMALL STEP IN AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY AND A CHANCE TO SWAP MY STYLISH THREADS FOR A COVETED *COAT OF MANY COLORS..."*

WE CAN'T GO WRONG.

THE SUPERMAN / OLSEN WAR!

I LOVE YOUR *"FOR A DAY"* COLUMNS...

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.

...THEY TAKE *7 MINUTES* TO READ, WHICH, QUITE *COINCIDENTALLY,* IS THE TIME I, PERSONALLY, REQUIRE ON THE *TOILET.*

TELL HIM, AGATHA.

HE *LOVES* THEM.

HEY, KEEP IT COMING!

THOSE ARE THE KIND OF OFFBEAM FACTOIDS MY AUDIENCE *EATS UP!*

I'M *KIDDING,* MISTER OLSEN.

MY *G-MEN* SECURITY TEAM IS COMING WITH *ME,* BUT OTHERWISE, *P.R.O.J.E.C.T.'S* CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES ARE IN *YOUR* HANDS.

SOME BODYGUARDS!

EXPECTING *MUCH* TROUBLE?

ADAM AND *EVE* ARE *WARCOPS.*

BIO-ENGINEERED TO *END* LARGE SCALE CONFLICT USING *NON-LETHAL* MEANS.

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.O.R.

AWE-INSPIRING.

BUT YOU CAN *KEEP* 'EM, MISTER Q.

DON'T FORGET I HAVE A SUPER BODYGUARD OF MY *OWN* IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG.

AH, THE FAMOUS SUPERMAN *SIGNAL WATCH.*

LET'S HOPE YOU WON'T NEED *THAT.*

SHIELD YOUR *EYES,* MISTER OLSEN. THE *ELECTROKIND* ARE *TUNGSTEN GAS* LIFE FORMS WITH A BRITTLE *GLASS* EXOSKELETON.

THEIR LANGUAGE IS PURELY *OPTICAL,* AND SOME SENTENCES IN THIS GREETING MAY CAUSE INSTANT *BLINDNESS.*

THESE *SHAPES* I'M MAKING ARE THE EQUIVALENT OF *WORDS* ON THE WORLD OF THE ELECTROKIND.

HERE THEY COME NOW.

SUPERMAN RESCUED THEIR *LIGHTSHIP* WHEN IT CRASHED INTO SATURN'S RINGS.

I PICKED UP ENOUGH OF THEIR VISUAL *LANGUAGE* TO MAKE MYSELF UNDERSTOOD, AND NOW THEY'VE INVITED ME TO VISIT THEIR *HOME PLANET.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO TURN *DOWN* AN OFFER LIKE THAT.

BON VOYAGE, MISTER Q!

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.O.R.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN 'ROUND HERE!

AND FOR THE NEXT *24 HOURS,* I'M WALKING IN THE SHOES OF THE WORLD'S *FOREMOST* ECCENTRIC ZILLIONAIRE *DAREDEVIL...*

...AS *LEADER* OF THE ULTIMATE FUTURIST *THINK TANK,* FROM THE *SEA OF INGENUITY* ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON!

REC

JIMMY OLSEN PRESENTS: *"I WAS P.R.O.J.E.C.T. DIRECTOR... FOR A DAY!"*

SO MUCH FOR THE *GYPSY'S CURSE!*

OKAY, P.R.O.J.E.C.T.'S OBVIOUSLY AN *ACRONYM:* CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT IT *STANDS* FOR?

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.O.R.

...I'VE DEDICATED MY EXISTENCE TO EXPLAINING THE ***UNIFIED FIELD*** IN THE FORM OF A PERFECT ***HAIKU.***

IF WE CAN FIRST UNIFY THE FUNDAMENTAL FORCES IN OUR ***IMAGINATION,*** YOU SEE, ALL ELSE WILL ***FOLLOW...***

I GUESS... WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE ***THAT...***

"TO IMAGINE THE FORCES UNIFIED IS TO BEGIN THE UNIFICATION"...

TOO MANY SYLLABLES...

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE WORD "HAIKU" SO MANY TIMES IN ***ONE*** ELEVATOR CONVERSATION?

WE G-TYPES ARE DESIGNED TO BE ***SPECIALISTS,*** DIRECTOR OLSEN.

UNLIKE ***YOU,*** OUR SOCIAL ROLES ARE ***PREDETERMINED.***

IT PREVENTS ***CONFUSION.***

WOW! I CAN'T DECIDE ***WHO*** I AM FROM ***ONE*** DAY TO THE ***NEXT!***

SAY, WHAT'S ***THIS?***

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE...

DO NOT OPEN UNTIL DOOMSDAY

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PLEASE COME ***AWAY*** FROM THERE.

AW, COME ON, WHAT ABOUT ALL THE ***GOOD*** STUFF ?

THE ***FORBIDDEN*** MACHINES, THE BLACK OPS ***MONSTROSITIES,*** THE THINGS FROM OTHER PLANETS?

IF I'M IN ***CHARGE,*** I WANT TO SEE THE ***COOL*** STUFF.

THE ***DOOMSDAY*** ROOM IS A LEGACY OF P.R.O.J.E.C.T.'S ORIGINS IN THE U.S. ARMY'S ***CADMUS DIVISION.***

THE VAULT CONTAINS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTAL STEM-CELL ***ACCELERATOR*** DESIGNED TO TRANSFORM A SOLDIER INTO AN UNSTOPPABLE ***KILLING MACHINE.***

PLEASE...

DOOMSDAY!

SEE, THAT'S THE KIND OF EXCITEMENT I ***NEED*** FOR MY FEATURE!

THESE SHIELDED TUNNELS ***BENEATH*** THE LUNAR SURFACE ARE KNOWN AS THE ***OUTER BURROWS,*** AND I BROUGHT YOU DOWN HERE FOR A ***REASON.***

IT'S ***18 HUNDRED HOURS,*** DIRECTOR OLSEN.

TIME TO CHECK ON THE PORTAL TO THE ***UNDERVERSE.***

THE *UNDERVERSE?*

SPOOKY.

WHAT GOES ON DOWN *HERE?*

WE'RE EXPLORING THE WORLD OF ***SUPERHEAVY GRAVITY:*** A NEWLY DISCOVERED ***BASEMENT*** LEVEL HIDDEN ***BENEATH*** THE KNOWN STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

YOU'RE LOOKING INTO THE DENSE ***FOUNDATIONS*** OF REALITY, WHERE TIME ***ITSELF*** COOLS TO A ***SOLID.***

BIZARRO ***INFRA-TECHNICIANS*** ARE MINING FOR MATERIALS...

I HAVE SOMETHING!

BUT IT'S... IT'S... ***OVERLOADING*** THE ***EQUIPMENT...***

LOOKOUT!

DIRECTOR OLSEN!

YAAAA!

DON'T LET GO, YOU'LL BE CRUSHED TO ***ATOMS!***

ZEE ZEE ZEE

MEMO TO SELF: ***NEVER*** REFUSE TO KISS THE QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES!

NOW *THIS* IS WHY I HIRE *CLARK KENT* AT THE PLANET.

THIS IS HONEST-TO-GOD, GET-YOUR-HANDS-DIRTY, OLD SCHOOL *JOURNALISM.*

ARE YOU *LISTENING,* KENT? I MAY NOT DISH OUT PRAISE LIKE THIS FOR ANOTHER HUNDRED *YEARS!*

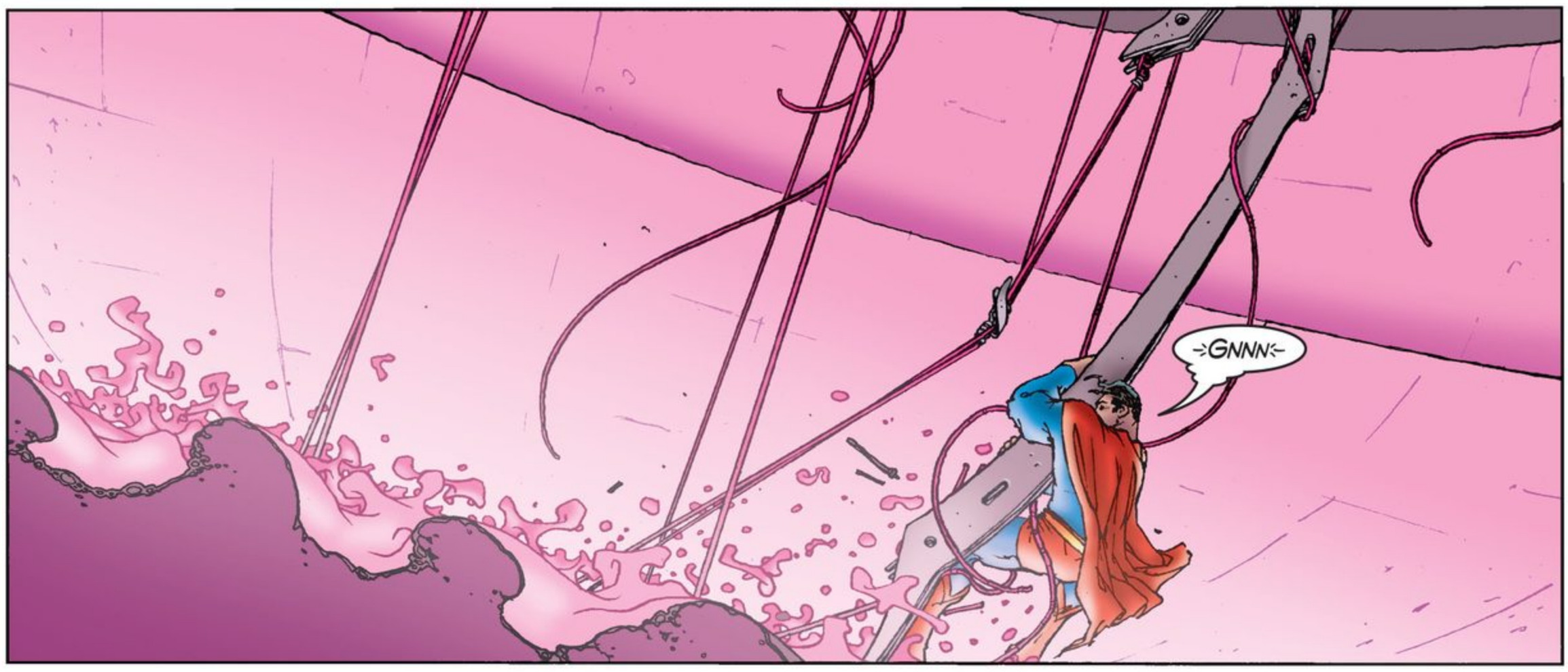
WHAT?

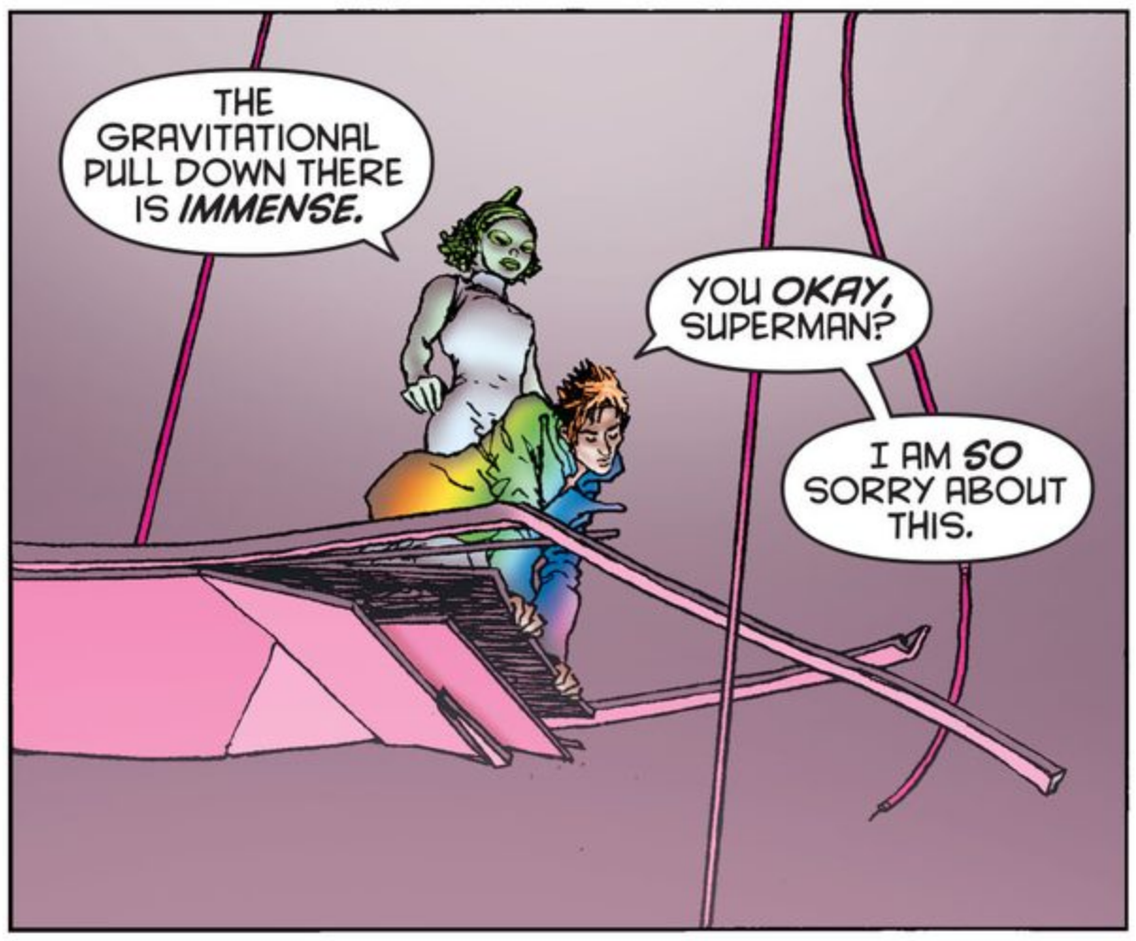
...UH...OH, MY *LAND,* PERRY! I JUST REMEMBERED I LEFT THE *OVEN* ON AT HOME!

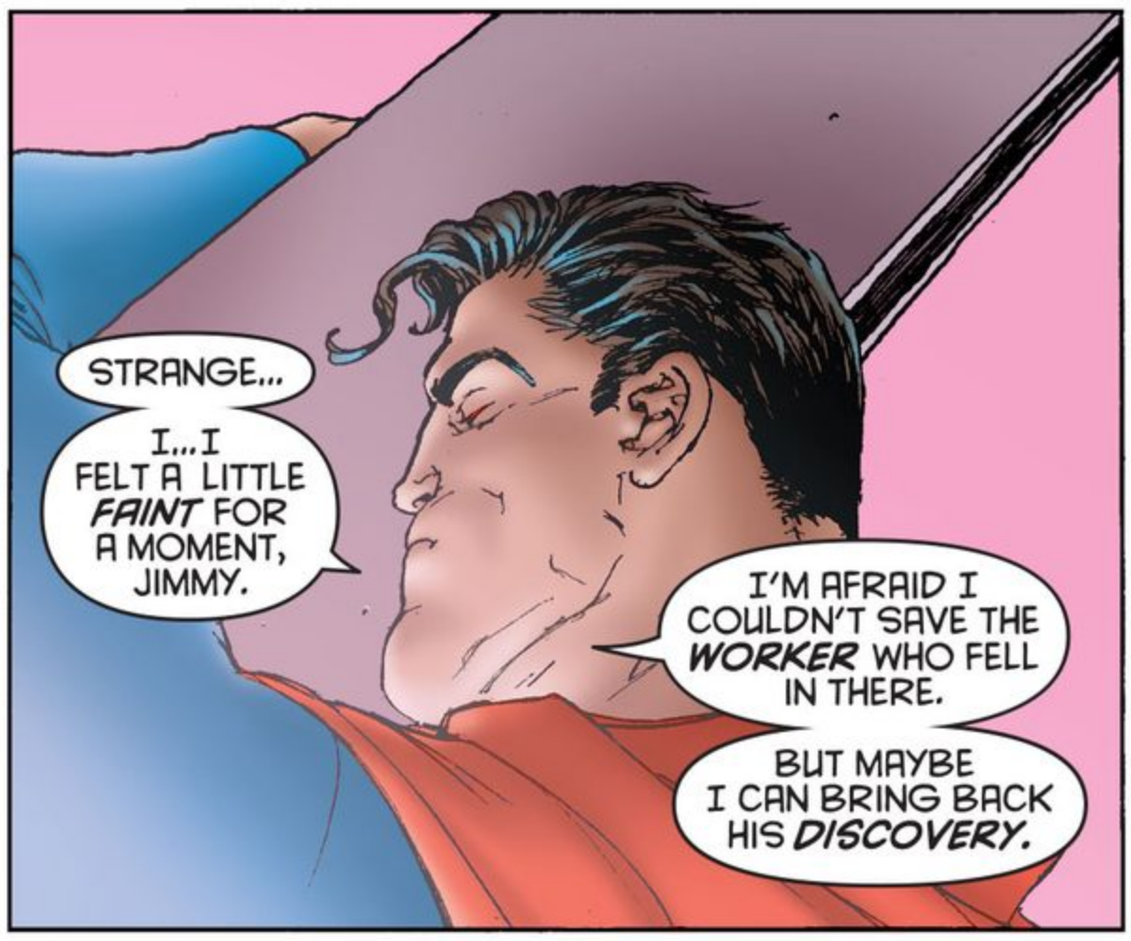
GAS MARK 5!

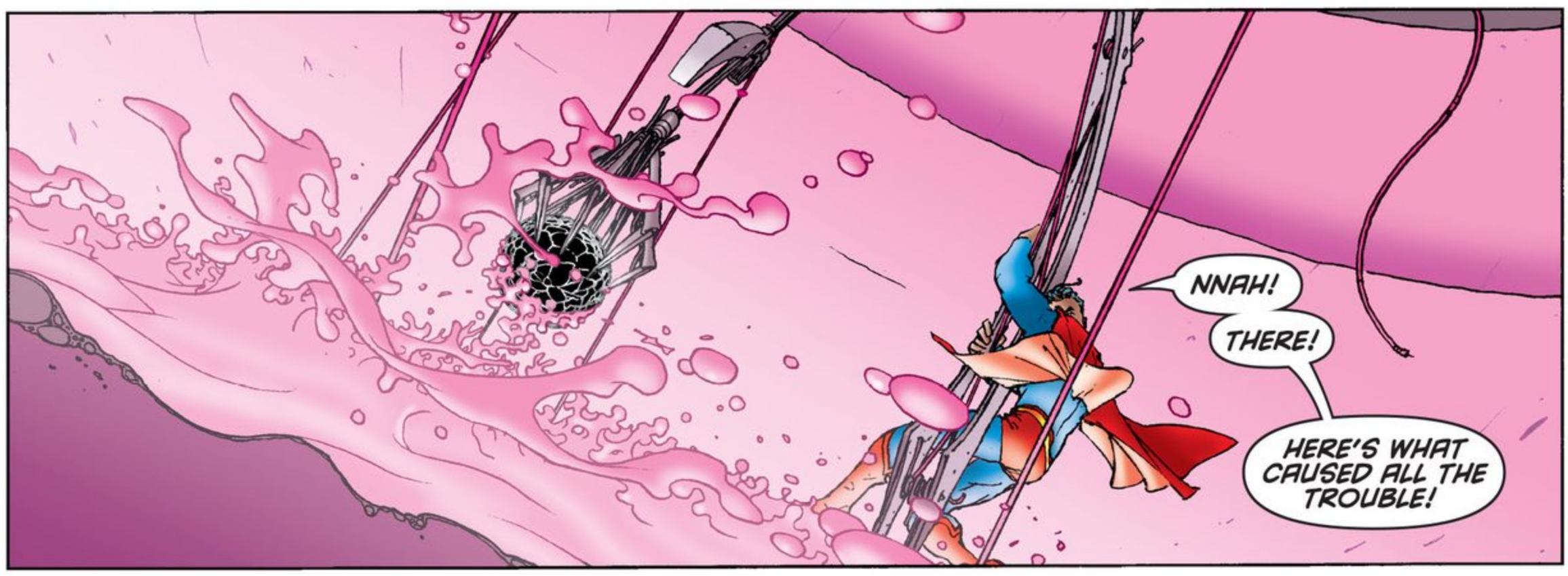
I'LL...UH... I'LL HAVE THE *LUTHOR INTERVIEW* ON YOUR DESK BY *FRIDAY!*

OH, MY *WHAT?*


GNNN


THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL DOWN THERE IS IMMENSE.
YOU OKAY, SUPERMAN?
I AM SO SORRY ABOUT THIS.


STRANGE...
I...I FELT A LITTLE FAINT FOR A MOMENT, JIMMY.
I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T SAVE THE WORKER WHO FELL IN THERE.
BUT MAYBE I CAN BRING BACK HIS DISCOVERY.


NNAH!
THERE!
HERE'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE!

CAUTION! SUPERHEAVY UNKNOWN INFRA MATERIALS HAVE PENETRATED NORMAL SPACE!
SUPERMAN.
I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU.
BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD BACK AWAY SLOWLY FROM THE OBJECT WHILE WE SPIN A GRAVITY-BOTTLE TO CONTAIN IT.

BLACK KRYPTONITE.

A NEW *ISOTOPE* AT THE LOW-FREQUENCY END OF THE *K-MINERAL* SPECTRUM.

IT SEEMS WE'VE DUG UP A RADIOACTIVE FRAGMENT OF YOUR *HOMEWORLD* THAT'S BEEN BURIED FOR YEARS IN THE *UNDERVERSE.*

A *NEW* TYPE OF KRYPTONITE!

I DON'T LIKE THE *LOOK* OF THIS, SUPERMAN.

K-RADIATION CAN *KILL* YOU.

NOT ANYMORE SINCE I BECAME *IMMUNE* TO *GREEN K,* JIMMY.

CAN'T SAY I *FEEL* ANY PHYSICAL EFFECTS FROM *THIS* SAMPLE.

I GUESS I'M *FINE.*

GLAD TO *HEAR* IT, SUPERMAN.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.

FOR A MOMENT THERE I COULDN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THAT...

...GYPSY'S ...

...CURSE.

IT'S THAT SIGNAL WATCH.

LIKE I DON'T HAVE *ENOUGH* TO DO WITHOUT BAILING *YOU* OUT OF SOME STUPID *SCRAPE* EVERY OTHER DAY.

YOU'D BE *DEAD* WITHOUT ME!

SUPERMAN?

THAT ROCK... IT *DID* SOMETHING, DIDN'T IT?

IT'S JUST CHEAP MOONBASE FURNITURE.

QUINTUM'S *LOADED* ANYWAY.

THINK ABOUT IT...

...I PROBABLY *INCREASED* ITS *SALE VALUE* WITH MY AUTOGRAPH.

OH-KAY...

WE CAN *HANDLE* A SUPERMAN WHO'S A LITTLE *MISCHIEVOUS*, A LITTLE *ANNOYING*, BUT BASICALLY... BASICALLY...

...OKAY?

NO.

NO, IT'S GUH-GUH-GETTING WUH-*WORSE.*

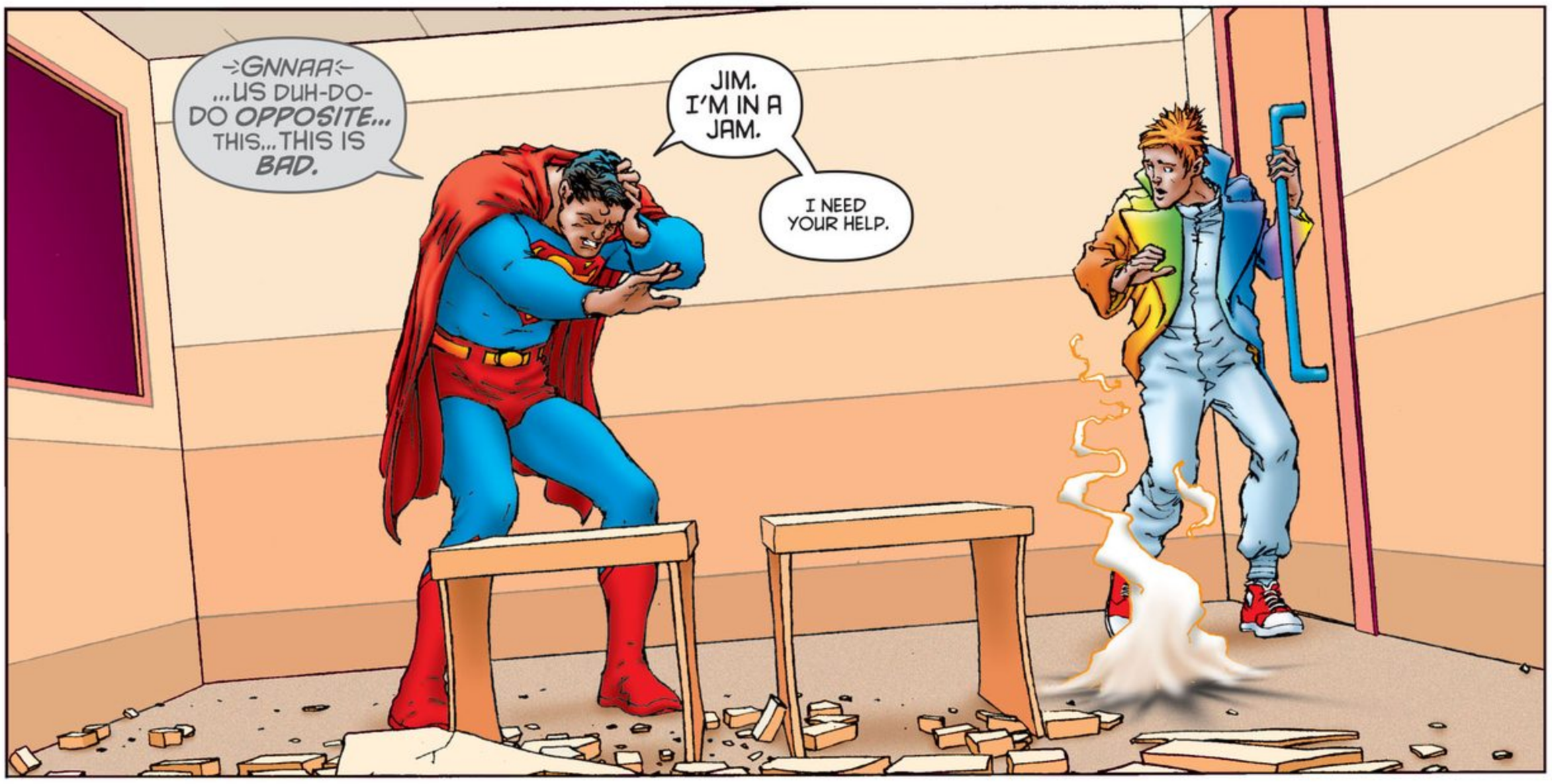
EVERY-THING'S GONE... GONE *OPPOSITE...*

JIMMY, I... I KNOW WHAT *BLACK K* DOES...

...IT MAKES ME *BAD.*

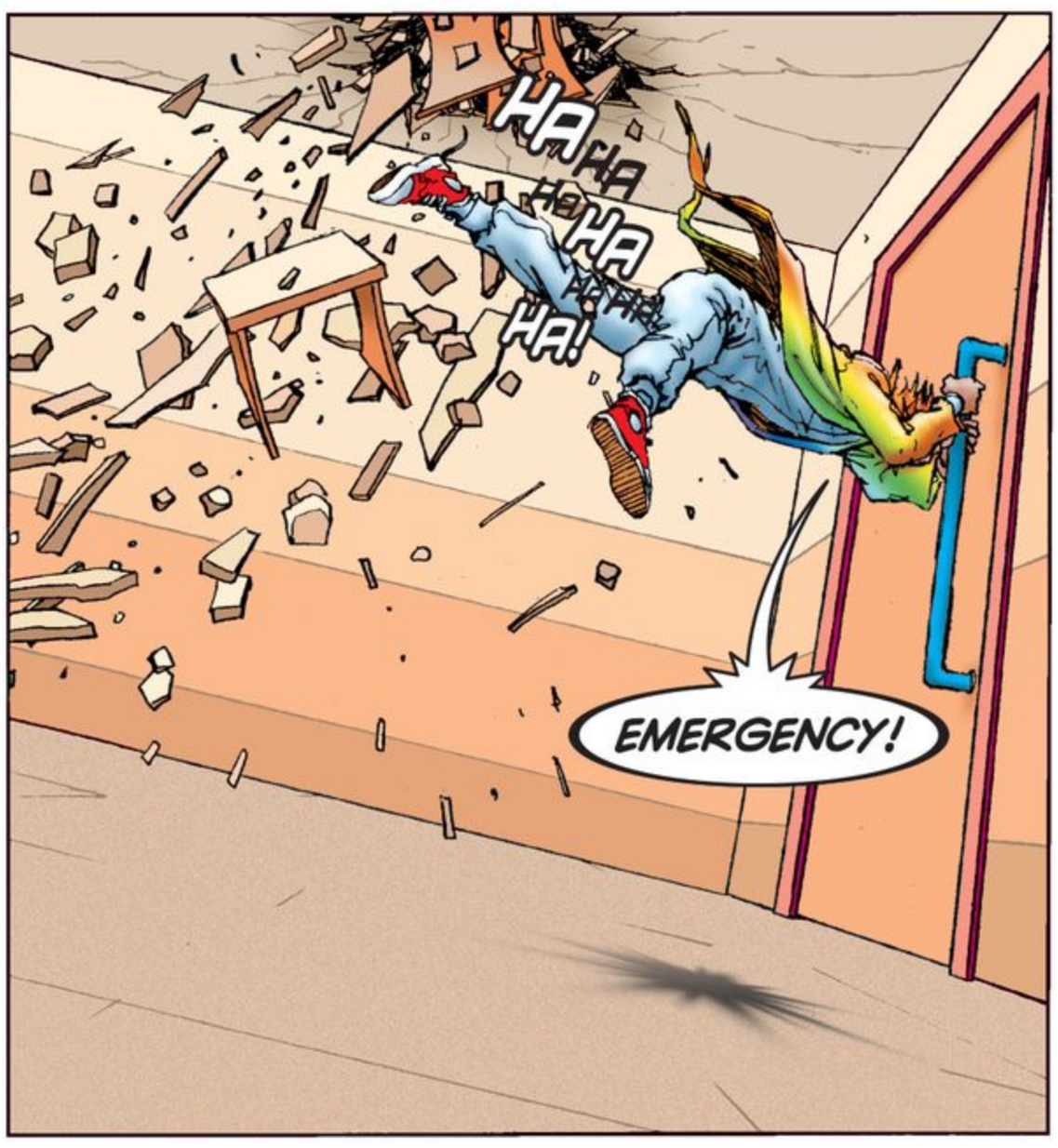
AND YOU KNOW *WHAT?*

PART OF ME IS STARTING TO LIKE THAT IDEA!


-GNNAA-
...US DUH-DO-DO OPPOSITE... THIS...THIS IS BAD.
JIM. I'M IN A JAM.
I NEED YOUR HELP.

EARTH!
LOOK AT THEM! SWARMING LIKE FUTILE BUGS IN THE SUN.
WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM DOING ANYTHING I WANT, JIMMY OLSEN?

YOU?


HA HA HA HA HA!
EMERGENCY!

P.R.O.J.E.C.T. RED EMERGENCY!

SUPERMAN HIMSELF HELPED CREATE THREE *ANTI-SUPERMAN* WEAPONS.

ONE WAS *KRYPTONITE-POWERED* AND IS CURRENTLY *INEFFECTIVE.*

THE *SECOND* WEAPON, THIS *PHANTOM ZONE CANNON* WILL SHORTLY BE RELEASED FROM LEAD SHIELDING AND *FIRED* FROM AN ORBITAL LOCATION.

THE *PHANTOM ZONE!*

BUT THAT'S A *NO EXIT* RIDE TO *OBLIVION!*

WHAT *CHOICE* WOULD WE HAVE, FACED WITH AN *EVIL* SUPERMAN?

HE COULD CRACK THE *EARTH* IN HALF.

HE COULD *ENSLAVE* HUMANITY.

HE'S SAVED MY LIFE A ZILLION TIMES.

WHAT ABOUT THE *THIRD* WEAPON?

IT'S *DOOMSDAY,* RIGHT?

OUR *VOYAGER TITANS* AND *BIZARRO CLONES* HAVE FAILED TO STOP HIM!

PREPARE FOR *TELEPORT*, DIRECTOR OLSEN.

→GNNNN←

STILL *STRONG* AS *EVER* WAS!

WHERE AM LOIS LANE?

SUPERMAN.

I CAN'T LET YOU *EMBARRASS* YOURSELF LIKE THIS.

YOU.

-UNHH-

WHAT IS IT WITH YOU?

DIRECTOR OLSEN, THIS IS AGATHA!

AFTER INITIAL TESTS, IT WAS DECIDED THAT **DOOMSDAY** WAS TOO **UNSTABLE,** TOO **DANGEROUS** TO BE USED UNDER **ANY** CIRCUMSTANCES!

YOU AND THEY POINT DUMB GUN AT *ME!*

SAY BYE-BYE *HAND!*

I CAN'T **CONDONE** THIS!

-NNH-

INDESTRUCTIBLE WATCH!

WITHOUT A HYPNOTIC **TRIGGER** TO BRING YOU **BACK,** DOOMSDAY WILL OVERWHELM YOUR **MIND!**

GAAHH!

WE **MUST** USE WEAPON TWO!

I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, AGATHA.

-NNH-

AND THE GUN'S NOT FOR *YOU,* SUPERMAN.

WHAT AM YOU *TALK* ABOUT...

GGGRRRRDOAAA
OH, NO.

HURRR
COOL

ME FEEL!

...AM NO IMPOSSIBLE...

ME FEEL.

YOU FEEL THIS!

WE MUST FIRE THE CANNON!

THIRTY SECONDS, MR. PRESIDENT.

OLSEN HAS *THIRTY* SECONDS LEFT BEFORE DOOMSDAY *OVERLOADS* HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM.

28

RRRRGG

FEEL

WHAT?

WHAT AM HAPPEN TO ME?
NO FAIR!
ME GET WEAKER...
ZEE ZEEE
ME AM DIE NOW?
NO DIE!
ME SCARED...
ZEEE ZEEEE
ZEEE
ZEEE ZEEEE ZEEE ZEEEE
NO DIE.
NO CAN DIE.
AM SUPERMAN...
...NO CAN DIE.
ZEEE ZEEEE ZEEE ZEEEE

RRRROOOAAAR!

DON'T LET ANYBODY SEE HIM LIKE THIS!

YOU HEAR ME?

...UMMM...

EXCUSE ME?

I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO SOUND INSANE, BUT NATHAN AND I ARE THE PRODUCERS OF THE BROADWAY SMASH "*FRANKENSTEIN ON ICE.*"

HERE ARE SOME ***V.I.P.*** TICKETS FOR THE ***OPENING NIGHT.***

HUH?

YOU AND SUPERMAN JUST SAVED OUR LIVES FROM THAT TERRIBLE MONSTER.

THE BEST "*FOR A DAY*" EVER AND I CAN NEVER TELL ANYONE.

THE INERT ***BLACK K*** SAMPLE IS SAFE IN THIS ***LEAD-LINED*** GRAVITY BOX.

SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROPHY ROOM.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE.

THE BLACK K SUPERMAN WAS EVERYTHING YOU'RE ***NOT.***

A BULLY, A COWARD... ***A LIAR...***

...WEIRD THING IS, THE ***WORSE*** HE ACTED, THE ***WEAKER*** HE BECAME.

JUST AS WELL.

I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE ANYTHING "I" SAID BACK THERE WITH A PINCH OF SALT.

JIMMY, I CAN'T THANK YOU ***ENOUGH.***

I'M GLAD I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON MY ***PAL*** TO THINK FAST IN A CRISIS.

ANY TIME, SUPERMAN.

A-HEM, MISTER OLSEN, WE JUST USED UP OUR ***ENTIRE*** ANNUAL BUDGET IN ONE DAY!

HOW DO I ***EXPLAIN*** THIS TO MISTER QUINTUM?

YOU DON'T ***HAVE*** TO. YOU HAVE ***LIMITLESS*** RESOURCES.

I CHECKED THE SECRET ***P.R.O.J.E.C.T.*** BANK ACCOUNT IN ***ZURICH***--THERE WAS AN ***INFINITY SIGN*** IN THE CREDIT COLUMN.

YOU ***CAN'T*** KNOW THAT.

NO FIREWALL IS OLSEN-PROOF.

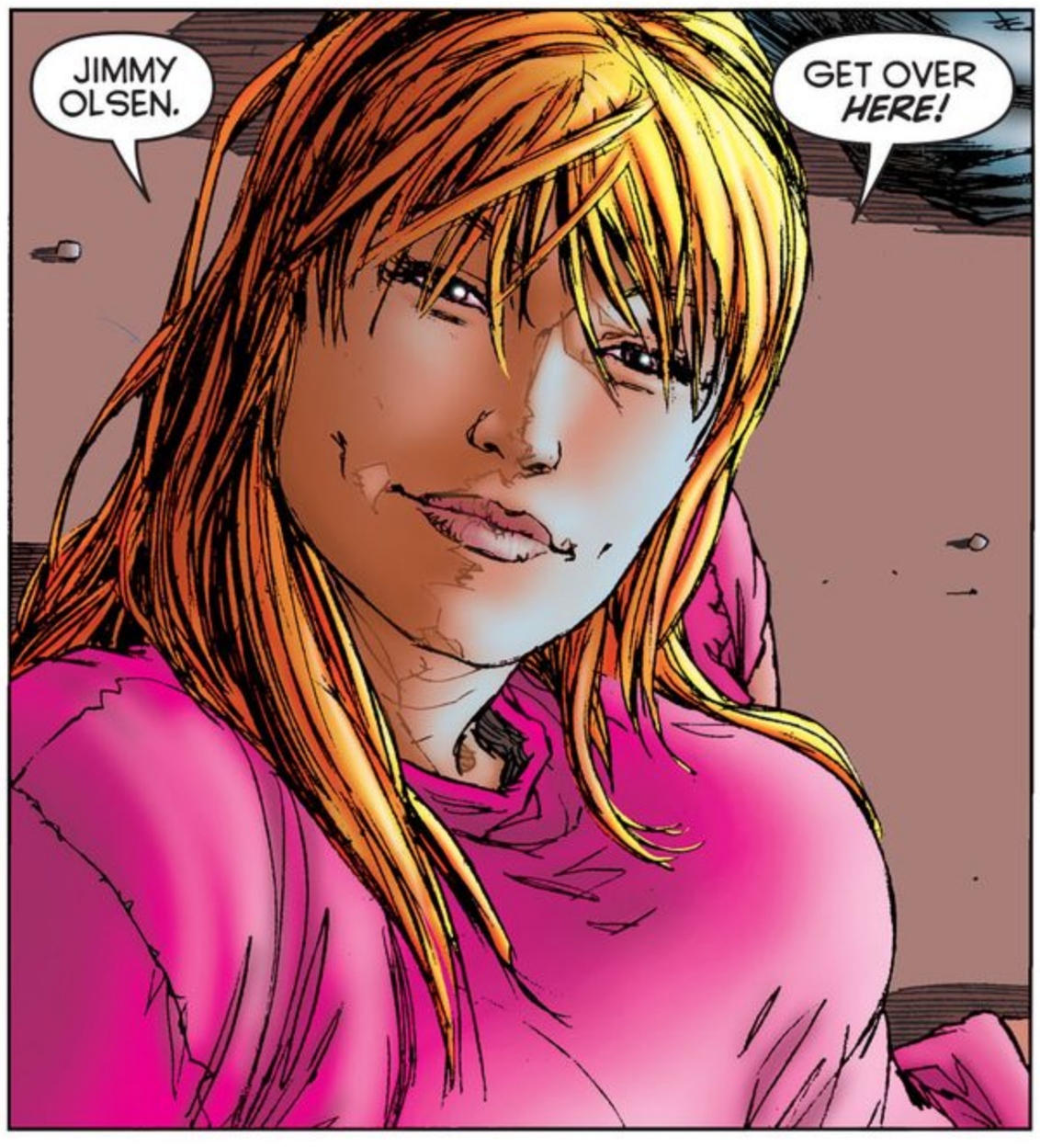
I STILL HAVE ***10 MINUTES*** LEFT AS P.R.O.J.E.C.T. DIRECTOR AND A COUPLE OF LAST ***REQUESTS.***

INCLUDING A LARGE-SCALE, SHORT-TERM COSMETIC ALTERATION TO THE ***MOON*** WHICH I'D LIKE TO COMMISSION.

HEY!
I LET MYSELF IN.
WHAT HAPPENED WITH ROCK HANSOM?

HE WAS ARRESTED FOR SELLING MIND-BENDING MARS ROCK ON EBAY.
HOW WAS *YOUR* ASSIGNMENT?
YOU MISSED SUPERMAN BEATING UP A *MONSTER* DOWNTOWN.
ASSIGNMENT? BEHOLD, THE MAYOR OF *DULLSVILLE!*
...AT LEAST I GOT TO LOOK THROUGH LEO QUINTUM'S *WARDROBE...*
...*365* RAINBOW COATS, ALL *IDENTICAL!*

OH, AND BY THE WAY--
FRANKENSTEIN ON ICE - tonight!
I LOVE LUCY
--HAVE YOU *SEEN* THE MOON?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
DID MY CURSE WEAR OFF?


JIMMY OLSEN.
GET OVER *HERE!*

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY

EPISODE 5 THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LEX LUTHOR

ATTILA THE HUN.

GENGHIS KHAN.

AL CAPONE.

ADOLF HITLER.

LEX LUTHOR...

...YOU FREELY ADMIT THAT *THESE* VILE AND APPALLING *CRIMINALS* ARE THE MEN YOU REVERE ABOVE ALL AS *HEROES* AND *ROLE MODELS.*

YOUR INSANE *SCHEMES* HAVE PLACED IN JEOPARDY THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON THIS *PLANET.*

HAVE YOU ANYTHING *MORE* TO SAY BEFORE I DELIVER THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT?

SUPERMAN MADE ME DO IT.

HE SHOULD BE ON TRIAL HERE.

PUT ME *AWAY,* YOU SENILE, SWEATING TOAD.

GET THIS FARCE *OVER* WITH.

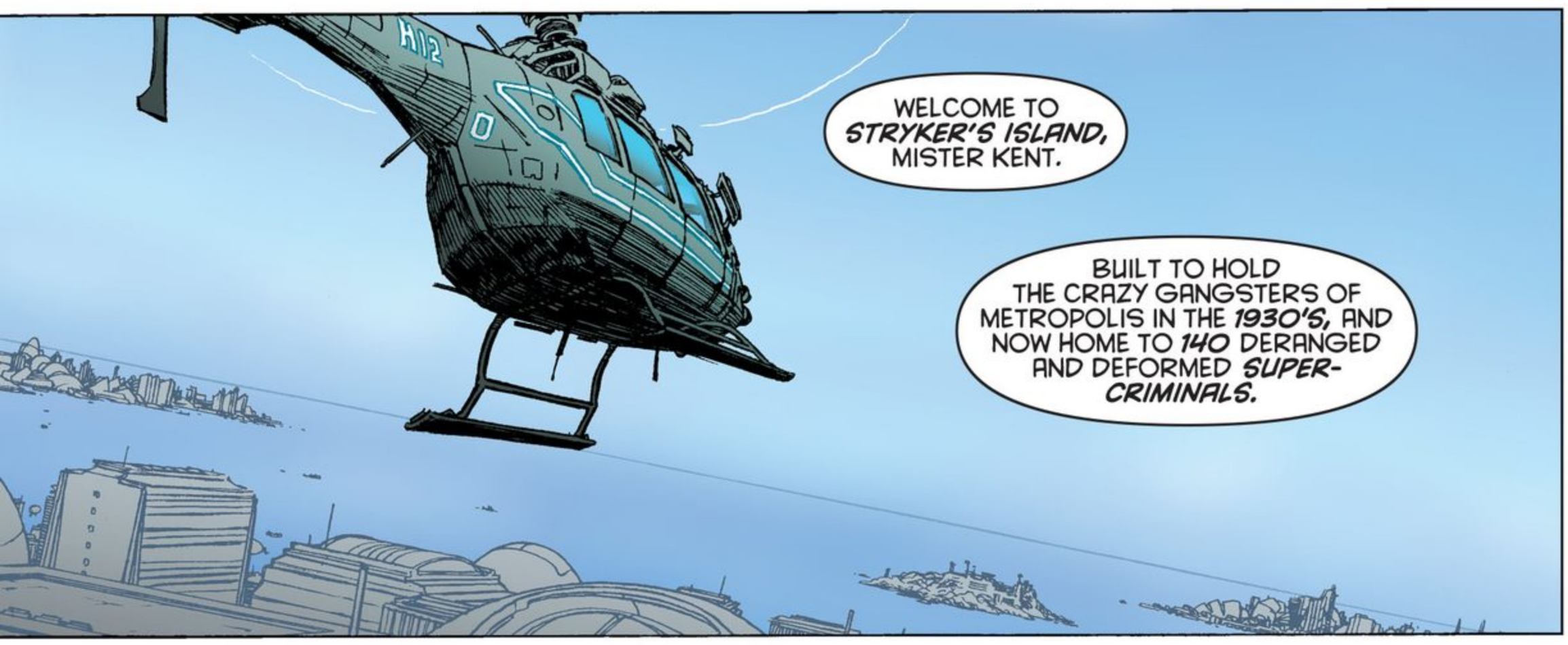
I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT.

YOU'RE A HUMAN MONSTER, LUTHOR-- AN AMORAL, SOCIOPATHIC *PREDATOR,* DRIVEN BY JEALOUSY, GREED AND A *GRANDIOSE* SELF-DELUSION!

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO DELIVER THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT.

GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS, OF CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.

THE SENTENCE IS *DEATH* IN THE *ELECTRIC CHAIR...*



THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LEX LUTHOR

-AHEM-

-KKFF-

YES, I'M *AWARE* OF YOUR LUMBERING PRESENCE, KENT.

I WAS JUST FINISHING SOME FINE DETAIL WORK ON MY *BIBLIOBOT MARK 2.*

A ROVING *LIBRARY.*

HE'LL READ YOU ANY OF A *THOUSAND* CLASSIC WORKS OF LITERATURE FROM *"ULYSSES"...*

"STATELY, PLUMP, BUCK MULLIGAN... RUVZZK."

TO *"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"...*

MOST OF THE TIME HE JUST FLOATS AROUND ON HIS *OWN*--IT'S *PATHETIC.*

CULTURE'S A DIRTY WORD NOWADAYS, BUT GOD KNOWS, I *TRY...*

"IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES... HKKT...IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES..."

CUH-CALL HIM *OFF!*

CAREFUL, KENT!

LOOK AT YOU!

YOU WRITE LIKE A *POET* BUT YOU MOVE LIKE A *LANDSLIDE.*

I'M SURE I HAD MY *DIGNITY* WITH ME WHEN I CAME IN.

AFTERNOON, LUTHOR. I'M... *AHH...* I'M HERE ON THE FLOOR FOR OUR *INTERVIEW.*

HMM.

YOUR CLUMSINESS MAY HAVE SAVED ME FROM *ELECTROCUTION.*

THANK MY RUBBER INSOLES...

WHOAHH.

HOW VERY IRONIC *IS* THAT?

HERE I AM, ON *DEATH ROW,* COURTESY OF EVIDENCE GATHERED BY *YOUR* "NEWSPAPER," *THE DAILY PLANET!*

AH... THAT *IS* KIND OF...KIND OF IRONIC...

ALMOST MAKES US *QUITS,* STAR REPORTER.

HOW ABOUT *THIS* PAIR OF *FAT GIRLS?*

SOMEHOW THEY *OVERLOOKED* THE *HIGH VOLTAGE DEATHTRAP!*

I WOULDN'T CALL THEM GIRLS, THEY, *AH...* THEY LOOK PRETTY *TOUGH* TO ME.

THEY'VE GIVEN ME AN *HOUR* TO TALK WITH YOU, LEX.

TO HEAR YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY.

I SAW THAT *"DA VINCI OF CRIME"* HEADLINE.

IT *SEEMS* LIKE A COMPLIMENT, BUT THERE'S A *SNEER* HIDDEN IN THERE SOMEWHERE, ISN'T THERE?

FOLLOW ME, KENT.

...THIS WOULD NEVER ÷FFF÷ HAVE ***HAPPENED*** IF ANYONE ELSE ÷HNN÷ ON THIS PLANET HAD THE ***WIT*** TO ÷HUFF÷ ***SEE*** IT.

THE SMUG ÷HUFF÷ ***SELF-REGARD*** THAT POWERS ÷HUFF÷ HIS BEAMING ÷FFF÷ BOYISH ***GRIN!***

HOW DOES A MAN ÷HEH÷ LIKE ***YOU*** FEEL ABOUT SUPERMAN? ***HONESTLY?***

I'M...*AH*... I'M ***FINE*** WITH HIM. HE'S ALWAYS BEEN ***FRIENDLY*** AROUND THE OFFICE.

AND YOU DON'T ÷HUFF÷ FEEL IN ***ANY*** WAY ***DIMINISHED*** BY HIS VERY ***PRESENCE*** ON THIS ÷HUFF÷ PLANET? ÷HNN÷ STRANGE.

OUR JOBS DON'T TEND TO ***OVERLAP.***

SPEAKING OF WHICH, MY... *AH*... ***JOB*** AS A ***REPORTER,*** THAT IS, I...

WHAT ***IS*** THAT?

WHAT ARE YOU ***WRITING*** ABOUT ME NOW?

GIVE!

÷TT÷ UNINTELLIGIBLE SQUIGGLES!

I CAN MENTALLY CRACK ***ANY*** CODE KNOWN TO MAN IN LESS THAN A ***MINUTE,*** TIME ME...

IT'S ***SHORTHAND,*** LEX.

SIMMER DOWN.

SHORTHAND?

WHAT KIND OF RIDICULOUS AFFECTATION IS ***THAT*** FOR A MAN?

WHY CAN'T YOU USE AN *ELECTRONIC RECORDING DEVICE* LIKE ANY *NORMAL* HACK?

THOSE THINGS ... *UH*... JUST DON'T... I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THEM TO... *AH*... TO *WORK* AROUND ME...

I PICKED UP *SHORTHAND* FROM MY *MA.*

GIVE HER MY *REGARDS* NEXT TIME YOU DROP BY THE *FAMILY PLOT.*

SHORTHAND.

OKAY ÷*GNN*÷ SOMETHING ELSE TO LEARN.

÷*HRRUNNN*÷

IMAGINE LIFE ON THIS WORLD IF SOME OPPORTUNISTIC ALIEN VERMIN *HADN'T* DECIDED TO *DUMP* ITS TRASH *HERE,* KENT.

THAT'S *ALL* I'VE EVER ASKED ANYONE TO *DO.*

IMAGINE HOW IT WAS *MEANT* TO BE.

THINK ABOUT IT, WITHOUT *SUPERMAN* TO *DISTRACT* HER, YOU JUST NEVER KNOW...

...PERHAPS COOL, CRUEL *LOIS LANE* MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE *NOTICED* GOOD OLD *CLARK,* SIGHING FAITHFULLY THERE IN THE CORNER.

÷*GTTNNN*÷

WHY AREN'T YOU BLUSHING?

I *KNOW* YOU HAVE FEELINGS FOR HER.

I'M HERE TO INTERVIEW *YOU,* LUTHOR.

REMEMBER THE BIG *EXCLUSIVE* YOU PROMISED MY *EDITOR?*

I'M JUST SAYING...

A TALL, STRAPPING, MIDWESTERN *FARMER'S BOY* WITH BRAINS, INTEGRITY, AND NO *STYLE* OF HIS OWN? THAT'S A *PRIZE CATCH* FOR *ANY* CYNICAL CITY GAL...

THROW IN SOME *WEIGHT TRAINING* AND THAT FLABBY PHYSIQUE OF YOURS COULD EVEN COME TO *RIVAL* SUPERMAN'S BUILD.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

I PRESUME YOU'LL BE LAUNCHING AN *APPEAL*...

BUT NEXT TO *HIM*, SHE SEES AN *OAF*, A *DULLARD*, A *CRIPPLE!*

NEXT TO "ALL-POWERFUL SUPERMAN," *LEX LUTHOR* IS AN *IDIOT!*

AND YOU KNOW *WHAT*, KENT?

SHE'LL NEVER SEE PAST HIM TO YOU!

HEY!

ARE YOU TRYING TO *INTIMIDATE* ME, LEX?

WE *ALL* FALL SHORT OF THAT SICKENING, INHUMAN PERFECTION, THAT *IMPOSSIBLE* IDEAL.

FEEL *THAT*, KENT.

REAL MUSCLES, NOT LIKE *HIS*.

GO ON, *FEEL!*

IT'S *EASY* TO BE STRONG WHEN YOU *JUST HAPPEN* TO HAVE COME FROM THE PLANET *KRYPTON!*

THIS TAKES HARD WORK!

IMPRESSIVE... BUT A LITTLE *OFF TOPIC.*

YOU SURE DON'T *ACT* LIKE A MAN FACING IMMINENT *DEATH...*

I DON'T, DO I?

HANDS *OFF,* KENT.

SO HOW'S *SUPERMAN* THESE DAYS?

PALE?

TIRED?

HE...HE SEEMS JUST FINE.

AH, BUT HE'S *NOT.*

HE ONLY *LOOKS* THAT WAY.

I JUST DON'T *GET* IT--WHY SQUANDER YOUR RESOURCES AND INTELLECT ON THIS...FRANKLY, UNHEALTHY...*OBSESSION* WITH SUPERMAN?

...YOU KNOW, I'VE SPENT SO MUCH OF MY ADULT LIFE IN PRISON, THANKS TO *HIM.* IT SEEMS LIKE *HOME.*

PREDICTABLE, COMFORTABLE.

WHERE BETTER TO ESTABLISH AN *ALTERNATIVE* THAN HERE, IN THE MOST *HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT* KNOWN TO MAN?

WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO IF YOU HAD HIS POWERS?

UMM...

AN ALTERNATIVE TO *WHAT?*

HMM.

YOU HAVE THE EYEBROW SHAPE BEAUTICIANS CALL THE *"SUPERMAN SWOOSH."* APPARENTLY, *65%* OF MEN SUBCONSCIOUSLY *TRIM* THEIR EYEBROWS THAT WAY, TO BE MORE LIKE *HIM.*

LEX...YOU *DROPPED* THIS EARLIER.

THIS IS MY FINAL REVENGE--TO BE *RIGHT.*

MY *"SURVIVAL OF THE SMARTEST"* DOCTRINES COMMAND *ABSOLUTE RESPECT* IN HERE...

I'LL GUT YOU, LUTHOR!

SUCK YOU DRY!

THE SAME *TYPES* RECURRING.

THE *BRUTES*, THE *STRONG-ARM MEN*, THE ONES WHO NEED A *GANG* TO BELONG TO-- A SIMPLE *CREED* TO FOLLOW.

THE *MASTERMINDS*, THE LONERS...

STRYKER'S IS MY *BOTTLE CITY*, LIKE SUPERMAN'S *KANDOR*--A *WORLD IN MINIATURE*.

TO TRUTH, JUSTICE AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU CAN'T *WEIGH* OR *CARRY!*

TO EVERY ABSTRACT *HE* REPRESENTS.

IS IT REALLY ALL ABOUT *SUPERMAN?*

LEX, THESE MEN SEEM PRETTY *RESTLESS...*

THEY CAN FEEL THE COMING *CHANGE*, THE WINGS OF A NEW HUMAN *RENAISSANCE*.

I'M TRANSFORMING THIS PLACE INTO A *NEW MODEL OF SOCIETY*, KENT, A BLUEPRINT FOR *UTOPIAN* LIVING!

IGNORE IT.

EVERY SOCIETY HAS ITS *MONSTERS*.

BUT THE *PARASITE* DOESN'T SCARE ME.

BRAIN BEATS *BRAWN*, EVERY TIME.

...THE PARASITE?

LUTHOR!
YOU HEAR ME, LUTHOR?!
GUT YOU!
I'LL SHOW *HIM* WHO'S BOSS WHEN THE TIME COMES.
"PUNCH OUT THE BIG, UGLY ONES **FIRST**, LEX!" MY GRAMMA USED TO SAY!
THE *PARASITE?*
WAIT A MINUTE!
HE'S SAFE BEHIND ***LEAD SHIELDING,*** RIGHT?
OWWW!
POWER!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
MARLON, WHAT'S HE DOING?
MORE POWER THAN I EVER HAD!
BUT...BUT HE FEEDS ON...ON NEARBY ***ENERGY SOURCES,*** LIKE IF...IF SUH-SUPERMAN WERE PASSING BY OR SOMETHING...
WHY ***BOTHER*** TO SHIELD HIM ON HIS WAY BACK FROM THE ***INFIRMARY?***
SO ***WHAT*** IF HE DRAINS A TOASTER BEFORE THE SCREWS TAKE HIM DOWN?
WHAT'S THE ***MATTER,*** KENT?
SCARED HE'LL ABSORB ***YOUR*** LAST RESERVES OF ***COWARDICE?***
UNHH
CAN'T LET HIM TOUCH ME...I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
EVERYTHING ***OKAY,*** MISTER KENT?

MORE!
MORE POWER!
RIOT!
CHAOS.
THE *PHASE TRANSITION:* A NECESSARY *FIRST STAGE* IN THE FOUNDATION OF *ANY* NEW SOCIAL ORDER.
TOP DOG
POWER!
LUTHOR, YOU'RE IN *TERRIBLE* DANGER!
GNNN... MY *STRESS ULCER!*
KENT, THAT'S *TEAR GAS,* YOU MORON!

'BYE GIRLS!

I'M IN DANGER, HE SAYS?

YOU'RE UNDER MY PROTECTION NOW, KENT!

IN MY WORLD!

KENT?

FINE.

SOME OTHER SLOB OF A JOURNALIST CAN HAVE LEX LUTHOR'S STORY OF A LIFETIME!

KAFF KARRF CAN'T SEE!

-GUFF-

SIR.

SUPERMAN.

HOW DID WE GET OUT HERE?

WHAT JUST HAPPENED...?

THAT COULD HAVE BEEN *MY* SKULL, KENT, YOU OAF!

THIS WAY!

UH-OH.

I SAID *FOLLOW ME,* KENT, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

NEVER *MIND* YOUR GLASSES!

BUT I CAN'T *SEE* WITHOUT THEM.

EVERYTHING'S A COMPLETE BLUR.

RUN!

→KURRRF←
DON'T TELL ME...
→IIKT←
→GTT←
...IT'S YOUR ASTHMA!
KEEP UP, KENT!
THAT'S SOME SECURITY SYSTEM!
YOU KNOW, PART OF ME WOULD BE HAPPY WATCHING THESE ANIMALS TEAR YOU APART, YOU SANCTIMONIOUS OX.
BUT I WANT YOU ALIVE.
I WANT YOU TO TELL MY STORY.
THE STORY OF A MAN WHO REFUSED TO BEND THE KNEE TO AN ALIEN INVADER.
A MAN WHO DARED ASK THE QUESTION, "WHO DOES SUPERMAN THINK HE IS?"
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER TALK ABOUT YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS, LEX?
CAN... CAN WE STAY AWAY FROM THE PARASITE?

I REALLY DON'T THINK IT'S *SAFE* DOWN HERE.

MY *CELL* IS *"DOWN HERE,"* AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING.

YOU WANT TO *LIVE,* DON'T YOU...?

LIKE A SUNNNN

BULLETS WON'T *STOP* HIM!

HE'S CONVERTING THE KINETIC ENERGY INTO MORE *MASS!*

YOU'RE RIGHT!

LOOK AT HIM, *BLOATED* WITH POWER!

NOTHING LEFT BUT A MOUTH AND AN APPETITE!

HUNGRY SUNNN

DRAWN LIKE A *MOTH* TO SOME *IMMENSE* ENERGY SOURCE!

SO PROVE YOU'RE FIT TO LEAD US, LUTHOR!

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

WELCOME TO *MY* COZY MIDDLE CLASS EXISTENCE.

PRAY TO EINSTEIN FOR A MIRACLE, KENT!

GET ME OUT OF HERE, LUTHOR!

THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE!

HE'S GOING TO CAUSE AN EARTHQUAKE!

AAUURGH!

HE'S *CHOKING* ON ENERGY!

STUFFED AND BURSTING LIKE SOME SICKENING *OVERRIPE FRUIT!*

MY *BULLETS* MUST HAVE TIPPED THE BALANCE! MADE HIM TOO *MASSIVE* TO CARRY HIS OWN *WEIGHT.*

URRHHHHHH...

I GUESS SO.

POOR MAN.

HIS OWN *GREED* ENGULFED HIM.

SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO *ANYONE* WHO *CROSSES* ME, KENT?

ANYONE WHO UNDERESTIMATES *LEX LUTHOR?*

LIQUEFYING!

AND THAT'S *EXACTLY* HOW *HE'LL LOOK!*

THAT'S HOW SUPERMAN WILL LOOK AT THE END!

NOBODY THREATENS ME!

NOBODY GETS IN LUTHOR'S WAY!

LEX.

MY SHORTHAND CAN'T HANDLE THE VOLUME.

ANYBODY *ELSE* WANT TO CHALLENGE MY IDEAS?

DIDN'T THINK SO.

I'M WALKING STRAIGHT BACK TO MY CELL ON *DEATH ROW*--

YOU WANT *CHANGE* WAIT FOR *MY* SIGNAL.

...I'LL TELL THEM HOW YOU HELPED ME *OUT,* QUELLED THE *RIOT*...

LEX, I *KNOW* YOU'RE NOT ALL BAD...

I'VE ALWAYS *LIKED* YOU, KENT.

YOU'RE HUMBLE, MODEST, UNCOORDINATED: *HUMAN.*

YOU'RE EVERYTHING *HE'S* NOT.

BUT YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER *WEAPON* IN MY WAR AGAINST SUPERMAN.

WATCH HOW EASILY I MAKE *YOU,* YOUR *PAPER* AND THE ENTIRE *PENAL SYSTEM* SEEM COMPLETELY *UNRELIABLE.*

"...AND THEN THE INIMITABLE LEX LUTHOR OPENED UP THE FLOOR AND SHOOK HANDS WITH A BABOON IN A SUPERMAN SUIT..."

EVENING, LEOPOLD.

->RAARK<-

->HRRAUUF<-

YOUR *ESCAPE ROUTE,* KENT, EXCAVATED BY *BIBLIOBOT MARK 2.*

DID YOU KNOW *"MOBY DICK"* CAN BE RECITED AT FREQUENCIES SO HIGH , MELVILLE'S MASTERPIECE BECOMES A *SONIC DRILL* CAPABLE OF CARVING THROUGH *SOLID ROCK?*

...LITERALLY *BORING* A PASSAGE THROUGH THE EARTH!

LOVELY *NASTHALTHIA* HERE WILL TAKE *YOU* BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING WHILE I AWAIT THE *END.*

SHE'S *18,* SPEAKS 30 *LANGUAGES* AND WANTS TO *RULE THE WORLD* ONE DAY, BLESS HER.

CALL ME *NASTY...*

EYEBROW, LEXY...

EYEBROW.

=KARRF= =HAFF=

WHAT ARE YOU *LOOKING* AT, KENT?

NOTHING.

WITHOUT MY GLASSES, I'M *COMPLETELY* BLIND.

YOU COULD ESCAPE ANY TIME YOU *WANTED,* LEX.

I'M GOING TO THE CHAIR *FULFILLED.*

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

I HAVE FRIENDS IN *HIGH PLACES.*

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GETTING READY TO *DIE* LIKE THIS.

YOU AND SUPERMAN COULD HAVE BEEN *FRIENDS!*

HE'LL DIE *FIRST.*

I USED THE *SUN ITSELF,* KENT, THE *SOURCE* OF HIS POWERS-- TO OVERLOAD HIS CELLULAR BATTERIES AND *DESTROY* HIM FROM *WITHIN,* DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

ARE YOU *INSANE?*

I'M A BORN *DICTATOR!*

YOU'LL DIE LIKE A MAD DOG IN THE YARD!

THINK STRAIGHT, LEX!

I *KILLED* SUPERMAN.

HE DOESN'T WANT THE WORLD TO *KNOW* HE'S DYING, OF COURSE...

SO BREAK THE NEWS *GENTLY.*

TAKE YOUR *EXCLUSIVE,* KENT.

YOU CAN'T PROVE THIS.

I PLACE HIS BELOVED *TRUTH* IN YOUR HANDS.

STRIKE WITH IT.

YOU WANTED *MY* STORY, *"THE GOSPEL OF LEX,"* AND NOW YOU *HAVE* IT.

THERE'S NO DEEP *PSYCHOLOGY* BEHIND THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN SUPERMAN AND ME.

IT'S ALL VERY *SIMPLE.*

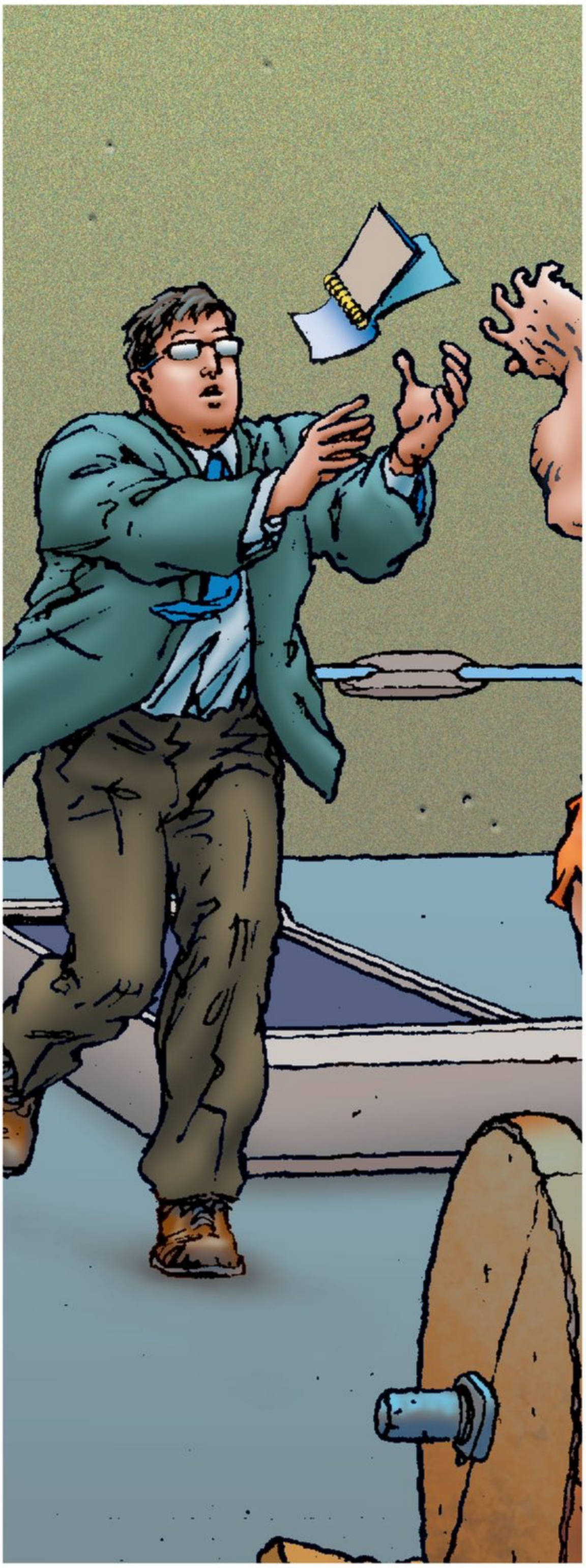
HOW WOULD *YOU* FEEL IF SOMEONE *DELIBERATELY* STOOD IN *YOUR* WAY, OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

IF IT WASN'T FOR SUPERMAN, I'D BE IN CHARGE ON THIS PLANET!

AND NOW HE'S DYING.

WHAT MORE COULD I WANT?

WHERE TO NOW, MISTER KENT?



COVER BY FRANK QUITELY

EPISODE 6 FUNERAL IN SMALLVILLE

YOU MAYBE CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT *WAS* FOR US...

...YOUR MA AND ME, WE'D BEEN MARRIED, OH, IT MUST HAVE BEEN *TEN* YEARS BY THEN.

AND LORD KNOWS, ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER, WE BOTH BITTERLY REGRETTED THAT WE COULDN'T HAVE A *CHILD.*

YOU KNOW ME, CLARK. I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A ONE FOR SITTING IN CHURCH, BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I *DO?*

I CAME RIGHT OUT HERE AND I PRAYED.

I FIGURED *NOTHING* WOULD HAPPEN, BUT I HAD TO TRY...

THEN ONE NIGHT, NOT LONG AFTER...

...YOU CAME.

MAKES YOU WONDER, *HUH?*

A CHILDLESS COUPLE, BLESSED FROM *ABOVE* WITH A *MIRACLE* BOY FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN?

AND NOT JUST *ANY* BOY... BUT THE FINEST YOUNG FELLA I EVER MET.

LOOK AT YOU!

YOU'RE DESTINED FOR *GREAT* THINGS, CLARK...

AUGHH! THAT'S *IT!*

EVEN *I'M* NOT IMMUNE TO EMBARRASSMENT, PA!

YOU WANT ME TO SHIFT THAT OLD TREE THAT GOT HIT BY *LIGHTNING* LAST NIGHT?

SURE.

BUT IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE SOMEBODY'S GOT *OTHER* PLANS FOR YOU...

ROWWFF!

KRYPTO!

WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN*, PAL?

KRYPTO!

C'MON, BOY!

HUP!

RAAFFF!

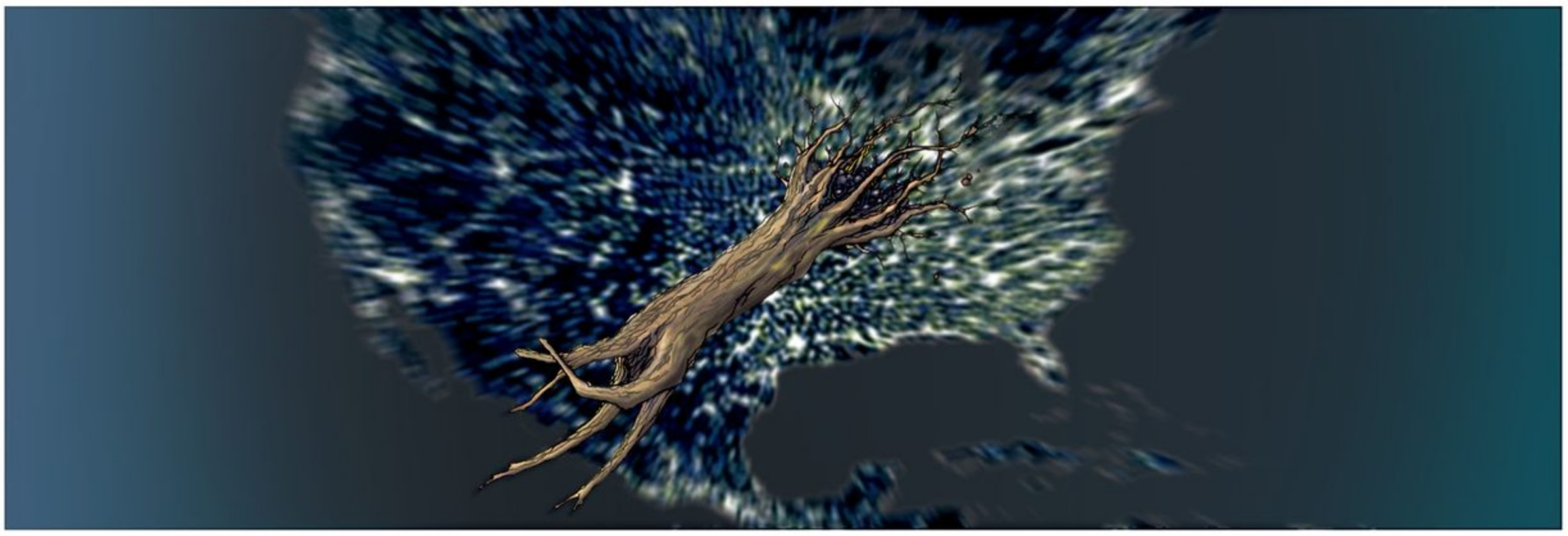
-GNN-

HMM.

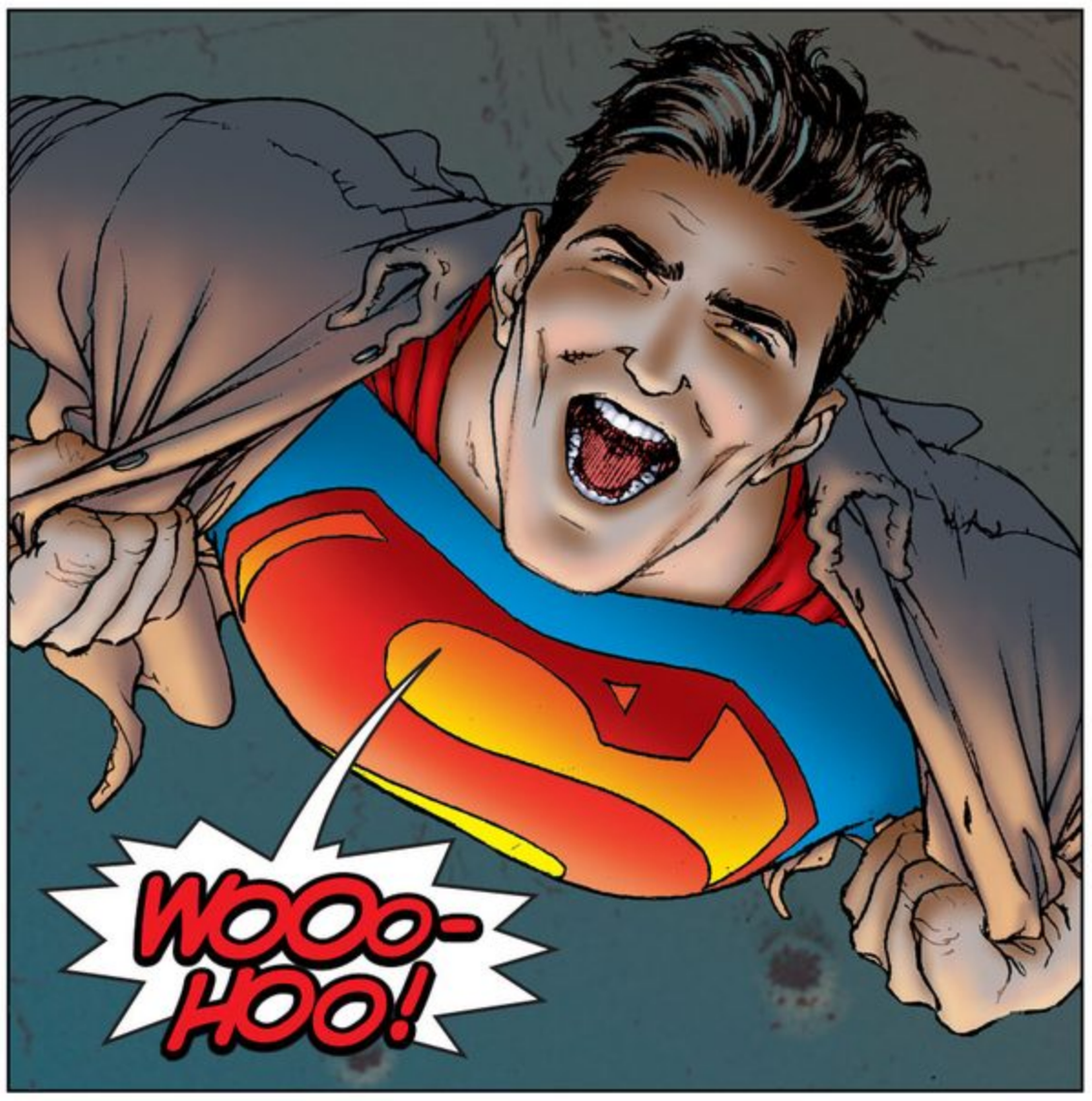
YOU READY?

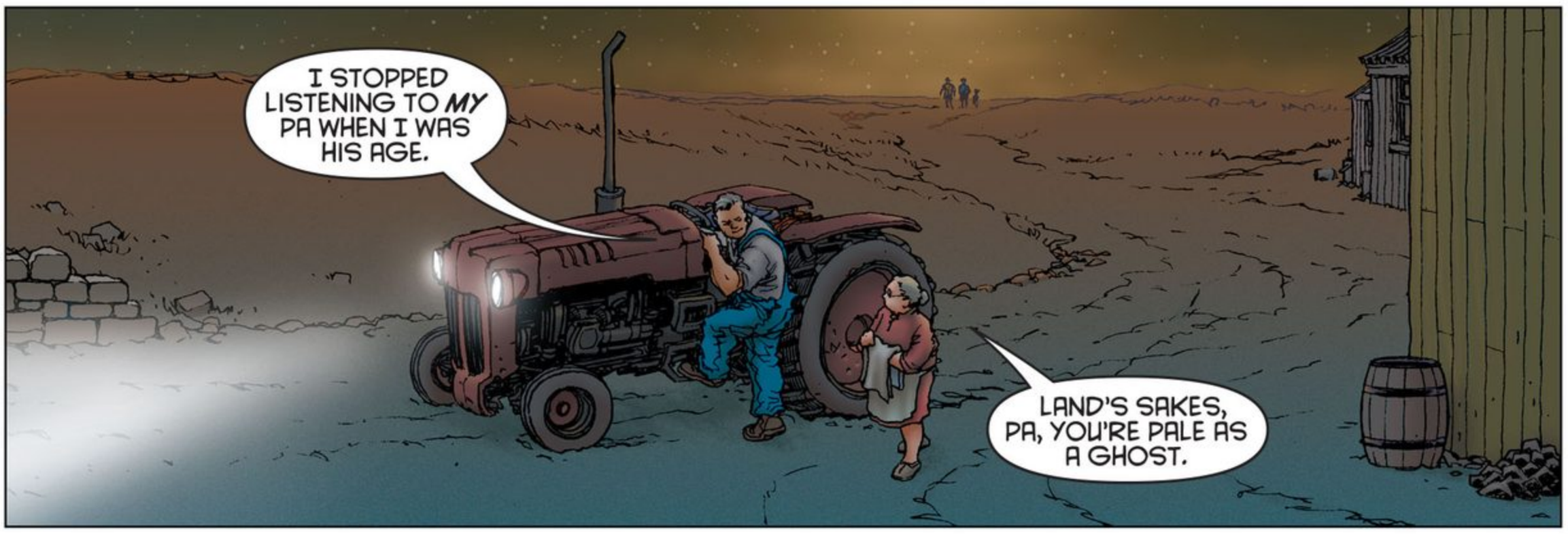
RAARRFF!

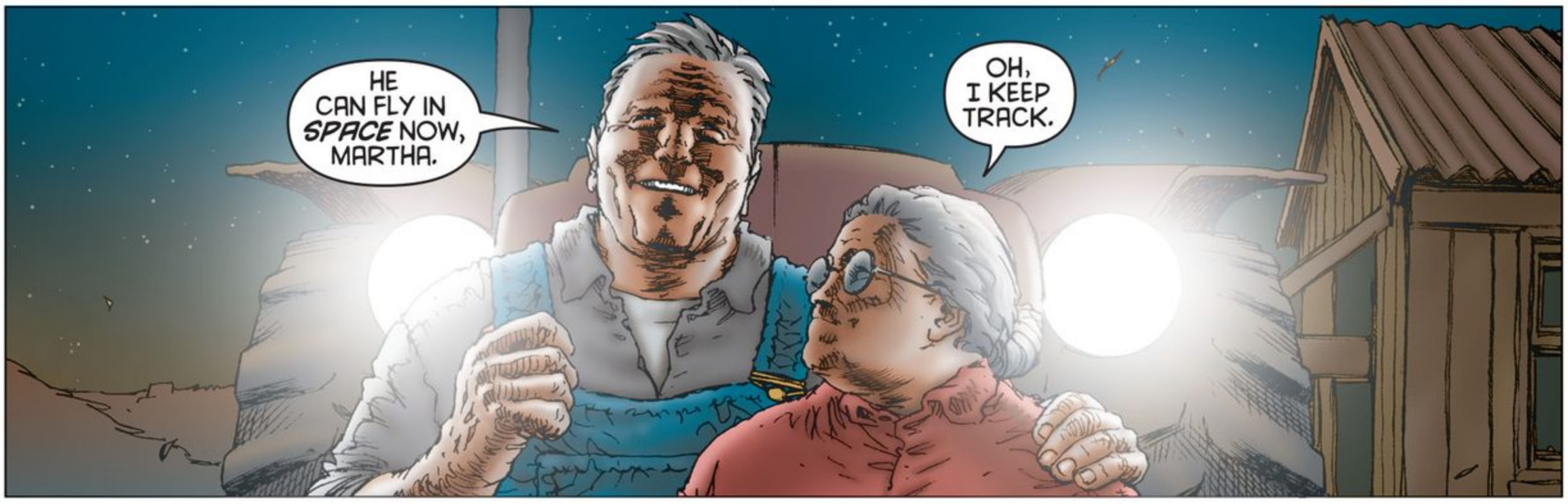
CATCH!



WUFFF!


WOOo-
HOO!


I STOPPED LISTENING TO *MY* PA WHEN I WAS HIS AGE.
LAND'S SAKES, PA, YOU'RE PALE AS A GHOST.



FUNERAL IN SMALLVILLE

MA?

WHO WERE THOSE THREE MEN I SAW UP ON THE HIGH FIELD?

PA KNOWS I CAN BRING THE HARVEST IN *SINGLE-HANDED.*

WELL, I HAVE TO SAY THEY'RE A MITE *UNUSUAL,* BUT THEY'RE VERY WELL MANNERED.

CLARK, YOUR PA WANTS THIS DONE *HIS* WAY, THE OLD WAY.

HUSH! HERE THEY COME *NOW.*

CLARK, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET OUR NEW *FARMHANDS.*

MEN, THIS IS MY *SON,* CLARK, I TOLD YOU ABOUT.

HE'S STUDYING TO BE A *JOURNALIST.*

INCREDIBLE.

CLARK KENT, MY NAME'S *CALVIN ELDER.*

I'M... I'M *HONORED* TO MEET YOU.

THESE BOYS MET IN THE *WAR,* DID I HEAR YOU SAY RIGHT, CAL?

THE BIG FELLA DON'T *TALK* MUCH BUT, OH YEAH, HE'S SEEN SOME *ACTION,* YOU BETCHA!

OUR *PLEASURE,* YOUNG MISTER KENT!

OUR PLEASURE, INDEED!

...AND THIS OTHER *LITTLE* GUY WORKED IN A CIRCUS AS THE "PINT-SIZED POWERHOUSE," HE SAID.

BUT IT WAS THE ONE IN THE *BANDAGES*... WHEN HE SHOOK MY HAND I FELT A *CHILL* GO UP MY SPINE.

DINER

SODA

COFFEE

THEY'RE HARD WORKERS AND ALL, IT'S JUST...

...I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* IT IS, BUT I'M *SUSPICIOUS.*

RESTROOMS

SUSPICIOUS?

DON'T YOU THINK MAYBE THIS WHOLE *INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER* THING HAS GONE TO YOUR *HEAD,* CLARK?

DID THE BIG CITY MAKE YOU SO CYNICAL ALREADY?

ACTUALLY, METROPOLIS WAS KIND OF *OVERWHELMING.*

I GREW UP WITH ALL THIS *SPACE* AND *EMPTINESS*...

PETE ROSS!

TELL HIM HE'S *CRAZY!*

HE *LISTENS* TO YOU.

YOU'RE *CRAZY,* CLARK.

IT'S OFFICIAL.

I JUST DON'T KNOW IF I *NEED* TO BE IN THE CITY AT ALL.

I STILL HAVEN'T *DECIDED* WHAT TO DO *NEXT.*

I *LIKE* FARMING.

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE *WORLD?*

I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD.

LOOK AT US! THE *OLD GANG,* ALL GROWN UP!

LET'S NEVER FORGET.

SMILE!

I saw him! It was the Kansas Superman!

Ain't no such thing.

But he flew away...

...with that old man!

...CLARK KENT, ARE YOU *LISTENING* TO ME?

DO YOU WANT ME TO SEND A PRINT TO YOUR MOM AND DAD OR CAN I GET IT TO YOU IN *METROPOLIS?*

I... I JUST HAVEN'T *DECIDED,* LANA.

THIS SODA... I'D... *AH...* I'D FORGOTTEN HOW *RICH* THE FOOD WAS BACK HOME...

UHHH...

MAYBE I SHOULD *EXCUSE* MYSELF...

GO AHEAD, CLARK.

WE WON'T TALK ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU'RE GONE.

WHY DO YOU BOTH HAVE TO ACT LIKE I DON'T *KNOW* WHO HE IS?

DON'T MAKE ME *TALK* ABOUT THIS, LANA.

...I *OVERHEARD* RIGHT!

SEE, KRYPTO?

"CALVIN ELDER" HAS *SUPERPOWERS* AND AN ACTION SUIT LIKE *MINE!*

AND HERE COME THE *OTHERS!*

GRRRR...

KRYPTO! *SHH!*

WHAT DO THEY *WANT?*

...I WAS TOO LATE TO *SAVE* HIM.

THE CHRONOVORE ATE THIS POOR MAN'S ENTIRE *LIFE.*

BUT HE DIDN'T DIE IN *VAIN,* KAL...

WAIT!

...I HEAR A DISTINCTIVE *HEARTBEAT* NEARBY...

...LIKE AN *ECHO...*

UH?

FINE *DOG* YOU GOT THERE.

GOOD STRONG JAWS.

HOW DID YOU SNEAK UP LIKE THAT?

WHINNE

ARE... ARE YOU FROM *KRYPTON,* LIKE ME?

NO.

I WAS BORN ON *EARTH,* CLARK.

851 THOUSAND YEARS FROM *TOMORROW.*

MY NAME'S *KAL KENT.*

I'M THE SUPERMAN OF *A.D. 85,250.*

YOUR LITTLE *SUPER-FAMILIAR* HERE'S SPOOKED BECAUSE HE SMELLS THE OUTER *FUTURE* ON ME.

YOU'VE TRAVELED IN TIME *BEFORE*--YOU *KNOW* WHAT'S POSSIBLE.

AS A MEMBER OF THE *SUPERMAN SQUAD,* I FIGHT ALONGSIDE THE SUPERMEN OF *MANY* DIFFERENT ERAS TO PROTECT THE STRUCTURE OF *SPACETIME* ITSELF!

SUPERMEN!?

YOU ALREADY *MET* MY ALLIES...

THE *UNKNOWN SUPERMAN* OF *A.D. 4500*--

--AND *KLYZYZK KLZNTPLKZ.*

THE SUPERMAN OF THE *5TH DIMENSION.*

FUTURE SUPERMEN?

UNNH!

SORRY WE HAD TO *DISGUISE* OURSELVES. BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, MY *TRUE* FORM WOULD PROBABLY ATTRACT A LITTLE TOO MUCH *ATTENTION...*

THERE!

UHH... WERE THOSE *THOUGHTS* I JUST SAW?...

DEEPEST APOLOGIES.

I FORGOT *5-D VISION* ONLY ENTERED OUR BLOODLINE IN THE *67TH CENTURY* WHEN *SUPERMAN PURPLE* MARRIED *QUINTO-QUEEN GZNTPLZK* OF *ZRRRF.*

I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU THE *CHRONOVORE MONSTER* WE'VE HUNTED ACROSS *TEN CENTURIES* SO FAR.

OUR BLOODLINE? BUT IF YOU'RE MY... MY *DESCENDANTS...*

I MEAN, DO I MARRY *LANA...?*

ERR... AMAZING, ISN'T IT?

IF THIS *PICTURE* HADN'T SURVIVED AS A TROPHY IN YOUR *FORTRESS...* WE'D NEVER HAVE *SUSPECTED* THE 'VORE'S PRESENCE HERE.

IT'S COME HERE TO *DIE...* AND TO *SPAWN.*

THE DISTINCTIVE ENERGY FOOTPRINT OF THE BEAST CAN *CLEARLY* BE SEEN IN THIS FROZEN LIGHT IMAGE.

WOW.

LANA LANG SAVES THE UNIVERSE.

IT'S NOT SAVED YET...

THE CHRONOVORE IS HERE!

IT'S AGING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES!

IT... IT JUST TURNED FARMER STONE'S *COWS* INTO THE *HAMBURGERS* THEY WERE DESTINED TO BECOME!

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT MY HANDY *HYPERPOON.*

THIS TIME WE'LL *SPEAR* IT AND CHAIN IT WITH 5-D SNARES UNTIL OUR *TEAMMATES* GET HERE WITH A *TESSERACT CAGE.*

WHAT'S GOING ON?

STAND BACK, CLARK, THIS IS A JOB...

...FOR THE SUPERMAN SQUAD!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M GOING *WITH* THEM!

THIS IS *MY HOME!* THESE ARE *MY PEOPLE* TO PROTECT!

I CAN'T LET YOU *DO* THAT, CLARK.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND...

AAOOW!

HANDS OFF!

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

AND THERE'S SOMETHING *WEIRD* ABOUT ALL THIS!

THAR SHE BLOWS!

NOW'S YOUR *CHANCE,* BIG FELLA...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!

DON'T BE *INSANE!*

I'M *FASTER! STRONGER!*

ABLE TO LEAP FROM WORLD TO WORLD IN A SINGLE BOUND!

URRF

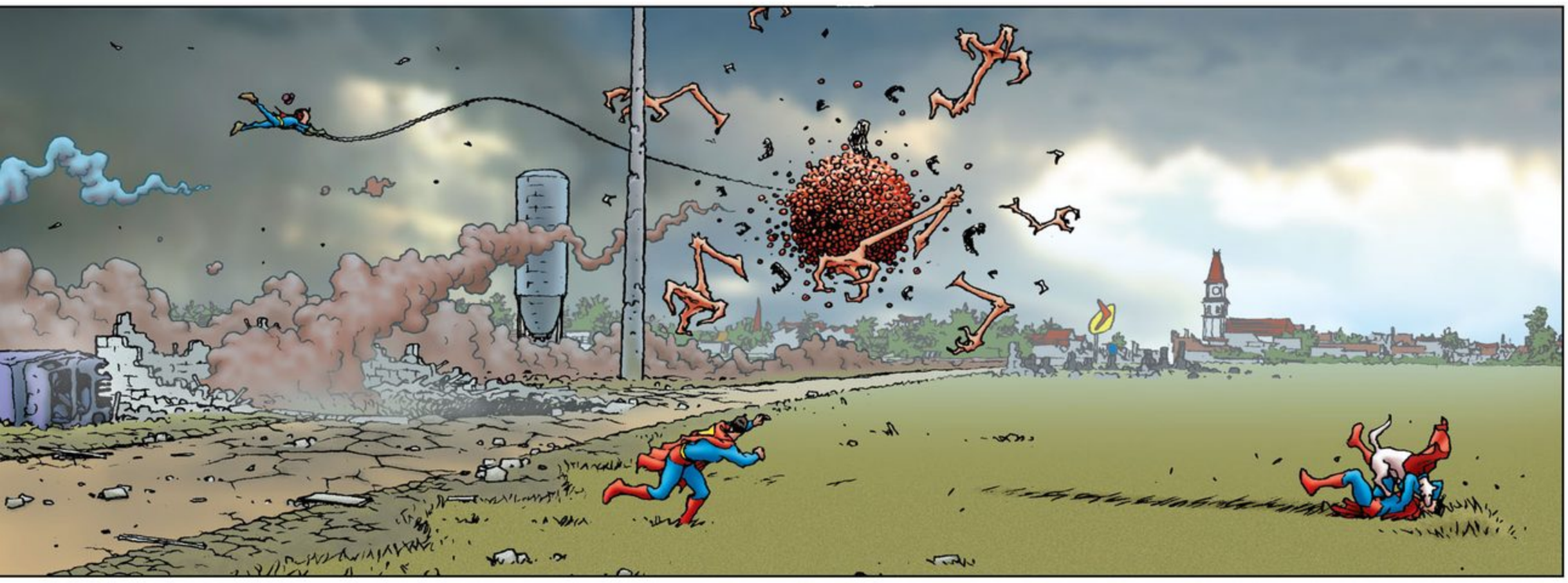
I'M *TELEPATHIC!* YOU *CAN'T* RESIST ME!

YOUR SOLAR POWERS ARE IN THEIR INFANCY!

YOU'RE NOT AS *STRONG,* AS *SMART* OR AS *FAST* AS YOU *WILL* BE...

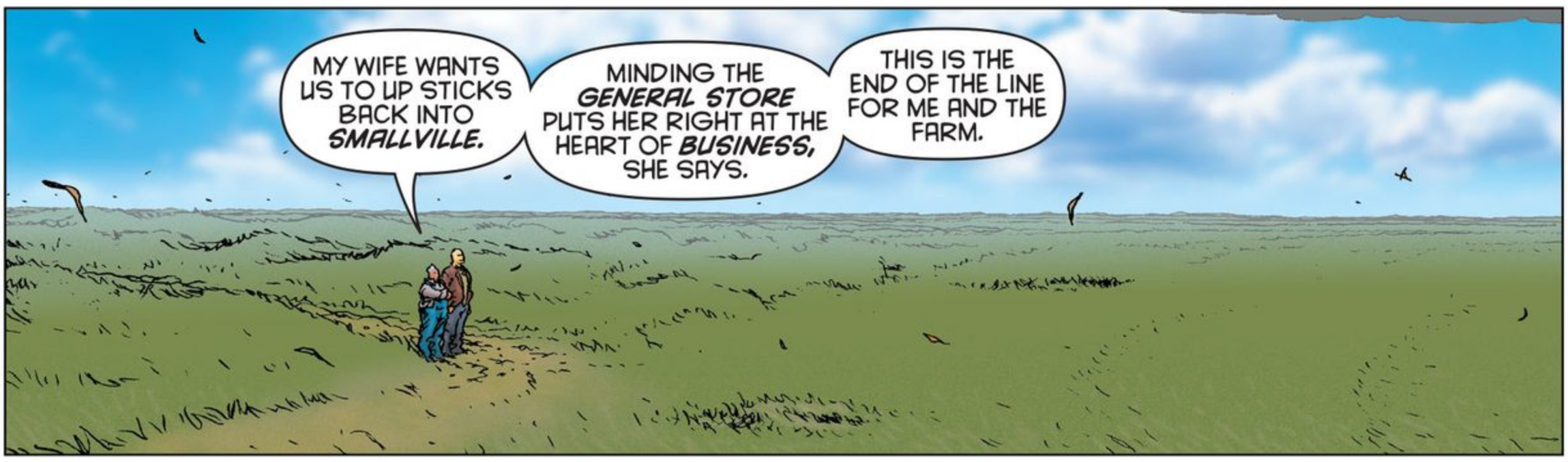
OH, YEAH?

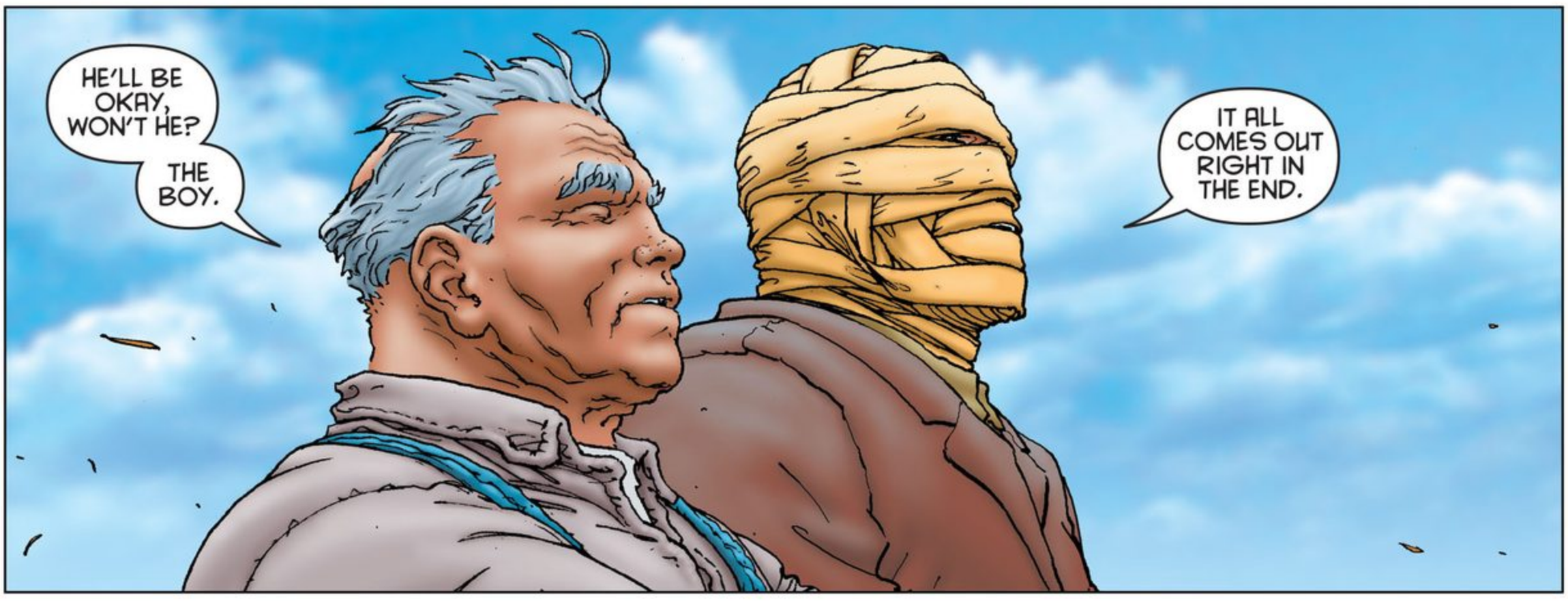
BUT *I* HAVE MY *DOG!*



HECK OF A HARVEST, MISTER KENT.

YOU BOYS DID A FINE JOB.
I ALWAYS SAY IT'S THE WORK YOU PUT *IN* THAT YOU GET *BACK.*


MY WIFE WANTS US TO UP STICKS BACK INTO *SMALLVILLE.*
MINDING THE *GENERAL STORE* PUTS HER RIGHT AT THE HEART OF *BUSINESS,* SHE SAYS.
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR ME AND THE FARM.


HE'LL BE OKAY, WON'T HE?
THE BOY.
IT ALL COMES OUT RIGHT IN THE END.

NO!

STAY BACK!

THE CHRONOVORE'S BREAKING LOOSE!

GNNN!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

I *TRIED* TO WARN YOU.

IF YOU FACE THE CHRONOVORE, IT WILL *EAT* A PRECIOUS *THREE MINUTES* OF YOUR LIFE.

AND IN THOSE THREE MINUTES...

...JONATHAN KENT SUFFERED A FATAL HEART ATTACK.

I CAN'T HOLD IT! I CAN'T HOLD IT!

IT'S ALL RIGHT!

WE'VE GOT HIM! LET GO, CLARK!

LET GO!

PA?

...I...

...WHY CAN'T I HEAR PA'S HEART-BEAT...

PA!

NOT MY PA!

I CAN SAVE HIM!

I CAN SAVE EVERYBODY!

AAAAAA!

...JONATHAN KENT TAUGHT ME THAT THE *STRONG* HAVE TO STAND UP FOR THE WEAK AND THAT BULLIES DON'T LIKE BEING BULLIED *BACK.*

HE TAUGHT ME THAT A GOOD HEART IS WORTH MORE THAN ALLTHE MONEY IN THE BANK.

HE TAUGHT ME ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH.

HE TAUGHT ME THAT THE MEASURE OF A MAN LIES NOT IN WHAT HE *SAYS* BUT WHAT HE *DOES.*

AND HE SHOWED ME BY EXAMPLE HOW TO BE TOUGH, AND HOW TO BE KIND AND HOW TO DREAM OF A BETTER WORLD.

THANKS, PA.

THOSE ARE LESSONS I'LL NEVER FORGET.

...I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE, MA.

ALONE? IN SMALLVILLE? CLARK...

...YOU THINK YOUR PA WANTED YOU TO STAY A *FARMER* ALL YOUR LIFE? ONE OF THE LAST THINGS HE SAID, CLARK... YOU'RE BIGGER THAN ALL OF THIS, *ALL* OF *US.*

YOU BELONG TO THE *WORLD* NOW.

BUT WHAT'S THE *POINT* OF ALL MY POWERS?

WHAT'S THE POINT OF *ANYTHING?*

I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO SAY GOODBYE.

THE *LIGHTNING DOOR* IS OPEN, KAL.

THEN WE'RE *GO* TO EXIT *DEEP TIME* AND RETURN TO *A.D. 85,250.*

THE CHRONOVORE'S DESTINED FOR THE *CELESTIAL ZOO* AT SQUAD *HQ.*

AND THANKS AGAIN... WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS *WITHOUT* YOU.

AT LAST.

I CAN TAKE OFF THESE *BANDAGES.*

I KNEW I HAD TO CONCEAL MY IDENTITY FROM MY *YOUNGER SELF* BECAUSE THAT'S HOW I *REMEMBER* IT HAPPENING, BUT...

THANKS FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO SEE MY *PA* ONE LAST TIME.

WE'RE SORRY WE COULDN'T *SAVE* HIM, BUT...HIS HEART JUST RAN OUT OF BEATS.

YOU KNOW, IF HE *HADN'T* DIED, YOU MIGHT HAVE *STAYED* IN SMALLVILLE...AND NONE OF US WOULD EVER HAVE BEEN *BORN.*

BEFORE YOU RETURN TO YOUR HOME TIME...

...THE *LEADER* OF THE SUPERMAN SQUAD HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU.

SIR?

WHICH OF MY DESCENDANTS ARE *YOU?*

HA.

THIS WAS THE DAY YOU JOINED FORCES WITH THREE *GENERATIONS* OF SUPERMEN TO CHAIN THE CHRONOVORE.

ANOTHER OF... OF *YOUR* LEGENDARY *TWELVE LABORS,* I SEEM TO RECALL.

THIS IS AN INDESTRUCTIBLE FLOWER FROM *NEW KRYPTON.*

FOR HIM, FROM *ALL* OF US.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THAT WE ARE.

AND ALL THAT WE WILL BE.

JONATHAN
KENT

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY

EPISODE 7 BEING BIZARRO

-KKRRZZAKKL-

I THOUGHT I *HAD* HIM, BUT... THE SIGNAL'S *GONE.*

THERE'S NO SIGN OF OUR MISSING BIZARRO TECHNICIAN, MISTER QUINTUM-- AND WE'RE *WAY* TOO CLOSE TO THE *MICRO-SINGULARITY* FOR COMFORT.

THRILLING, ISN'T IT?

TELL *P.R.O.J.E.C.T. CONTROL* TO SCALE US *UP* BEFORE THE PRESSURE FLATTENS US INTO A *SMEAR.*

ONE OF THOSE BIZARRE *STRUCTURES* IS COMING UP ALONGSIDE.

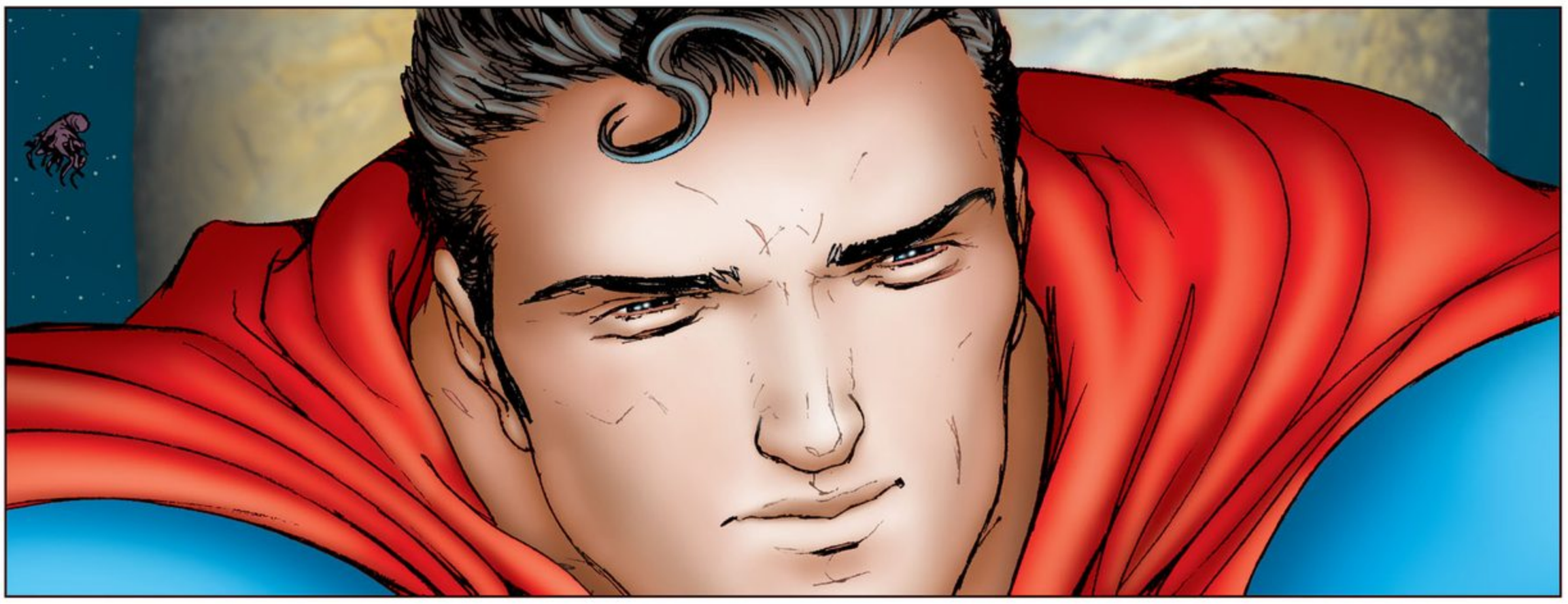
...KZZZKTT CONDITIONS HERE IN THE **UNDERVERSE** MAKE FURTHER EXPLORATION **UNTENABLE** KZZZ...

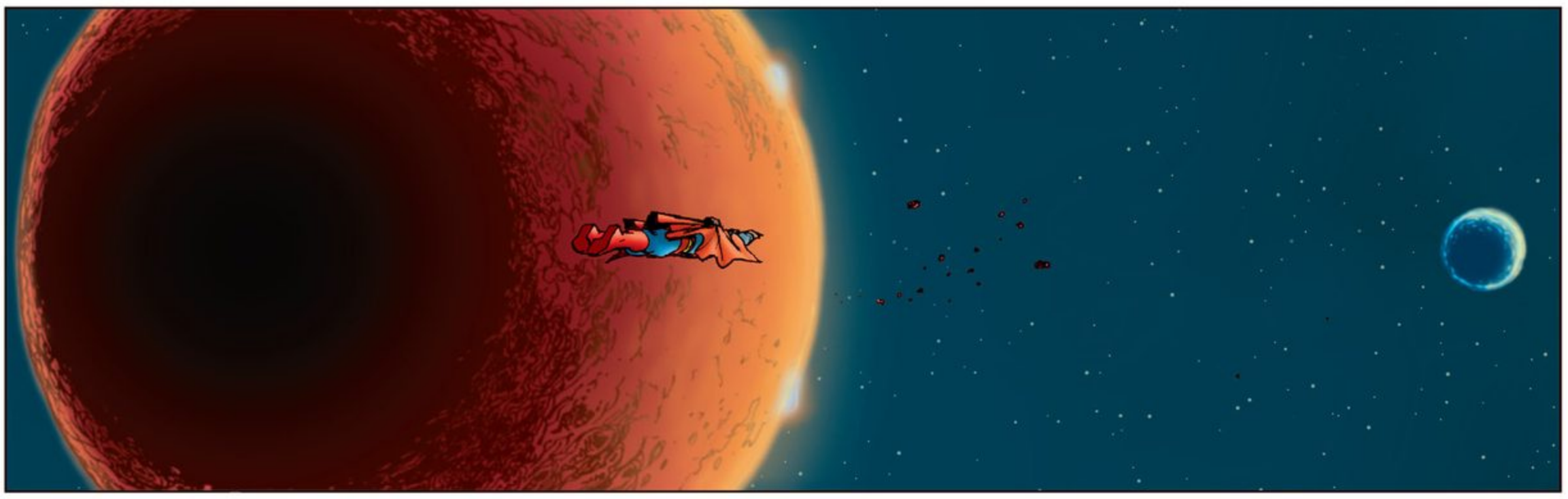
...AND TELL THEM... ZZAKKTTLLL...

TELL THEM I THINK THERE MAY BE A **LIFEFORM** DOWN HERE.

SOMETHING BIG.

COMING CLOSER.





...HE LOOKS ME IN THE EYE AND SAYS, "THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS TIME IS *SACRIFICE.*"

SPARKY ORANGE™

"YOUR HOLINESS," I SAY, "THE ONLY THING I'M WILLING TO SACRIFICE IS MY RESTRAINT!"

"EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMORROW WE DIET, RIGHT?"

GUYS.

SO *NOW,* I'M EXCOMMUNICATED.

GOD!

IF THIS GRAVEYARD DOESN'T *LIVEN UP* WITHIN THE *NEXT FIVE MINUTES,* I'M CALLING A TAXI!

I'M HOT TO PARTY UPTOWN IF *YOU* ARE.

GUYS.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON JUST GOT *BENT.*

CHIEF!

EVERYBODY SHOULD PROCEED TO THE ***ROOF,*** I'M SERIOUS.

I HAVE THIS SIXTH SENSE--

IT'S ***MINUS 10 DEGREES*** ON THE ROOF, OLSEN!

IN A ***METEOR SHOWER!***

BELIEVE YOU ME, IT TAKES MORE THAN A FEW SPACE ROCKS TO SHIFT ***PERRY WHITE*** FROM HIS NICE, WARM, AIR-CONDITIONED--

AM BIZARRO!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

DRINKS ARE ON--

AM BIZARRO!

--MMMAAUU!

GOODBYE.

ME AM...ALLIE... NO...

ME AM NO-NO B-B-- BIZARRO!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

YOU LET HER ALONE!

HACK THE *GRID* WITH THAT *WATCH* OF YOURS, OLSEN!

SHUT DOWN THE *POWER* TO THE *ELEVATORS!*

DONE, CHIEF!

HER SKIN'S CRAWLING.

IT'S DISGUSTING!

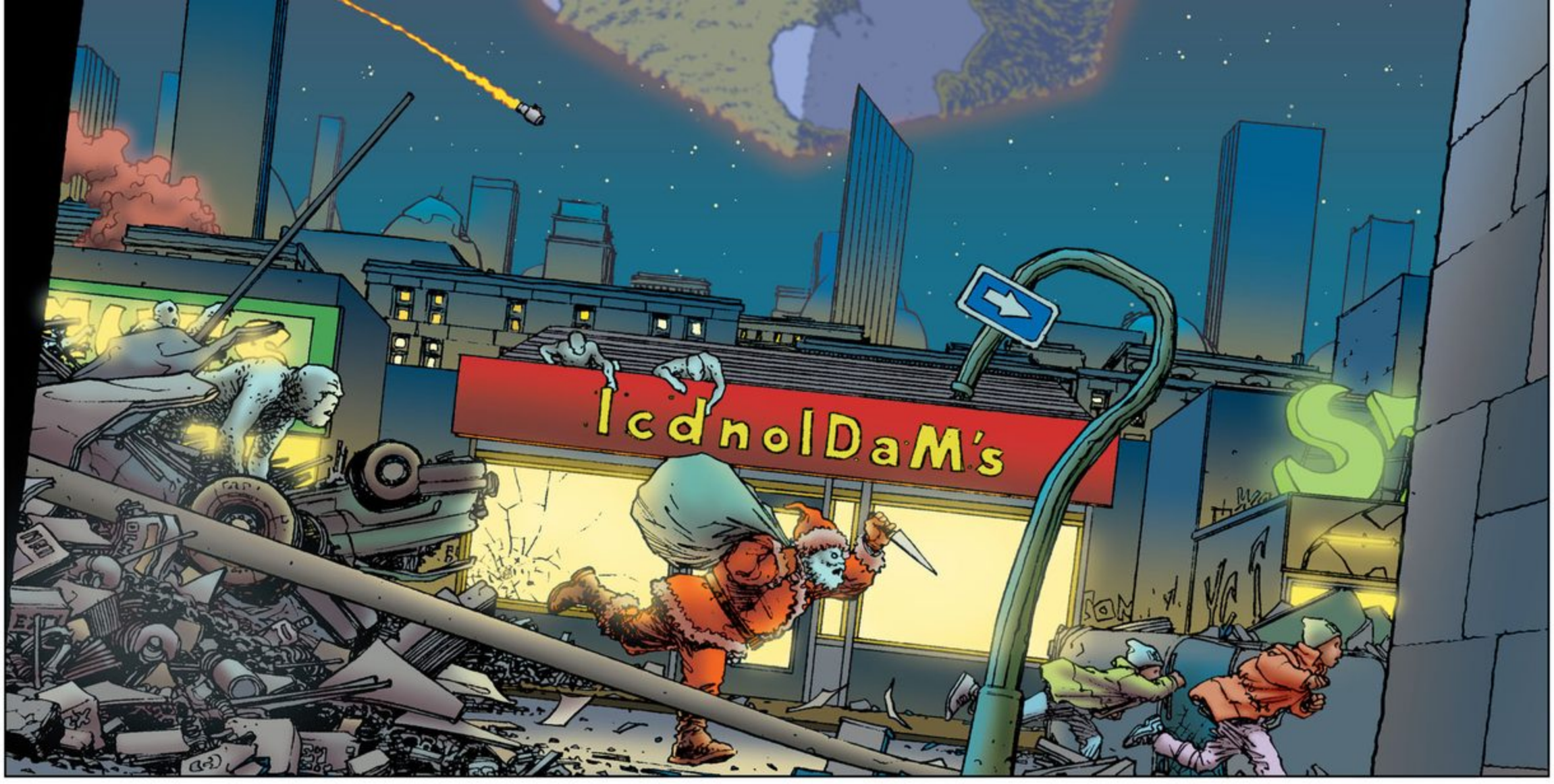
UNNH!

AND CALL SUPERMAN!

AM BIZARRO!

YEEEE!

UNNH!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ALL RIGHT! SHE TOUCHED ME, WHAT CAN I SAY?
BUT I HAVEN'T CHANGED, LIKE ALLIE DID...
...I'M IMMUNE TO IT!

OH LORD, POOR ALLIE!
I JUST THREW HER OUT THE WINDOW LIKE A FOOTBALL.
STILL NO RESPONSE FROM SUPERMAN.
ZEEE
ZEEEE

SUPERMAN?
DON'T FORGET WHO JUST SAVED ALL OUR LIVES.
FIRE EXIT

OUR RIDE'S ON ITS WAY, MISTER LOMBARD!
SOME OF THOSE THINGS WERE PEOPLE ONCE.
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
WHERE'S YOUR PAL SUPERMAN NOW WHEN WE REALLY NEED HIM?
FIRE EXIT

LIBRARY
MORGAN FREEMAN
IT'S OKAY, MOM.
EVERYTHING'S OKAY!
IT'S SUPERMAN...
HE'LL FIND DAD!
SUPPPERMAN...
ME AM NO BIZARRO!
ME AM BE YOU FRIEND!

BIZARRO.

UH-UH.

UTT

ALL OF YOU, BACK IN THE LIBRARY!

STICK TOGETHER!

BUT MY BABY!

RELAX, MA'AM.

HE'S SAFE WITH ME.

SAFE WITH BIZARRO!

GET READY TO RUN TO YOUR *MOM* AS FAST AS YOU CAN, OKAY?

I'LL TRY OUT ONE OF MY NEW POWERS!

WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT?*

BIZARROS HAVE NEVER BEEN ORGANIZED OR AS *HOSTILE* AS THIS BEFORE.

CALL YOUR PEOPLE *OFF!*

AM NO WANT FIGHT YOU!

WANT ALL YOU AM NO BECOME BIZARRO!

SEE, I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF HACKING THE COMMERCIAL *BLIMP NETWORK* IN CASE I NEEDED TO IMPRESS A *GIRL* WITH AN OUTRAGEOUS *AERIAL GETAWAY.*

ZEEE ZEEEE ZEEE

OKAY! OKAY!

THE *RAISE* IS YOURS, OLSEN. NOW GET US OUT OF HERE *ALIVE!*

DON'T LET THEM *TOUCH* YOU, RON!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

MISTER JAMES BARTHOLOMEW OLSEN, YOU *DARE* NOT EXPECT ME TO CLAMBER ABOARD THIS AERIAL *DEATHTRAP* IN THESE HEELS!

AW, COME *ON,* MS. GRANT.

EVEN *PERRY* COULD DO IT IN THOSE HEELS!

BIZARRO.

LIKE.

OLSEN TO P.R.O.J.E.C.T.!

ANYONE!

I THOUGHT I'D HAD THIS NUMBER *CHANGED,* MISTER OLSEN...

...LOOK, WE'RE DEALING WITH A *PLANET EATER.*

AND IN ITS OWN *CRUDE* WAY, IT'S TRYING TO *MIMIC* THE EARTH--TO APPEAR LESS *THREATENING* AS IT MOVES IN FOR THE *KILL.*

IT ATTACKS WITH HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS INFRA-MATERIAL WHICH *COPIES,* INFECTS ITS TARGET AND SPREADS LIKE *GANGRENE.*

OH, AND YELLOW *SUNLIGHT* APPEARS TO MAKE THE CREATURES *SICK*--WHICH IS WHY THEY'RE ATTACKING EARTH'S *NIGHT SIDE.*

I'D *LOVE* TO BE A LITTLE MORE HELPFUL, MISTER OLSEN...

...BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVE PROBLEMS OF OUR **OWN** UP HERE!

YOU HAVE PROBLEMS?

IT'S *9:30 PM!*

IN *DECEMBER...!*

...SO WHERE DO WE FIND SUNLIGHT?

SUPERMAN! WAIT!

SORRY I WAS *HELD UP*--I HAD TO RELEASE MY *SUN-EATER* BACK INTO THE COSMOS BEFORE HE OUTGREW THE *FORTRESS ZOO.*

THEN THESE NEW *BIZARROS* ATTACKED OUT NEAR *MARS...*

LOIS, THIS IS A *DESPERATE* SITUATION AND I'M ONLY ONE MAN.

SUPERMAN...

ONE OF THEM COPIED *ME* IN HIS OWN BACK-WARDS WAY.

HE COULD BE HERE ANY *MINUTE,* PERRY--

I UNDERSTAND...

...BUT YOU NEED TO KNOW THAT *LOMBARD* HERE SEEMS TO BE IMMUNE TO THE BIZARRO TOUCH.

HOWDY.

I *WAS* JUST ABOUT TO REMARK--

INTERESTING.

MIND IF I TAKE A QUICK LOOK INSIDE, MISTER LOMBARD?

I GOT NOTHING TO HIDE, MAN OF STEEL! MY *PLEASURE.*

ANY WAY I CAN HELP.

ALWAYS BEEN A *BIG* FAN, AS YOU KNOW.

HMM.

I CAN SEE WHAT MADE YOU IMMUNE.

BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD RECOMMEND THOSE...*ERR...* *PERFORMANCE PILLS* IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM TO EVERYBODY.

THERE MUST BE A *FASTER* WAY TO PUT AN END TO THIS.

YEAH, *SUNLIGHT* WEAKENS 'EM, SUPERMAN!

I'M THINKING...IF WE HAD A GIGANTIC *SPACE MIRROR...* COULDN'T WE *REFLECT* THE SUN'S RAYS ACROSS THE EARTH'S NIGHT HEMISPHERE?

I KNOW IT'S NUTS.

NO. IT'S A GREAT IDEA.

THE BIZARRO PLANET HAS SOME PRETTY BIG *OCEANS,* JIMMY...

...MAYBE IF *THEY* WERE MOVED INTO THE CORRECT *POSITION...*

COUNTLESS LIVES HAVE ALREADY BEEN LOST, AND THERE'S WORSE TO COME AS THE PLAGUE *SPREADS.*

THE CUBEWORLD'S AFFECTING THE *TIDES* AND *WEATHER...*

...THIS CALLS FOR *DIRECT* ACTION.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGHT AN *INVASION FORCE...* BUT IT'S A *SINGLE ORGANISM...*

...JUST ANOTHER *BIG MONSTER.*

SUPERMAN...

COME *BACK* TO ME.

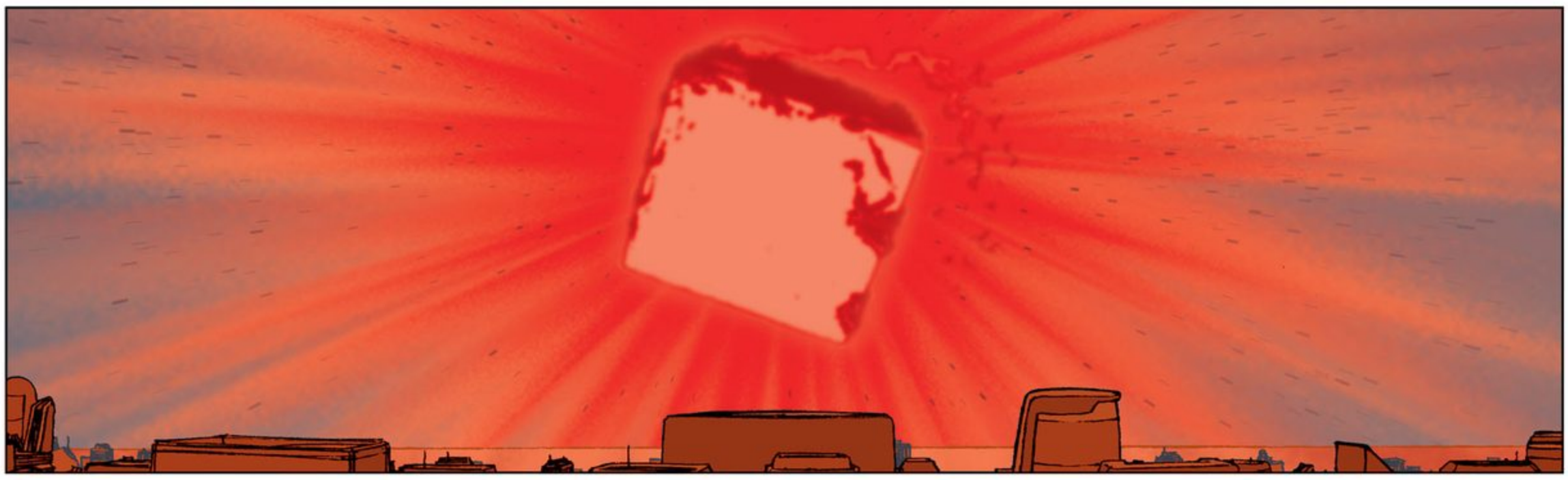
I WILL.

AS SOON AS I'VE KNOCKED SOME *SENSE* INTO THAT PLANET UP THERE, LOIS.

THE FORMULA FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL *BIZARRO REPELLENT* IS RIGHT HERE ON THIS *CARD* I PLANNED TO GIVE YOU.

GODSPEED, SUPERMAN.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.



BEING BIZARRO

NO SURRENDER!

AM NO BEAT!

HURT MORE! FIGHT MORE!

BY THAT YOU MEAN THE *OPPOSITE,* RIGHT?

IT'S *OVER.*

YOU... *AH...* YOU NO RETREAT TO THE *UNDERVERSE* AND BOTHER EARTH AGAIN.

NO DOWN SINKHOLE GO TO UNDERPLACE.

NO INTO COLD US GO NO FREEZING GOOD DARK GO.

YOUR WORLD'S BURROWING INTO THE COSMIC SINK *BENEATH* OUR UNIVERSE.

THAT'S WHY THE SUN'S LIGHT IS *RECEDING* TO THE RED END OF THE SPECTRUM... AND THE *GRAVITATIONAL PULL'S* INCREASING...

ME AM NO FIRST BIZARRO EVER THINK.

AM NO HURT BIZARRO HEAD.

ME HOPE US ALL DIE!

-uff-

I CAN'T *FLY!*

MY *POWERS* ARE ALREADY FADING!

BIZARRO, I NEED YOUR *HELP* OR I'LL DIE HERE AND LEAVE MY WORLD IN DANGER!

DIE AM GOOD!

YOU'LL GET NO HELP *THERE,* SUPERMAN.

BUT ONE IN EVERY *5 BILLION* COPIES IS *FLAWED.*

UNIQUE.

DIFFERENT.

NOT *MINDLESS* LIKE THESE SHAMBLING MOCKERIES-- BUT SENSITIVE, AND *SELF-AWARE.*

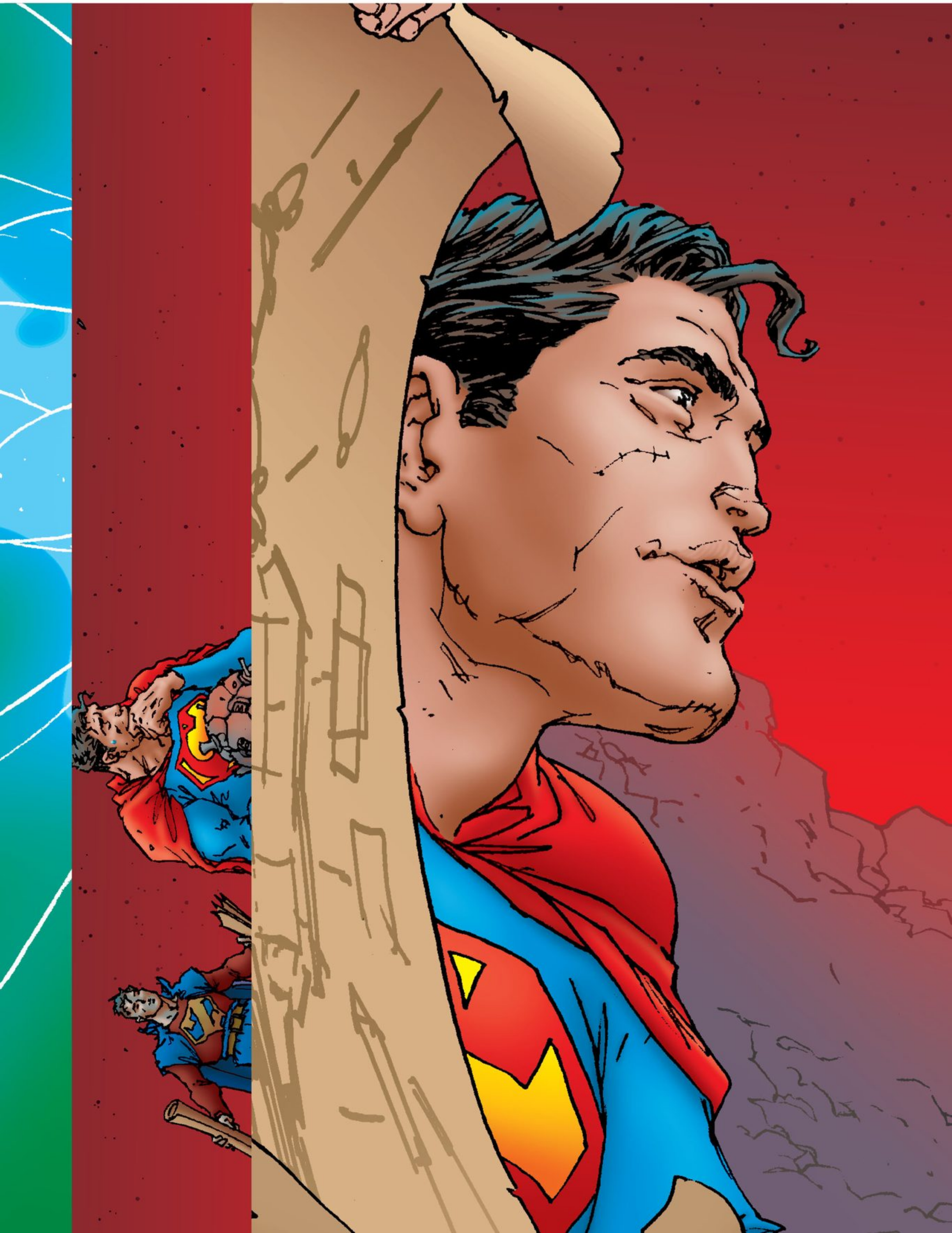
SUFFERING, ALONE, IN A WORLD OF *CONFUSION.*

WHO?

CALL ME... ZIBARRO.

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE 8 US DO OPPOSITE



ZIBARRO, THIS IS GETTING ME *NOWHERE...*

...THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* WORTHWHILE IN THIS ENORMOUS GARBAGE HEAP.

BIZARROS USUALLY LIKE TO *MAKE* THINGS.

NOT *THESE.*

THEY'LL WANDER AROUND *BIZARROTROPOLIS* INDULGING IN THE USUAL AIMLESS, MEANINGLESS NON-ACTIVITY THAT THEY LOVE...

AT LEAST UNTIL THE ALL-NIGHT.

UGGH! HANDSOME!

THE PLANET SPEAKS THROUGH *ALL* OF THESE, *EXCEPT* FOR ME.

OUR HOME IS AFRAID YOU'LL *HIT* IT AGAIN, AND IS FORMING NEW BIZARROS FROM YOUR *MEMORY* AS A WAY OF *PACIFYING* YOU.

SURELY WITH ALL YOUR *SUPER POWERS* YOU COULD *EASILY* FLY AWAY FROM HERE.

I ALREADY EXPLAINED...

AS WE SINK FURTHER TOWARDS THE *UNDERVERSE*, THE LIGHT FROM EARTH'S SUN IS SHIFTING TO THE *RED* END OF THE SPECTRUM... AND I LOSE MY POWERS *ONE BY ONE* UNDER RED SUNLIGHT.

AND AS *I* EXPLAINED TO *YOU*, ONE IN EVERY FIVE BILLION BIZARRO COPIES IS BORN *FLAWED*, IMPERFECT, AN *ABERRATION.*

THAT ONE IS *ME.*

PLEASE TELL ME YOU *UNDERSTAND*, SUPERMAN...

...I'M SO *ALONE* HERE.

THERE'S NO ONE TO *TALK* TO.

NO SHRED OF INTELLECT *EXISTS* WITH WHICH TO COMMUNICATE MY THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS!

CAN YOU EVEN *IMAGINE* WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SO *DIFFERENT?*

SO UNIQUE.

SO *UNLIKE* ANYONE ELSE.

MUST ONLY *ZIBARRO* SEE THE BEAUTY IN A SUNSET?

MUST ONLY *ZIBARRO* SEARCH FOR *POETRY* IN THIS SENSELESS COMING AND GOING?

HIM NO AM THINK BEAUTIFUL SUNSET AM UGLY LIKE US!

YOU SEE?

HAHA HA ZIBARRO AM KING OF COOOL!

I'M AS TRAPPED HERE AS *YOU* ARE...

CURSED TO RETURN TO THE FROZEN SLUDGE LIKE ALL THE *OTHERS* WHEN THE *ALL-NIGHT* COMES.

HURR

ME NO HAVE PLAN FOR PUNY SUPERMAN.

THAT VOICE...

YUZZAH!

ME AM SEND FATHER AS BABY NEAR AWAY FROM BIZARRO-HOME!

ME AM BIZARRO WORLD'S GREATEST GENIUS!

GREAT SUNS.

A BIZARRO JOR-EL!

LE-ROJ.

HIS TWISTED BEHAVIOR HAS MADE HIM *KING* OF ALL BIZARROS.

AT LEAST UNTIL THE *ALL-NIGHT* FALLS--WHEN HE'LL BE CALLED UPON TO MAKE THE *SUPREME SACRIFICE* FOR HIS PEOPLE.

IT SEEMS SO *GROTESQUE.*

MY REAL FATHER DIED WHEN THE PLANET KRYPTON *EXPLODED,* BUT YOU BIZARROS DO THE *OPPOSITE* OF PEOPLE IN THE *OVERVERSE...*

I'M NOT LIKE *THEM,* SUPERMAN.

AND LE-ROJ DIDN'T *DIE* BECAUSE, AS YOU CAN *SEE,* OUR PLANET NEVER *PERISHED...*

...IT *LIVES* AND CONTINUES TO PROWL FOR ITS *PREY* BENEATH THE *SURFACE* OF THE *OVERVERSE,* ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LE-ROJ?

LOOK AT HIM.

HE ALWAYS ENCOURAGED ME TO BE A GREAT *IDIOT* BUT--

AM HIM NO FAIL ME YET!

UMM... PLAN NO MAKE SENSE BEFORE...

WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

IT CAN'T BE *HOPELESS!*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

UNLESS...

ZIBARRO.

YES?

I NEED TO BUILD A *SPACESHIP*, LIKE THE ONE THAT BROUGHT ME TO *EARTH* FROM *KRYPTON.*

A SPACESHIP CAPABLE OF ESCAPING YOUR CUBE WORLD'S TERRIBLE *GRAVITY.*

OH...

BUT HOW, SUPERMAN?

BIZARRO-HOME FAILED TO FEED, NOW IT MUST SINK TO *REST.*

THE ALL-NIGHT WILL SWALLOW *EVERYTHING* SOON.

BUT ALL THESE MEN AND WOMEN...

...WITH THEIR *HELP* WE COULD BUILD A SPACESHIP *BEFORE* THAT HAPPENED.

IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ORDERS TO THE *WINDS*, SUPERMAN.

MAYBE.

BUT I HAVE TO *TRY.*

I'M GLAD YOU COULD *MAKE* IT, MISS LANE.

I HAVE ALL YOUR COLUMNS IN THE COLLECTED EDITIONS.

I'LL *SIGN* 'EM IF YOU TELL ME WHAT'S *UP*, MISTER QUINTUM.

HAVE YOU LOCATED *SUPERMAN* YET?

WE BELIEVE HE'S STILL ON THE BIZARRO WORLD, *SINKING* BACK INTO THE UNDERVERSE.

THINK OF IT AS A WEIRD SUPER-DENSE *BASEMENT LEVEL* TO THE UNIVERSE.

HOME TO PLANET-SIZED *MONSTERS* LIKE THIS THING THAT JUST ATTACKED US.

"A GULF O' GLAMOR, GEY GRIM" AS THE OLD VERSE PUTS IT.

ONLY SUPERMAN COULD SURVIVE UNDER THOSE FEROCIOUS CONDITIONS-- BUT EVEN *HE* NOT FOR LONG...

WHAT?

I THOUGHT HE WAS MORE POWERFUL THAN *EVER.*

I'M SORRY.

HE DIDN'T *TELL* YOU, DID HE?

NO, OF COURSE, HE WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO *KNOW.*

?

IT'S *LUTHOR*, ISN'T IT?

LUTHOR'S DONE SOMETHING TO HIM!

MY APOLOGIES, MISS LANE. I MAY BE SPEAKING OUT OF TURN, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU DESERVE TO *KNOW* THE TRUTH.

WHEN SUPERMAN RESCUED OUR MISSION TO THE *SUN*, HE WAS EXPOSED TO *MORE* SOLAR RADIATION THAN HIS CELLULAR STRUCTURE IS ABLE TO *PROCESS*.

IT WAS LEX LUTHOR'S INTENTION FROM THE START TO *KILL* SUPERMAN USING THE SUN ITSELF.

IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

BUT... THIS *EXPLAINS* A LOT OF THINGS, DOESN'T IT?

THIS IS WHY CLARK TOOK A *VACATION* AFTER HE INTERVIEWED LUTHOR ON DEATH ROW.

WE HARDLY DARED IMAGINE WHAT WE'D DO *WITHOUT* HIM.

WE'VE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME TO FIND A CURE. SO FAR WE'VE *FAILED*.

BUT DURING A FINE SCAN OF OUR SOLAR PROBE DATA, WE FOUND SOMETHING ELSE *DISTURBING*.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

RIGHT THERE.

HIDING IN THE SUN.

WHEREVER HE IS, I HOPE HE FINDS A WAY *BACK*.

I'D SAY *THIS* LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN.

SEE?

BRING METALS AND MINERALS AND WE CAN GET STARTED.

WAKK WAKK!

A WHEEL LIKE THIS MEANS YOU CAN ROLL EVEN *HEAVY* PIECES INTO PLACE.

IT'S *EASY.*

ANYONE?

YOUR PLANET WANTS ME TO LEAVE, *RIGHT?*

THIS IS HOW WE *ALL* GET WHAT WE WANT...

WHEEL?

SUPERMAN AM GENIUS!

THIS AM WHEEL!

HIM TALK

BIG SENSE!

ME AM SO INTERESTED

IN WHAT HIM AM NO SAY.

I CAN'T DO THIS *WITHOUT* YOU.

I DON'T HAVE *TIME!*

I *TRIED* TO WARN YOU, SUPERMAN.

YOU WERE RIGHT, ZIBARRO.

THIS ISN'T *WORKING.*

BUT MAYBE...

NO WAIT!

NO LISTEN TO ME!

I, AH...*ME* AM NO WANT YOU AM LISTEN!

HURRH?

HAW!

NOW HIM AM NO GOT ME HOOKED!

IGNORE THIS!

ME HAVE *NOTHING* TO SAY AND *NOTHING* YOU'D WANT TO *SEE!*

GO AWAY!

HIM AM NO GET MY ATTENTION!

ME AM NO CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT HIM AM NO SAY NEXT!

ME AM OFFER BIZARROS CHANCE TO BE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SLOBS!

LOOK OVER THERE!

ME AM NO OFFER BIZARRO CIVILIZATION A CHANCE TO MAKE MONUMENT TO LAST ALL TIME!

CHANCE TO NO MAKE MOST USELESS, BORING ROCKET EVER FOR UNGLORY OF BIZARROS AND NO CELEBRATE ALL-NIGHT!

BOOOO!

ME AM NO SAY YOU ALL NO WORK TO NO BUILD ROCKET!

SIT AND WAIT FOR ALL-NIGHT!

ROCKET AM TOTALLY NON-CONSTRUCTIVE WASTE OF TIME!

AWWW...

HAW, SUPERMAN!

ME AM NO PUNISHED FOR NO BEING DIFFERENT!

ME AM NO UN-MAYOR OF BIZARRO-TROPOLIS!

BIZARRO NO 1

=>phew<=

ERR... AM *BAD*... GOOD...

AM YOU UNINVENT *HAMMER* AGAIN?

ME AM NO STEAL YOU POWER! NOW ME AM NO THINK TOO MUCH NEVER!

HAMMER USELESS!

SEE?

BAD NEWS!

GREATEST ANTI-HEROES OF BIZARRO-CUBE NO AM VOLUNTEER HELP SUPERMAN!

NO UNJUSTICE LEAGUE!

SURE.

ME AM NO TAKE ALL THE HELP I CAN GET RIGHT NOW.

I CAN'T BEAR TO HEAR YOU *TALKING* LIKE THAT.

SUPERMAN, PLEASE... DON'T SINK TO THEIR LEVEL.

WHAT NOW?

ZIBARRO! LOOK THERE! IT'S LIKE SOME *FEVER DREAM*...

BIZARRO-GREEN LANTERN AM NO HAVE ULTIMATE POWER RING CAN MAKE IT REAL WHAT ME AM NO THINK OF!

ONLY TROUBLE IS... ME AM NO THINK ONLY OF EVERYTHING.

SUPERMAN!

AM SUPER-SLOW VOICE REACH YOU AFTER ME DO!

ME AM NO BIZARRO-FLASH AM NO HAVE TOP SPEED OF TWO INCHES PER HOUR AND NO SECRET WEAPON!

UFF!

BIZARRO-BATMAN AM HERE SOON?

HURRH?

BIZARRO-BATMAN AM NO SHOT DEAD BY HIM PARENTS!

SO?

BIZARRO-WONDER WOMAN AM BEAUTIFUL BABY TURN TO UGLY CHEAP CLAY STATUE!

SHE AM NO GOOD TEAM PLAYER!

YOU HAVE A HEADQUARTERS UNDER THE STREET?

:sigh:

URRR... UMS SATELLITE AM NO ORBIT FROZEN CORE OF BIZARRO HOME!

MMM... WARRRM.

NO AM ALL UNJUSTICE LEAGUE UNTOGETHER!

UMMM...

THEY WERE *EAGER* TO HELP, SUPERMAN.

WHAT COULD I *SAY?*

I KNOW THESE POOR, DEMENTED CREATURES *MEAN* WELL, BUT...

THESE TWISTED COPIES OF MY OLD FRIENDS IN THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE* ARE AS *INEFFECTUAL* AS THE REAL THING WAS *EFFICIENT.*

I'VE MADE A CRUDE SINGLE SHOT *ION PULSE ENGINE* FROM *GARBAGE*--IT ONLY NEEDS A SIMPLE *HEAT SOURCE* TO ACTIVATE IT.

THANKS, ZIBARRO.

YOUR HANDS ARE SHAKING.

YOU'RE GROWING *WEAKER.*

I DON'T KNOW.

IT'S JUST THAT... EVERYTHING'S GETTING *HEAVIER.*

ARE WE ALMOST DONE?

YES... I...

I... I WAS STUDYING THE BLUEPRINTS AGAIN AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT *NOTICE* SOMETHING, SUPERMAN.

THERE ONLY SEEMS TO BE ROOM FOR *ONE* ON YOUR ROCKET SHIP.

ZIBARRO, I'LL BE SUBJECTING MYSELF TO *UNIMAGINABLE* STRESSES.

THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE *SLIM,* EVEN IF YOU HAD *POWERS* LIKE THE SUPER BIZARRO...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!

WHY DO I FEEL AS IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING TO ME *AT ALL?!*

DON'T YOU REALIZE I'D TAKE ANY CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE?

I'D DARE ANY PERIL!

AND I CAN'T LET YOU *RISK* IT, BUT YOU HAVE MY *WORD...*

IF I GET *HOME* SAFELY, I'LL FIND A WAY TO *CONTACT* YOU HERE IN THE UNDERVERSE AND ONE DAY, I *PROMISE,* WE'LL MEET *AGAIN.*

I KNOW YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS A FLAW, AN *IMPERFECTION,* BUT YOU'RE SOMETHING MORE, ZIBARRO.

YOU'RE PROOF THAT BIZARRO-HOME IS GETTING *SMARTER.*

WHY ELSE DID THIS WORLD, THIS INCREDIBLE ORGANISM, MAKE EYES LIKE *YOURS* TO SEE BEAUTY AND MEANING WHERE OTHERS SEE CHAOS ?

HRRM... WELL... I JUST WONDERED IF MAYBE THERE WAS STILL TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE A LOOK... A LOOK AT MY *WORK...*

IT'S NOT MUCH... JUST *THOUGHTS,* REALLY.

Before you go.

THE CEREMONY IS OVER!

THE ALL-NIGHT IS COMING TO AN END!

UNNH

UH

FF-FF-FF

WARM, HUH?

NOW IS NO FALL THE *ALL-NIGHT!*

NO *HURRY!* AM YOU NO HEAR ABOUT US NO MAKE *ROCKET MAN* NO LAUNCH?

ME AM SAY HELLO TO ROCKET AFTER WHISPER ANCIENT BIZARRO ANTHEM!

NO HURRY OR NO MISS ROCKET NO FLY!

WHAT?

NOT YET!

YOU MUSN'T LAUNCH *WITHOUT* ME!

Uhh... MUST... I MEAN...

...MUST LAUNCH ROCKET...

NO SAY, AM NO SEE BY AM NIGHT'S EARLY DARK!

HOW SHAMEFULLY QUIET BY AM MORNING'S FIRST FADING!

THIN STRIPES AND DULL STARS THROUGH THE COMFORTABLE PEACE, UNDER TRENCHES NO WATCH, AM SO CRAVENLY HANGING!

BY NO ROCKET'S BLUE SHADE AM NO SHELLS DEAD DOWN THERE, GAVE NO PROOF ALL DAY LONG THAT THE FLAG WAS UNWHERE!

Gg-gg

NO SAY DOES AM SPAR-STRANGLED SHROUD HANG LIMPLY!

UNDER LAND OF NO FREE!

AM US HOME COWARD-LEEEE!

Hh-hh-hh

ZIBARRO!

ZIBARRO!

ME?

YOU ALL WANT *ME* TO GO?

Hnn

Gnn

Uh

SEE HOW MUCH THEY *HATE* ME?

NO GO, ZIBARRO

NO GO!

IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW IT FELT TO BE SO COMPLETELY *DESPISED.*

CAN YOU SEE?

THIS IS MY *ONE AND ONLY CHANCE* TO LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE FOREVER.

ME AM LIVE NOW SO ALL BIZARRO AM NO WARM!

LE-ROJ AM NOW BECOME ICY COLD!

ME AM HATE YOU ALL!

HELLO! HELLOOOO

SUPERMAN.

YOU KNOW I WANT WHAT *YOU* HAVE-- RESPECT, LOVE, A PLACE TO *BELONG.*

Uh... uh...

Can't... leave Earth... in trouble...

BUT WHAT IF... WHAT IF I FOUND I WAS JUST AS LONELY ON *YOUR* WORLD AS I AM EVERYWHERE ELSE?

HERE.

LET ME *HELP* YOU.

Arrrr

Uhh

Invulnerability... the *last* to go...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

ONE... ONE LAST THING, SUPERMAN...

DID YOU MANAGE TO TAKE A LOOK AT MY *WORK* AFTER ALL?

Gnn

Your writing has... Nnn... a *unique* quality... Zibarro

...All these... wonders... only *you've* seen...

Keep it up.

Tell the *story* of Bizarro-Home.

Tell how they made the rocket ship... out of *garbage...* to shoot the traveler home.

I'LL TRY.

SO I ONLY NEED SOME... SOME *HEAT* TO ACTIVATE THE ENGINE, YES?

UMM...

SEE?

NO SECRET WEAPON!

Just in time!

Bizarro-Flash...me no thank you for this *ever!*

HAWHAWHAW IT AM EVERYTHING, FREAKY!

And you, Zibarro...my friend.

I know we'll meet *again.*

FRIEND?

NO-ONE'S EVER CALLED ME...

FUFFF...

FUHH...FRIEND...

OH, NO.

SUPERMAN. I'VE MESSED UP AGAIN.

no... problem...

back... back...to *"plan a"*...

SUPER-BIZARRO!

AM NO ME TO BLAME YOU WEAKER THAN ALL AND NO THINK SO HARD IT HURT!

ME HAPPY BIZARROS NO LET ME STAY HERE FOREVER!

HURRN?

ME NO *SAD* NOW ME NO *DIFFERENT* FROM ALL!

ME *WANT* RESPONSIBILITY!

AND ME AM NO SICK OF SUPERMAN INSULTS!

YES.

GRRR

HELLO YOU!

YES.

HELLLO AND BAD RIDDANCE!

YES.

US DO OPPOSITE

THE BIZARRO EARTH HAS GONE ***BEYOND*** THE RANGE OF OUR INSTRUMENTS.

DOWN INTO THE ***UNDERVERSE,*** THROUGH THE ***COLD LAYER*** WHERE TIME STANDS STILL, AND ***BEYOND*** INTO THE BLAZING UNKNOWN ***BELOW.***

SUPERMAN SAVED US ALL.

BUT HE'S ***GONE.***

I'M SO SORRY, MISS LANE.

I KNOW YOU WERE CLOSE.

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY

EPISODE 9 CURSE OF THE REPLACEMENT SUPERMEN

FOLKS.

SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE *BIZARRO INVASION.*

GUESS HE HASN'T *HEARD* THEN...

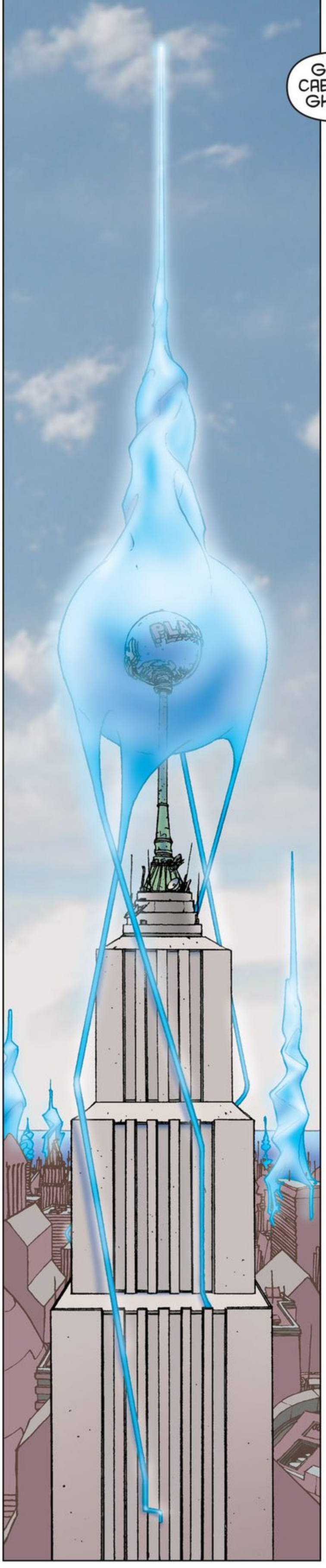
ABOUT HIS *REPLACEMENTS.*

?

EVERYTHING IN METROPOLIS HAS BEEN *REPAIRED...* BUT *BETTER...*

THOSE CRYSTAL *SPIRES...*

IT'S THE ARCHITECTURE OF MY NATIVE PLANET, KRYPTON!



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

KENT!

WHERE THE HELL HAVE *YOU* BEEN FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS?

WE HELD A MEMORIAL SERVICE!

TWO MONTHS?

WOW.

I...*UH*... GOT TRAPPED IN MY *BATHROOM* DURING THE...*AH*... THE *BIZARRO INVASION*...

...WITH THREE UNOPENED *THANKSGIVING BASKETS* AND THE COMPLETE WORKS OF *SHAKESPEARE.*

FORTUNATELY *SUH-SUPERMAN* HEARD MY CRIES FOR *HELP* AND, WELL...HERE I *AM.*

AH... HI, LOIS.

SUPERMAN'S ALIVE?

I *KNEW* IT.

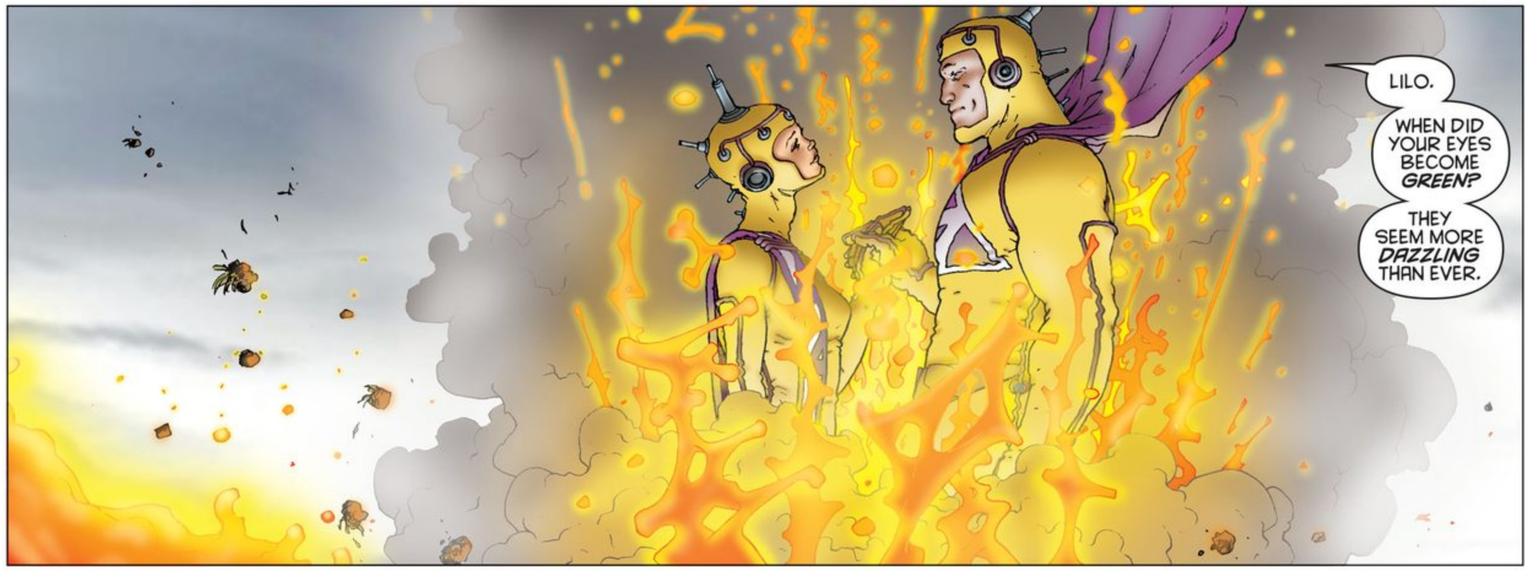
EARTH'S NEW CHAMPIONS!

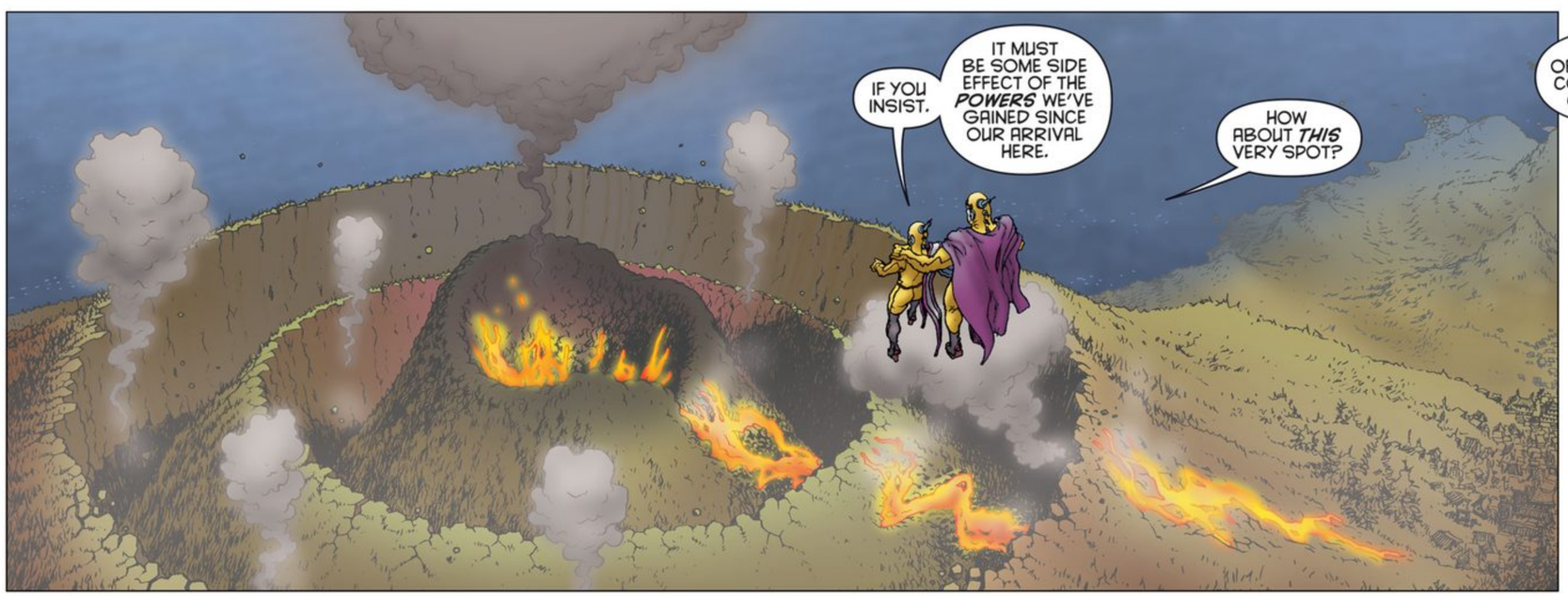
MORE INSIDE!

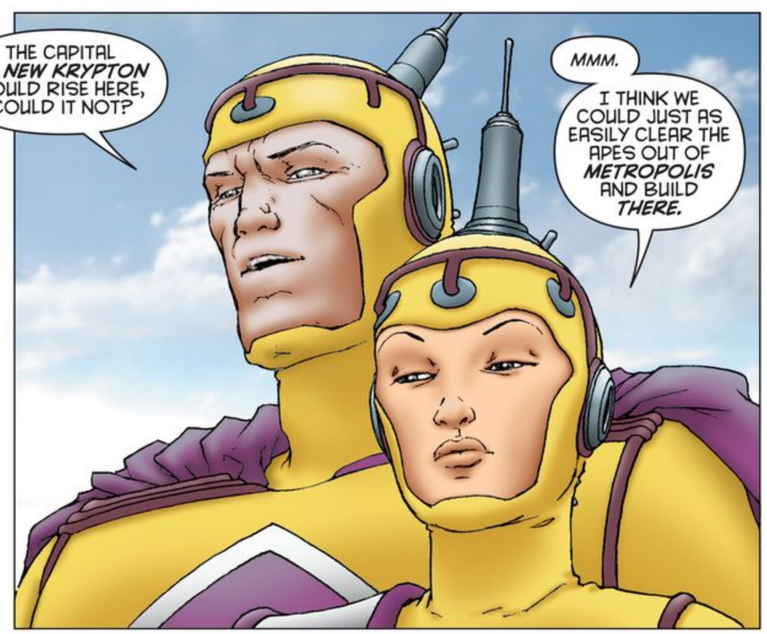
YES

HAS HE SEEN *THIS?*

THAT SHOULD DO IT.
THE NETWORK OF TUNNELS WE'VE DRILLED WILL CAUSE THE WHOLE VOLCANO TO *COLLAPSE.*


LILO.
WHEN DID YOUR EYES BECOME *GREEN?*
THEY SEEM MORE *DAZZLING* THAN EVER.


IF YOU INSIST.
IT MUST BE SOME SIDE EFFECT OF THE *POWERS* WE'VE GAINED SINCE OUR ARRIVAL HERE.
HOW ABOUT *THIS* VERY SPOT?


THE CAPITAL OF *NEW KRYPTON* COULD RISE HERE, COULD IT NOT?
MMM.
I THINK WE COULD JUST AS EASILY CLEAR THE APES OUT OF *METROPOLIS* AND BUILD *THERE.*

HA!
WHATEVER YOU THINK.

HEY, THERE!
NEED ANY *HELP?*
DID YOU *HEAR* SOMETHING, MY LOVE?
THE WIND?

BAR-EL AND LILO.
THEY TOLD ME ALL *ABOUT* YOU.
THE FIRST *ASTRONAUTS* FROM THE *PLANET KRYPTON,* WHO DRIFTED LOST IN SPACE FOR *DECADES.*

I'M FROM KRYPTON, TOO.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M MEETING *LIVING HISTORY.*
DON'T TRY TO PATRONIZE *ME.*
WE *KNOW* WHO YOU ARE, SON.

"SUPERMAN,"
EH?

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU *BOTHERED* COMING BACK.

WHY *DID* YOU BOTHER?

I WAS *RAISED* ON THIS PLANET.

THIS IS MY *HOME.*

BUT MY NAME ON *KRYPTON* WOULD HAVE BEEN *KAL-EL,* SON OF *JOR-EL,* OF THE *HOUSE OF EL.*

LIKE *YOU.*

I *REMEMBER* JOR-EL, A YOUNG AND INEFFECTUAL *DREAMER.*

HM.

THE SON FOLLOWS THE FATHER.

LOOK AT YOU, BOY.

YOU COULD HAVE BUILT A *NEW KRYPTON* IN THIS SQUALOR.

YOU COULD HAVE LAID THE FOUNDATION STONES OF *TOMORROW.*

THAT'S NOT FAIR.

WHAT RIGHT DO I HAVE TO IMPOSE *MY* VALUES ON ANYONE?

...YOU *OCCUPIED* MY FORTRESS?

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THIS *KEY* LYING AROUND.

WHAT "RIGHT," YOU SAY?

THE *YELLOW SUN* OF THIS WORLD THAT *SUPERCHARGES* OUR CELLS, ITS *LESSER GRAVITY* THAT MAKES US *MIGHTY.*

THE UNCONTESTED *SUPERIORITY* AND GRANDEUR OF *KRYPTONIAN* CULTURE.

WHAT *OTHER* "RIGHT" DO WE NEED?

WAIT A MINUTE!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STATUES OF MY *PARENTS!!!*

WE CELEBRATE THE *LIFE* OF KRYPTON, NOT HER DEATH.

THIS PLACE *REEKS* OF MORBIDITY AND OBSESSION.

AND AS FOR THE *THOUSANDS* OF MINIATURIZED *KANDORIAN* CITIZENS THAT YOU KEEP HIDDEN FROM THE SUN.

GREAT *RAO!* A JARFUL OF OUR PEOPLE!

IT'S BEYOND *PERVERSE!*

BRAINIAC PUT THEM THERE!

I'VE SPENT *YEARS* TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO *RESTORE* THEIR SIZE.

THEN YOU LACK *DRIVE* AND *AMBITION,* SON OF JOR-EL!

BUT *WE* ARE DIFFERENT.

WE WILL MAKE *KRYPTON* LIVE AGAIN.

OUR PLANET WAS *DEVASTATED,* YOU SAY, *YET* YOU PRESERVE HER SURVIVORS UNDER STIFLING *GLASS!*

GENIUSES, PRODIGIES, *EVERY ONE*--EACH WORTH MORE THAN ANY *THOUSAND* EARTH BARBARIANS.

EVEN INSANE *CRIMINALS,* LIKE THESE IN THE *PHANTOM ZONE,* EVIDENCE MORE *NATURAL* NOBILITY THAN THE *GREATEST* OF THE HUMAN APES.

YOU SHOULD BE *ASHAMED!*

I'M SORRY YOU BOTH FEEL THIS WAY.

I'D HOPED MAYBE YOU COULD *REPLACE* ME IF...IF ANYTHING *HAPPENED* TO ME...

BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE THE BEST INTERESTS OF THIS PLANET AT HEART, DO YOU?

AND THIS IS YOU PUFFING UP YOUR CHEST AT ME NOW, IS IT?

YOU BETRAYED YOUR *HERITAGE.*

YOU WENT *NATIVE.*

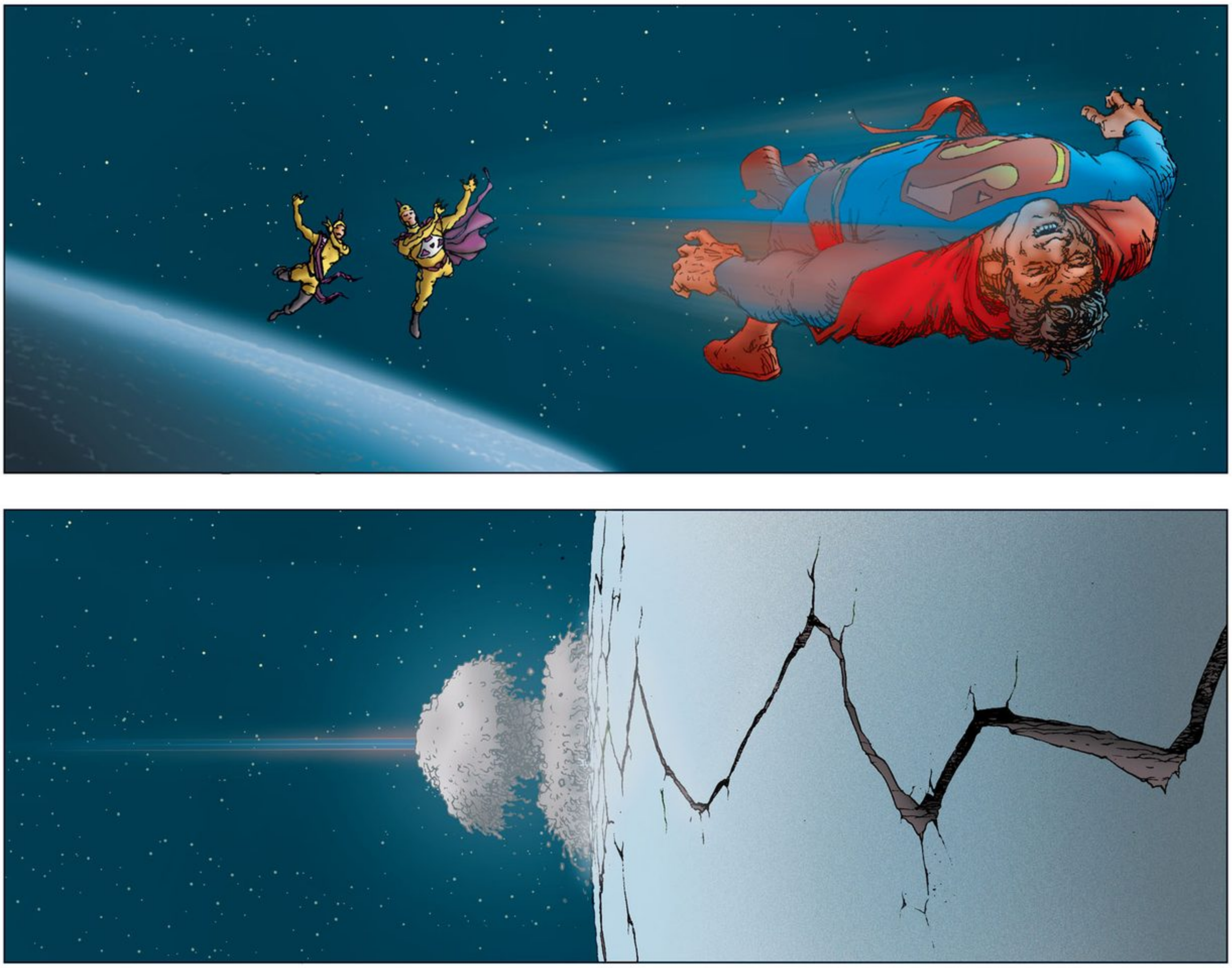
BUT YOU WON'T STAND IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS!

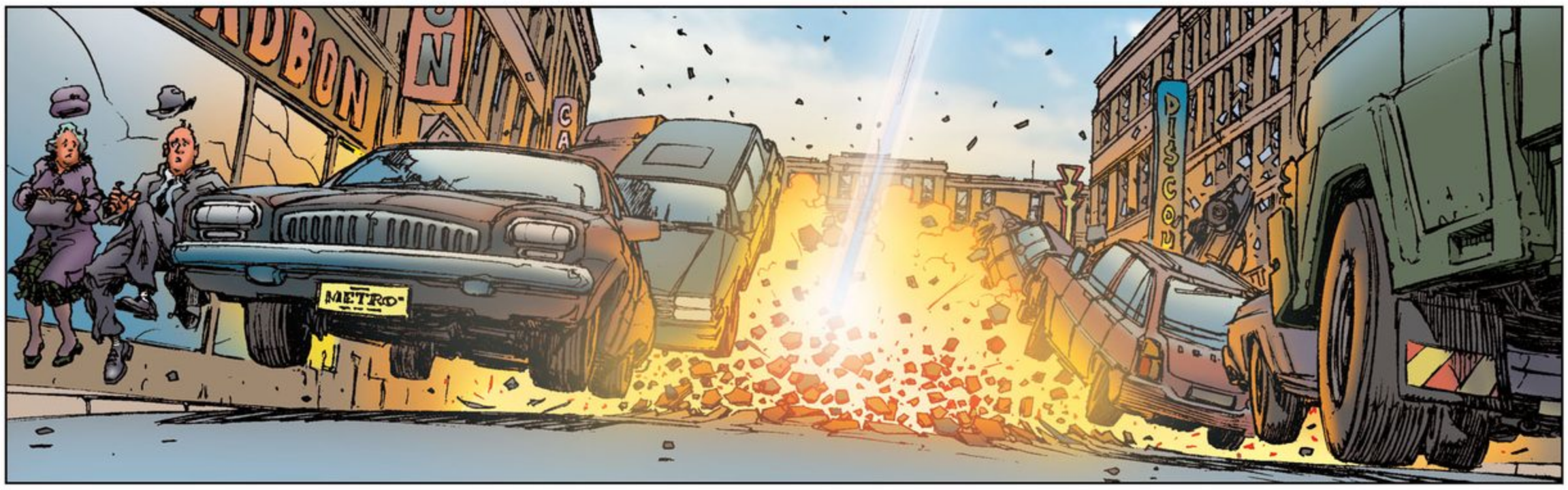
FELT *THAT*, EH?

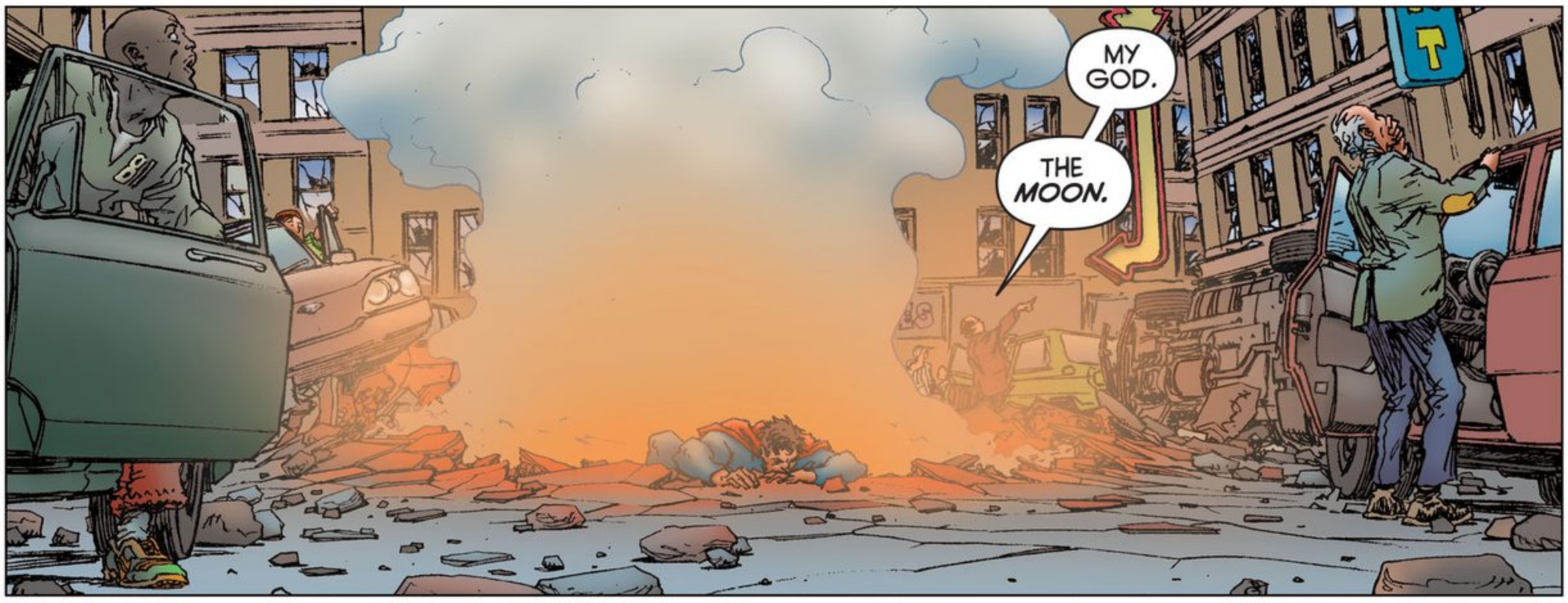
YOU KNOW WHAT I *SEE* WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, SONNY?

UNNH!

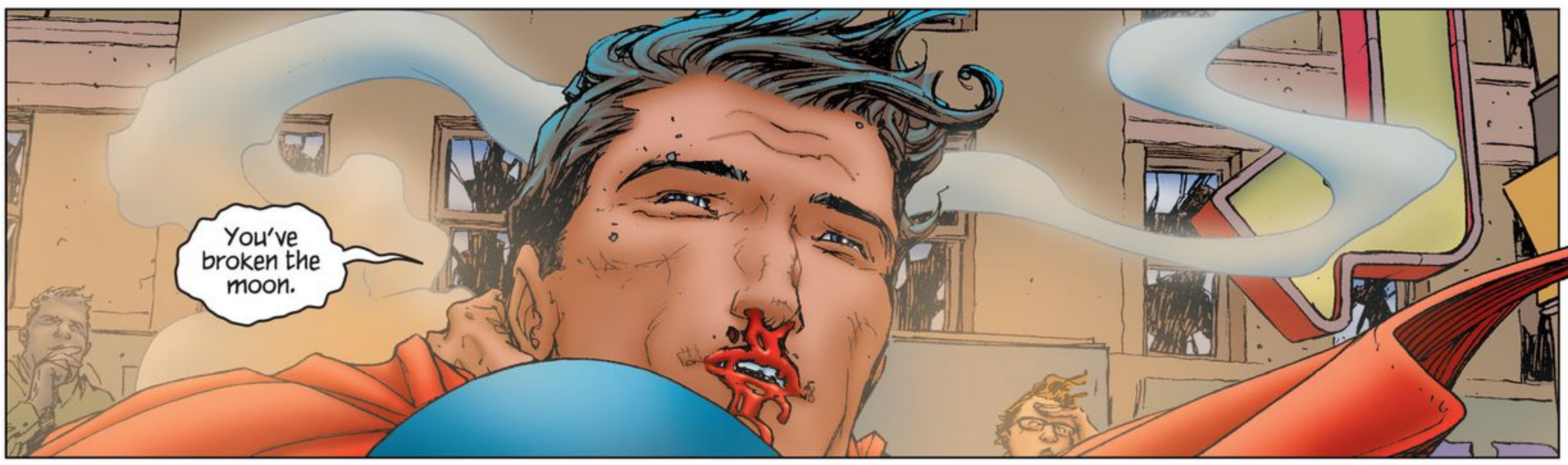
A SOFT WEE SCIENTIST'S SON!




METRO
PISCOU


MY GOD.
THE MOON.

What have you done ?
YOU CAN LEAVE SAVING THE WORLD TO US.
ALL HAIL NEW KRYPTON!


You've broken the moon.

NOTHING...*hmn*... WE CAN'T EASILY ***REPAIR.***

AFTER TWO WHOLE ***MONTHS*** OF LISTENING TO THEM TALK ABOUT HOW AMAZING LIFE ON ***KRYPTON*** WAS, I ***FINALLY*** CAVED IN...

...MR. KENT, *YOU'RE* A MAN OF THE WORLD AND PRETTY MUCH AN *EXPERT* IN ALL MATTERS OF *STYLE,* RIGHT...?

Mrm

WHAT'S THE *VERDICT* ON MY NEW KRYPTONIAN *OVERPANTS* AND BELT COMBO?

HONESTLY? I HAVE NO IDEA WHY I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS *BEFORE.*

I...*URRM*... I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO SAY, JIM.

I DIDN'T REALIZE *BAR-EL* AND *LILO* HAD MADE KRYPTONIAN CULTURE SO *POPULAR.*

CLARK, HAVE YOU SEEN *SUPERMAN?*

I *HAVE* TO TALK TO HIM--IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT.

JIMMY, YOU LOOK INSANE.

IT'S... *AH*... JUST A *NOSEBLEED,* LOIS.

THANKS FOR ASKING.

STEVE, I *KNOW* YOU'RE THERE AND I'M NOT GOING TO FALL FOR--

WAAAH!

DEAR LORD, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *BACK,* KENT!

THIS PLACE WAS A COMEDY *GRAVEYARD* WITHOUT YOU!

I...AH...SPEAKING OF *COMEDY*, STEVE...

YOUR...AH... YOUR *HAIRPIECE* IS ON FIRE...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU INSINUATING?

I DON'T WEAR--

GAHH!

WATER.

WATER!

SO...

...THIS IS WHERE SUPERMAN HIDES OUT?

Uh-Oh.

WHAT KIND OF SELF-LOATHING DEGENERATE *DISGUISES* HIS TRUE NATURE TO SNORT AND SNUFFLE AMONG *SUBHUMANS?*

HAVE YOU ABANDONED *ALL* DIGNITY?

YOU GOT THE ***WRONG*** GUY, BAR-EL!

I MAY HAVE ALL THE ***MOVES,*** BUT I AIN'T ***SUPERMAN.***

MAYBE YOU SHOULD... *AH*... ALERT SUPERMAN WITH YOUR ***WATCH,*** JIM.

I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS NOSEBLEED...

ENOUGH.

THIS DEGRADING IMPERSONATION HAS TO ***END.***

REVEAL YOUR ***KRYPTONIAN*** COLORS OR--

BAR-EL... I...

I FEEL SO...

OOOOHH!

LILO!

NOOO!

IT'S OKAY.

I HAVE HER.

Unnh

TAKE YOUR NAKED HANDS AWAY FROM HER!

I'M *WARNING* YOU... I'LL... I'LL....

I CAN'T *FLY.*

WHY DO I FEEL SO *WEAK?*

AS FAR AS I CAN GUESS, YOU PASSED THROUGH A CERTAIN *RADIOACTIVE CLOUD* IN SPACE-- WHICH CAUSED THE *MINERALS* IN YOUR BODIES TO TURN TO TOXIC *KRYPTONITE.*

IT CAN'T KILL *ME* ANYMORE BUT IT WAS *WEAKENING* ME.

AS FOR YOU...

...I'M AFRAID YOUR OWN *BODIES* ARE POISONING YOU, BAR-EL.

BUT WE'VE COME SO FAR.

WE *SURVIVED* THE DEATH OF *KRYPTON* TOGETHER!

PLANET

I KNOW.

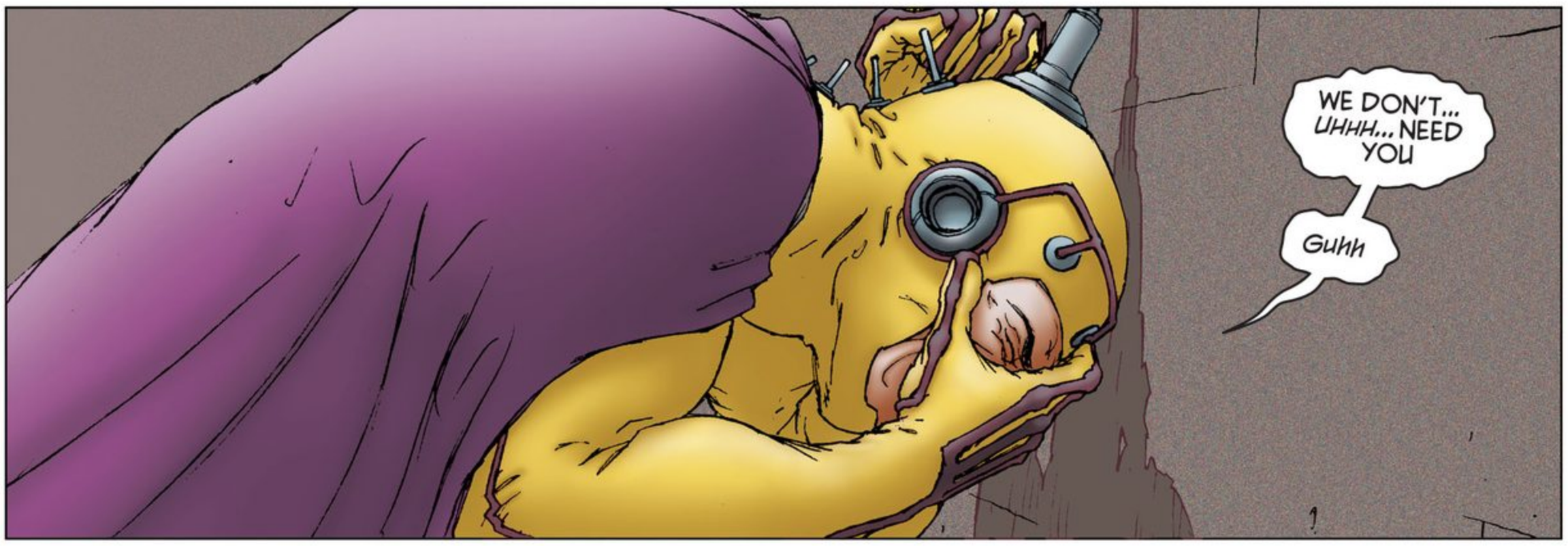
LET ME HELP.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

LIKE YOU HELPED KANDOR?

URRR

I DON'T *NEED* YOUR KIND OF HELP!


WE DON'T... UHHH... NEED YOU
GUHH

BAR-EL...
I CAN'T SEE.
HERE.
We don't belong here.
We belong among our own people.

LILO!

WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU?

ONCE I APPLY THESE *CONTACTS*, I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE AND HEAR YOU ON THE *THOUGHTSCREEN.*

THERE.

SUPERMAN...

AFTER ALL I'VE *DONE*, STILL YOU SHOW ME KINDNESS.

MY EARTH PARENTS TAUGHT ME RESPECT FOR MY ELDERS.

THEY'RE NOT *ALL* BARBARIANS, BAR-EL.

KAL-EL.

I'M *PROUD* TO CALL YOU MY KIN.

KRYPTON'S *GREAT HEART* LIVES ON IN YOU.

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT *ONE* THING: I *AM* A SCIENTIST'S SON.

IT'S IN MY NATURE TO *OBSERVE* AND TO *LEARN*... AND NOT TO *INTERFERE* TOO MUCH.

PERHAPS I *COULD* HAVE DONE MORE.

DO WHAT YOU MUST, SUPERMAN.

YES.

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

Karrf! KOFF!

THERE'S *ONE WAY* TO SAVE YOU BUT THIS HAS TO BE *YOUR* CHOICE.

THE RAY WILL DEMATERIALIZE YOUR BODIES INTO THE *PHANTOM ZONE.* FOREVER.

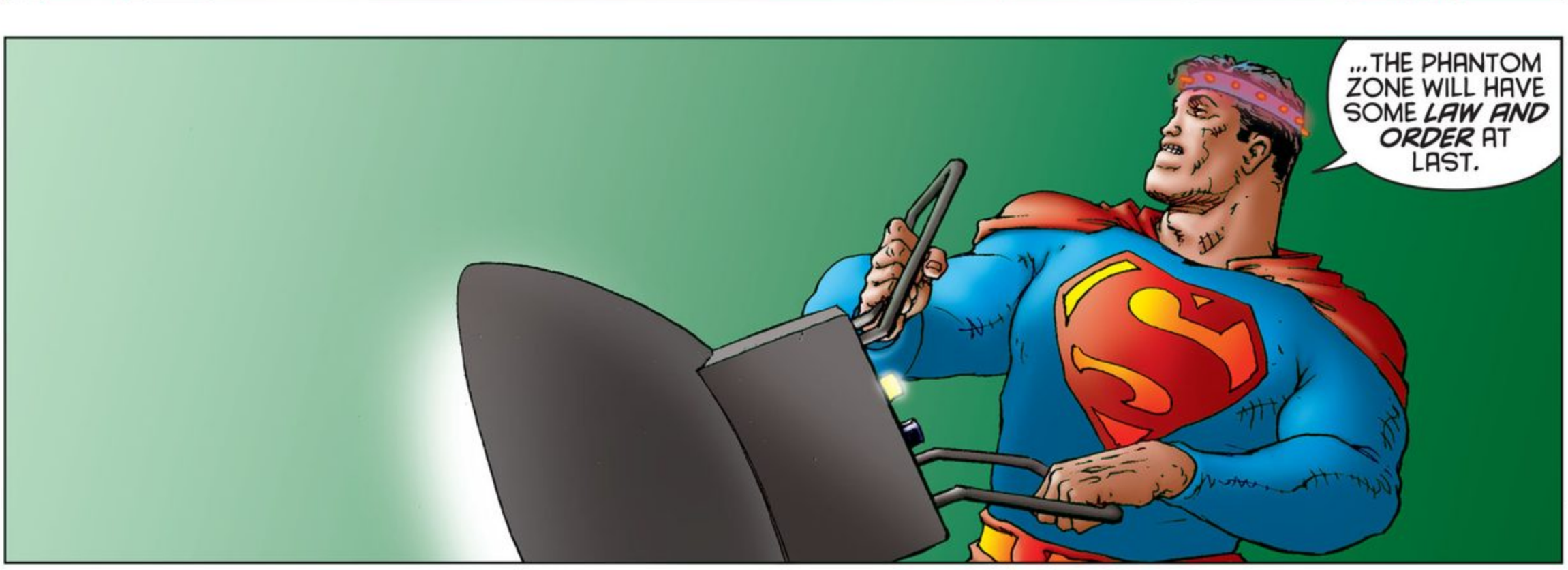
THEN PUT... PUT MY *HAND* IN HERS...

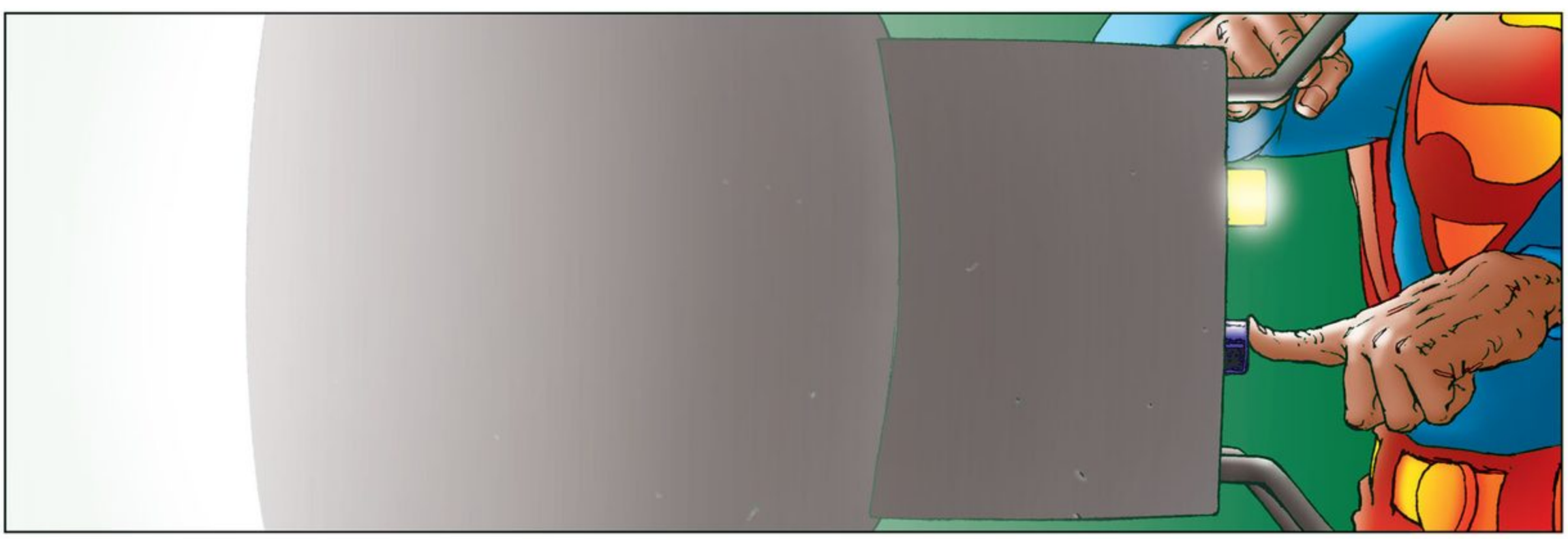
PUT MY HAND IN HERS WHERE IT *BELONGS,* KAL-EL.

ANOTHER BIG ADVENTURE, MY LOVE.

WHERE YOU AND I GO...

...WE GO *TOGETHER.*

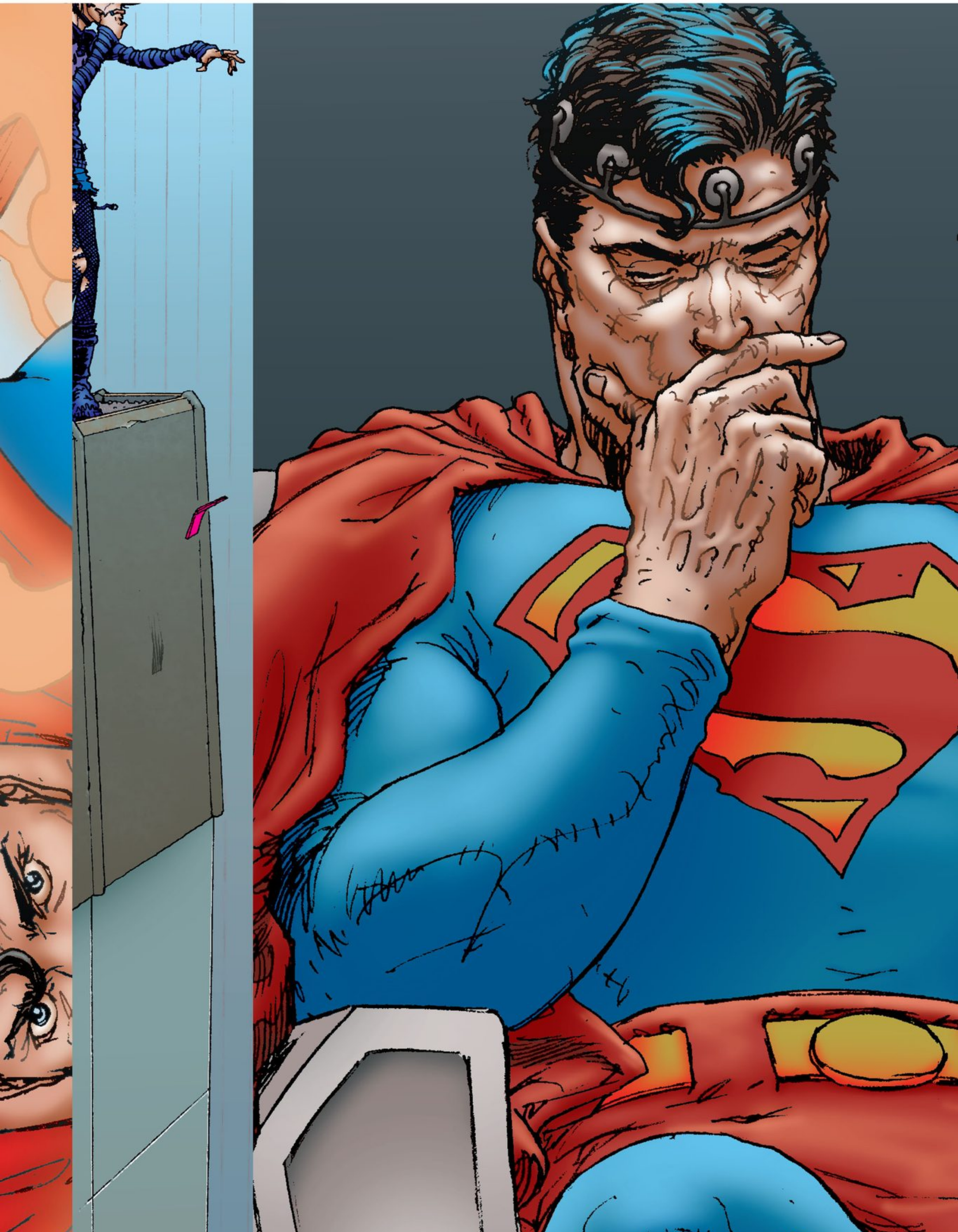


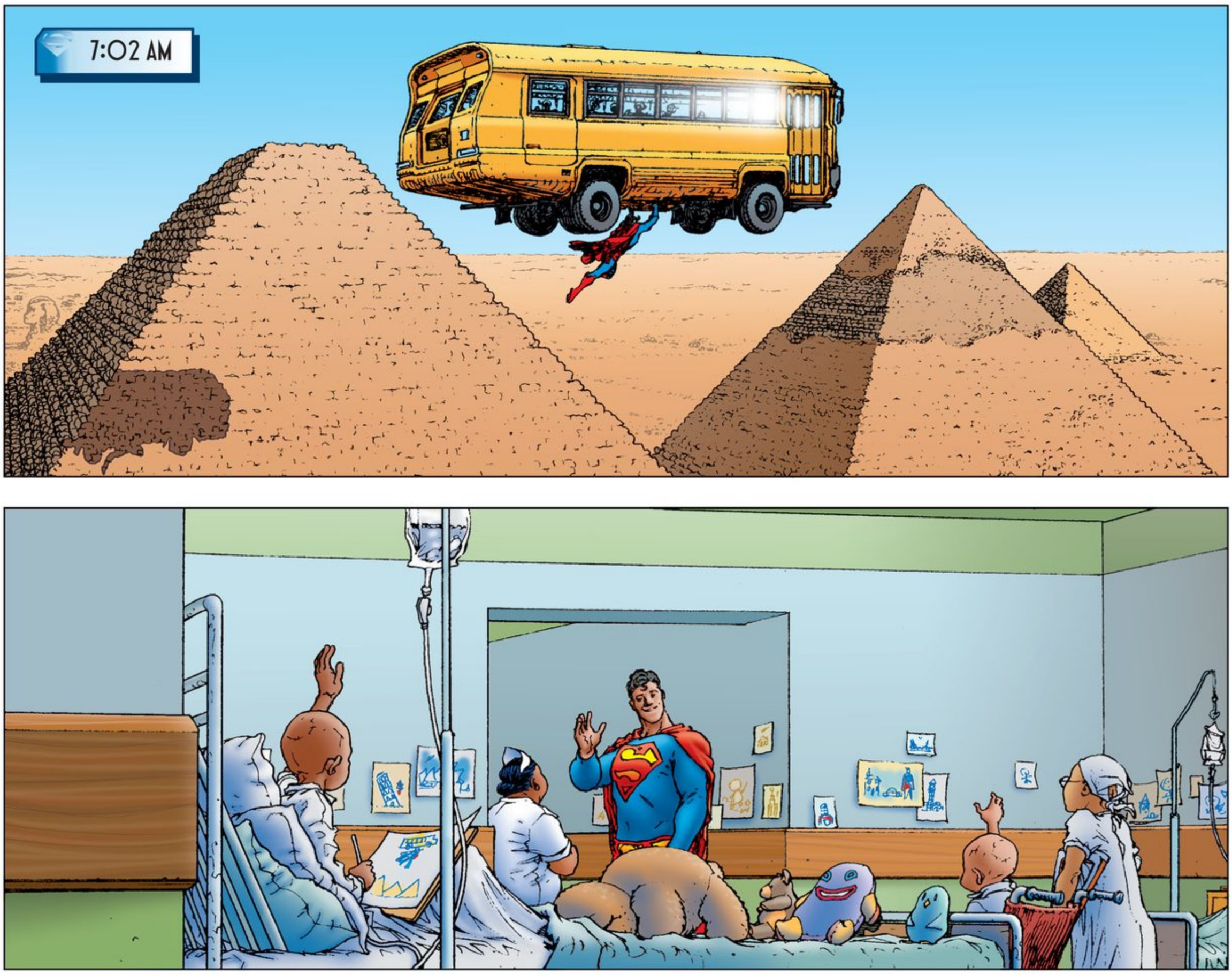


CURSE OF THE REPLACEMENT SUPERMEN

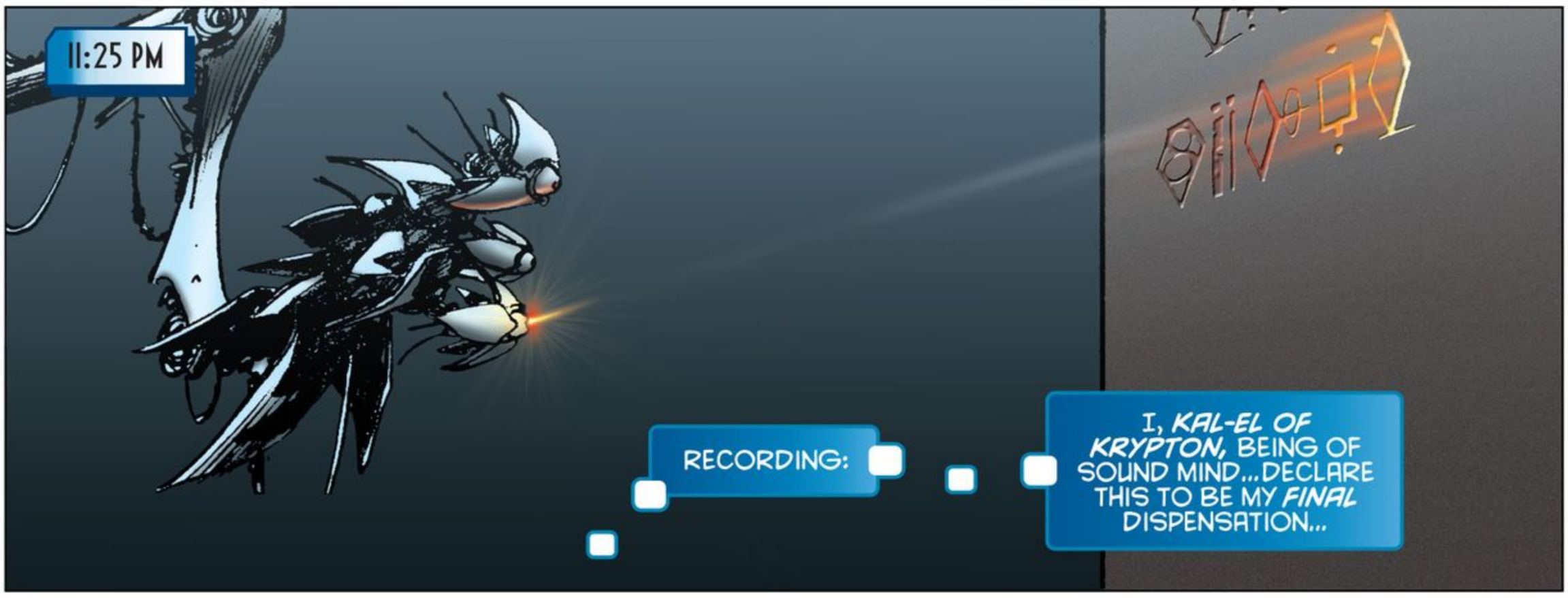
COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT

EPISODE 10 NEVERENDING




7:02 AM

I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM SO EXCITED.
GOD BLESS YOU, SUPERMAN.
YOUR VISITS ARE ALL SOME OF THEM HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.


11:25 PM
RECORDING:
I, KAL-EL OF KRYPTON, BEING OF SOUND MIND...DECLARE THIS TO BE MY FINAL DISPENSATION...

...SUPERMAN'S *LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.*

THERE'S SO LITTLE TIME LEFT NOW.

THE END IS GETTING CLOSER AND THERE ARE STILL SO MANY THINGS I'VE YET TO ACHIEVE.

THE TIME-TRAVELER **SAMSON** TOLD ME I'D COMPLETE **TWELVE** LEGENDARY **SUPER CHALLENGES** BEFORE MY DEATH.

I WOULD **ANSWER** THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION, OVERCOME THE TYRANT SUN, **SOLARIS**...

...EVEN CREATE **LIFE**...

EACH CHALLENGE, OF COURSE, BRINGS ME **CLOSER** TO MY DEATH.

AND BY MY RECKONING I'VE ACCOMPLISHED **SEVEN** SO FAR.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

10:25 AM

VAN-ZEE?

THEY'RE *WAITING* FOR US IN THE *COUNCIL CHAMBER.*

IN KRYPTON'S *SECOND GOLDEN AGE,* MEN AND WOMEN LIVED *FIVE HUNDRED YEARS* AND PERFORMED MIGHTY FEATS OF GREAT RENOWN.

I FOUND ANOTHER *GRAY HAIR* TODAY, SYLVA.

WELL, IT MAKES YOU LOOK DISTINGUISHED.

NO MORE BROODING ON THE TERRACES... THIS IS A *HISTORIC* MOMENT.

HISTORIC?

IN KANDOR WE HAVE NOTHING *LEFT* BUT HISTORY.

STILL NOT SURE IF AN ECTOMORPH LIKE ME *BELONGS* IN THIS "AUTHENTIC KRYPTONIAN *FORMAL WEAR"* I BORROWED FROM OUR MUTUAL FRIEND MR. *OLSEN'S* COLLECTION.

THEY WON'T BE JUDGING YOUR MUSCLES, QUINTUM.

VAN-ZEE JUST SIGNALLED ME THAT THEY'RE ALMOST READY FOR YOU.

ALL I NEED IS A MOMENT TO CALIBRATE BRAINIAC'S *REDUCING RAY* TO ITS *TEMPORARY* SETTING.

THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL IN KANDOR WILL FEEL *EIGHT* TIMES STRONGER THAN EARTH'S, AND THE ATMOSPHERE'S MUCH *THINNER.*

YOU'LL NEED *THIS.*

WISH ME LUCK IN THE *BOTTLE CITY,* SUPERMAN.

IT'S *TRADITIONAL* IN KANDOR TO LEAVE *OPEN* THE *SEVENTH CHAIR* AT OUR COUNCIL CIRCLE, BUT THIS...

THIS IS THE *FIRST* TIME AN...*EARTH* ALIEN HAS VENTURED TO MAKE HIS VOICE HEARD IN OUR AFFAIRS.

IF OUR SYNTHETIC GRAVITY MAKES YOU *UNCOMFORTABLE,* FEEL FREE TO DELIVER YOUR PROPOSALS FROM A *SEATED* POSITION, *PROFESSOR QUIN-TUM.*

I'LL STAND.

SUPERMAN, *KAL-EL,* ASKED ME TO APPLY SOME *THOUGHT* TO HIS ONGOING FAILURE TO *DE-MINIATURIZE* KANDOR'S CITIZENS.

IF...IF YOU'LL HEAR ME OUT, I MAY HAVE A SIMPLE *SOLUTION* TO YOUR PREDICAMENT.

12:01 AM

SO WHEN I'M GONE...

...WHEN I'M NOT AROUND ANYMORE TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE **MAD SCIENTISTS**, AND MONSTERS, AND **THEMSELVES**...

...CAN THEY **SURVIVE** THEIR OWN SELF-DESTRUCTIVE URGES?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO STUDY A **WORLD WITHOUT SUPERMAN.**

I HAD TO **MAKE** ONE.

DEEP IN THE TANGLED BRIAR OF **GAS CLUSTERS** THAT FORMS THE BARELY BEATING **HEART** OF THE SICKLY **INFANT UNIVERSE OF QWEWQ**, I FOUND A PROMISING SPECK OF GRIT.

I APPLIED A NANO-OPTICAL TRANSFUSION OF PURE **SOLAR ENERGY.**

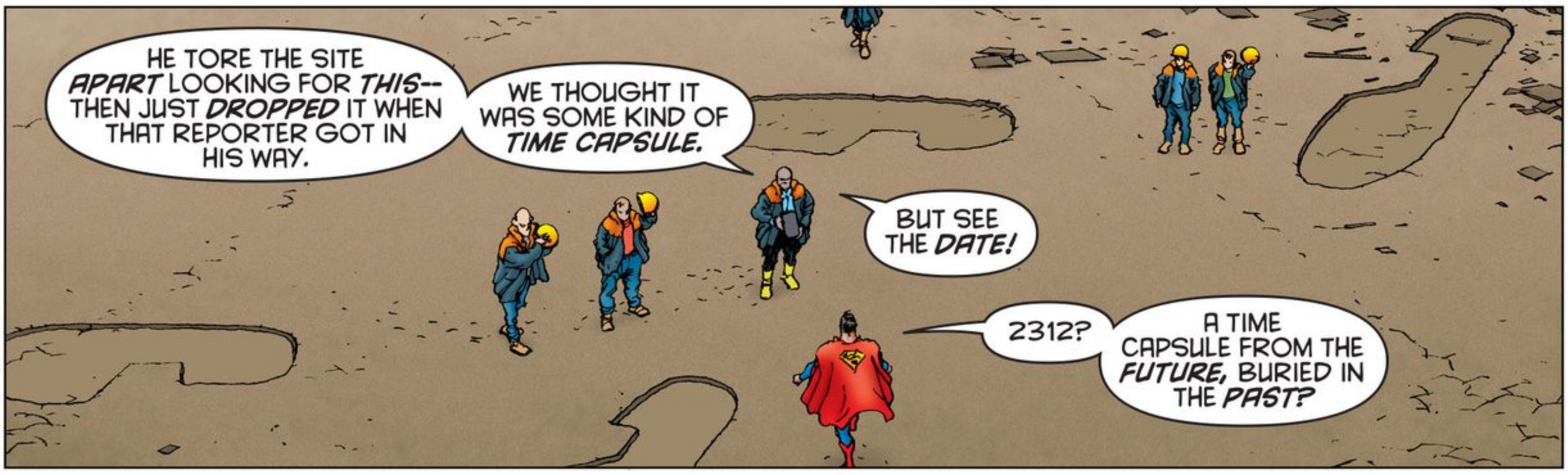
"EARTH Q" BREATHED IN.

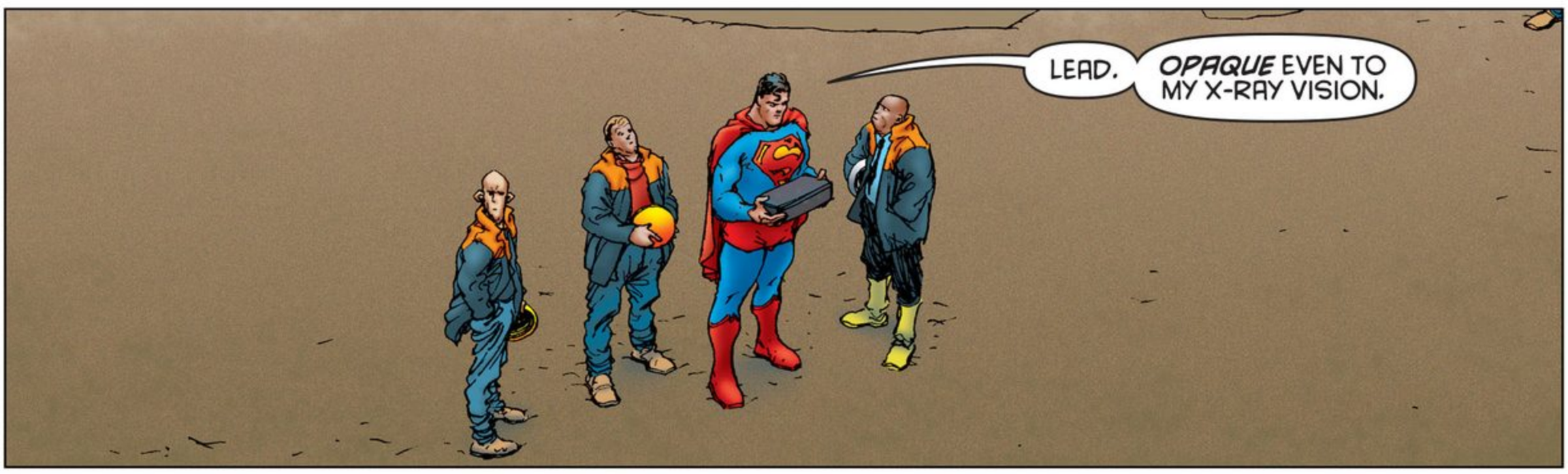
THERE ON THE HOSTILE SHORES OF INFINITESIMAL OCEANS...

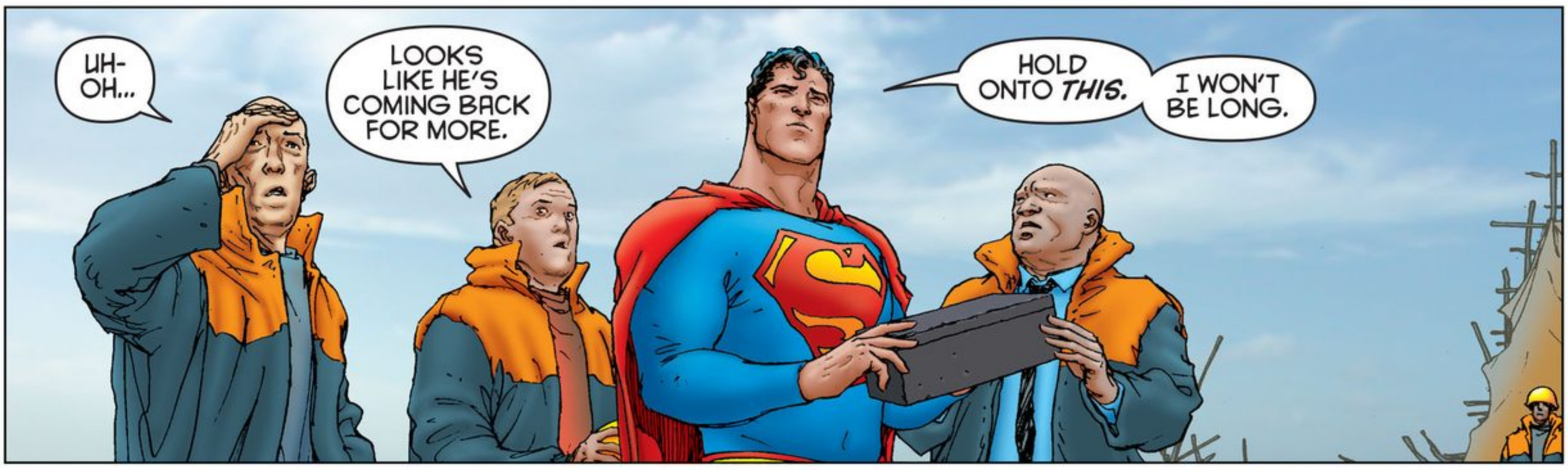
...LIFE SEIZED ITS MOMENT.

4:35 PM
METRO RA

I GOT HELD UP..! NO... NO, DON'T PUT THE PHONE DOWN, REGAN!
JUST STAY IN THE APARTMENT!
YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME! I'M ON MY WAY!


HE TORE THE SITE APART LOOKING FOR THIS-- THEN JUST DROPPED IT WHEN THAT REPORTER GOT IN HIS WAY.
WE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF TIME CAPSULE.
BUT SEE THE DATE!
2312?
A TIME CAPSULE FROM THE FUTURE, BURIED IN THE PAST?


LEAD.
OPAQUE EVEN TO MY X-RAY VISION.


UH-OH...
LOOKS LIKE HE'S COMING BACK FOR MORE.
HOLD ONTO THIS.
I WON'T BE LONG.

DIE, SUPERMAN, DIE!

LOIS!?

DON'T ASK.

I AM THE TRUE MAN OF STEEL!

THE AUTHENTIC MAN OF TOMORROW!

DO YOUR WORST.

AAAAAAA!!

HE'S ON SOME WILD ELECTRONIC GOOSE CHASE FOR *LUTHOR*...

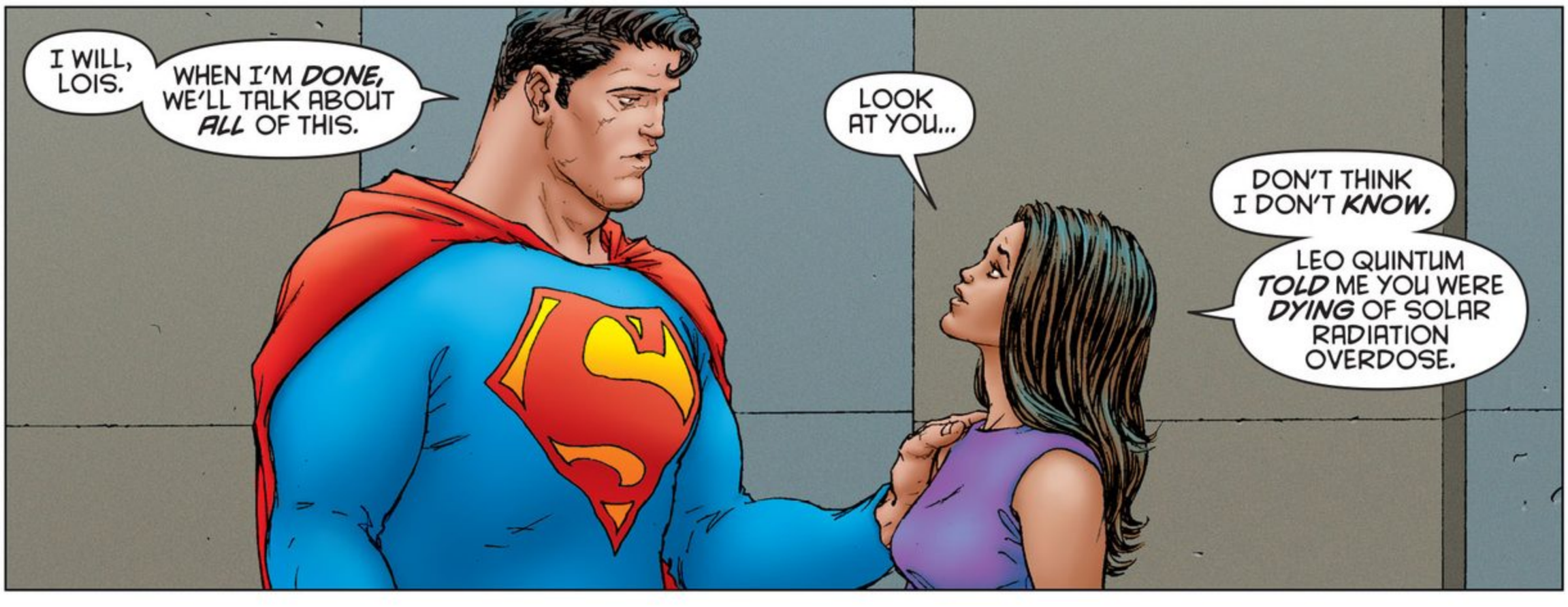
IT'S *BARELY* A STORY, SUPERMAN.

THE GUY HAS *ALZHEIMER'S*.

AAAAA!!

OH, NO, WAIT... DON'T FLY AWAY, SUPERMAN.
YOU DO REALIZE I RAN STRAIGHT INTO MECHANO-MAN'S WARPATH BECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE THE EASIEST WAY TO GET YOUR ATTENTION?

WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT HOW MUCH WE NEED TO TALK?
WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK?


I WILL, LOIS.
WHEN I'M DONE, WE'LL TALK ABOUT ALL OF THIS.
LOOK AT YOU...
DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW.
LEO QUINTUM TOLD ME YOU WERE DYING OF SOLAR RADIATION OVERDOSE.

YOU TOLD HER?
I'M AFRAID IT JUST SLIPPED OUT, SUPERMAN.
IT SEEMED WRONG THAT YOU SHOULD BEAR THIS ALONE.

YOU CAN'T DIE.

I KNOW YOU'LL FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS.

PROMISE ME YOU'LL FIND A WAY.

*AS SHE **SPOKE**, I WATCHED 35,000 DEAD SKIN CELLS SCATTERING LIKE CONFETTI... LIKE PROMISES...*

...LIKE THE DUST OF DEAD STARS.

OUR BIOLOGY IS COMPLETELY INCOMPATIBLE.

WE COULD NEVER HAVE CHILDREN.

NEVER HAVE MORE THAN *THIS.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

THAT'S WHAT YOU *ALWAYS* SAY.

HEY, WATCH WHERE YER PUSHING!

CANCEL THAT BACKUP, SHELLY, WE'RE GOOD.

REGAN... OH, GOD, I'M ON MY WAY...

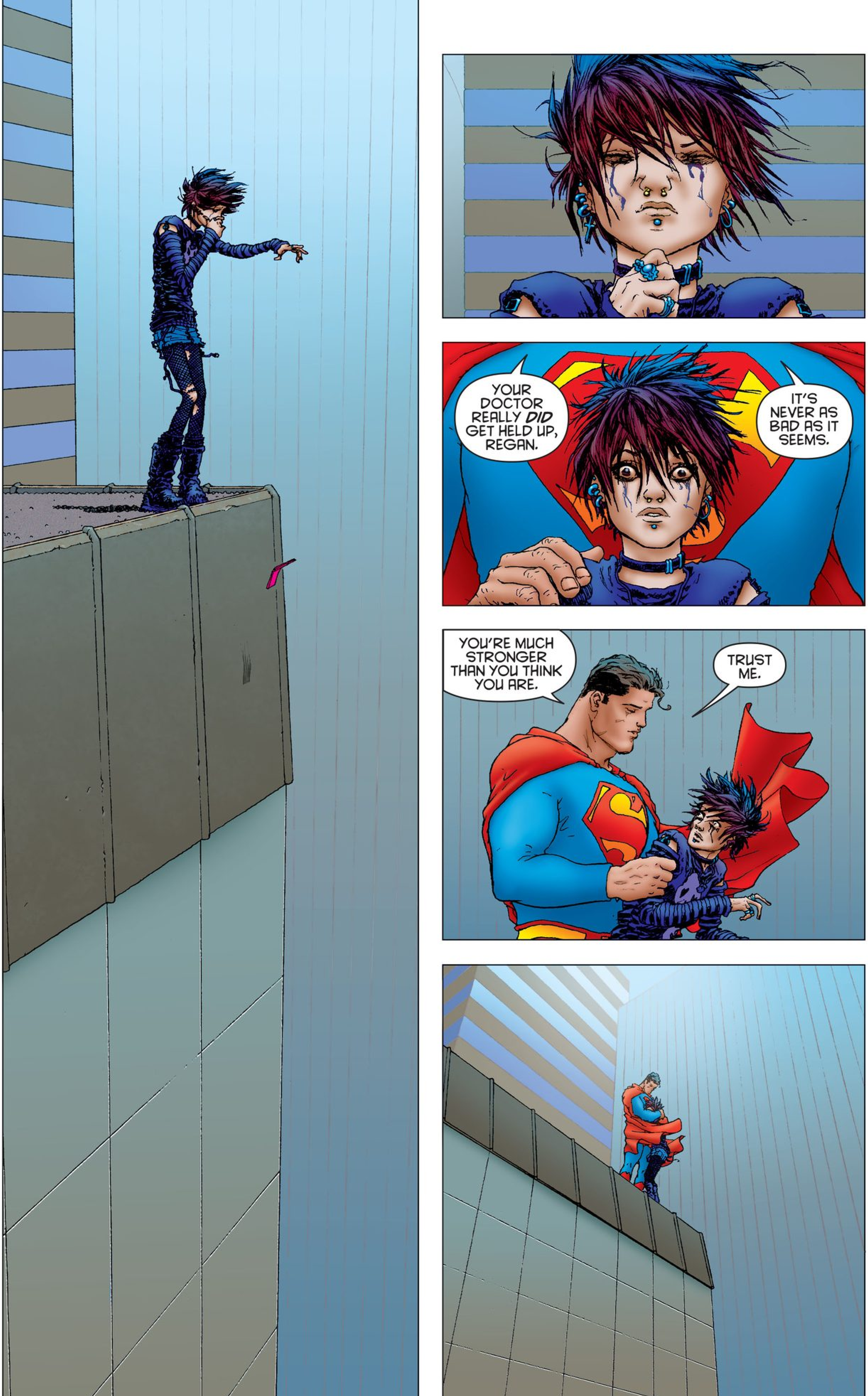
WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED TO GO, BUDDY?

TAKE IT EASY, TAKE IT EASY!

DON'T PUT THE PHONE DOWN!

I HAVE TO GO, LOIS.

SOMEONE NEEDS ME.



YOUR DOCTOR REALLY *DID* GET HELD UP, REGAN.
IT'S NEVER AS BAD AS IT SEEMS.
YOU'RE MUCH STRONGER THAN YOU THINK YOU ARE.
TRUST ME.

11:00 AM

...WE ARE DEDICATED TO PRESERVING THE *LAST LIVING REMNANTS* OF AN ANCIENT, LORDLY CULTURE!

COUNCILLOR *ZORA* SPEAKS FOR US ALL...

THEN SHE SPEAKS FOR AN *ENDANGERED SPECIES,* COUNCILLOR *THAN-AR!*

A RACE OF POTENTIAL *SUPERMEN* FADING TO *EXTINCTION* IN THE SENILE LIGHT OF AN ARTIFICIAL SUN!

AT LEAST *CONSIDER* THE POSSIBILITY OF A LIFE *BEYOND* THE *BOTTLE!*

UNTHINKABLE.

THAN-AR!

UNDER THE *YELLOW* SUN, WE'D *ALL* GAIN POWERS LIKE *KAL-EL'S...* AND PERHAPS *NEW PURPOSE.*

HAVE WE CONFUSED MATTERS OF *PRIDE* WITH MATTERS OF *SCALE?*

SMALLER THAN *GERMS* AMONG HUMANS?

WE WILL LOSE *EVERYTHING* THAT MAKES US WHAT WE ARE.

Hmm...

THEN I PROPOSE A *VOTE!*

VAN-ZEE! *WAIT!*

SOME OF US HAVE *ALREADY* MADE UP OUR MINDS AFTER HEARING PROFESSOR QUIN-TUM'S REMARKABLE PETITION.

WE UNDERSTAND SUPERMAN'S LIFE IS IN *JEOPARDY.*

WE FIVE OF THE KANDOR EMERGENCY CORPS HAVE A *PLAN* TO SAVE HIM.

WILL *YOU* LEAD US AS YOU ONCE *DID,* VAN-ZEE?

1:36 PM

FINALLY REPLACED THE LAST OF EARTH'S BRIDGES.

11:59:59 PM: EARTH Q:

3:27 PM

G-C-C-T-G-T-A-T-T-T

T-C-C-C-T-T-G-G-A-T

11:59:59:914 PM: EARTH Q:

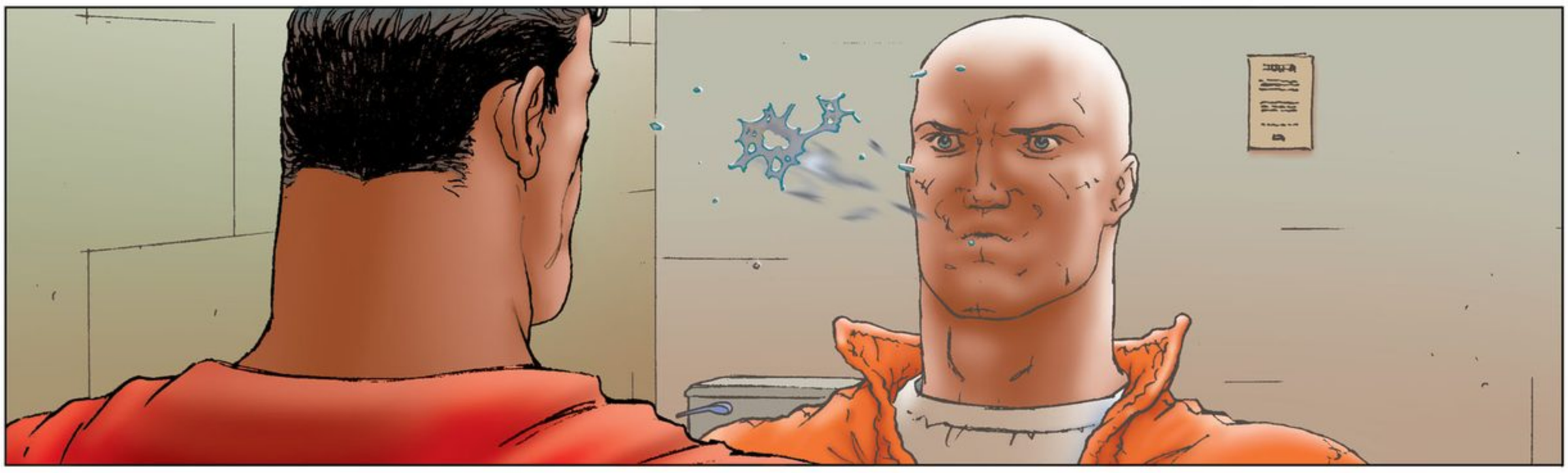
5:13 PM

YOU *WON*, LUTHOR.

I'M DYING.
THE WORLD IS *YOURS*, AT LEAST FOR THE *THREE WEEKS* YOU HAVE LEFT BEFORE THEY *EXECUTE* YOU.
MIXING THE PERFECT COCKTAIL

THREE WEEKS, LEX; I *CHALLENGE* YOU...
ALL THOSE THINGS YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU *WOULD* HAVE DONE TO *BENEFIT* HUMANITY IF *I* HADN'T BEEN IN YOUR *WAY.*
IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO PUT THAT BRILLIANT MIND TO *WORK.*

LEX, I KNOW THERE'S GOOD IN YOU.



11:59:59:980 PM: EARTH Q:

LET US NOT YIELD SOVEREIGNTY EVEN TO *THEM,* THE HIGHEST OF THE ANGELIC HIERARCHIES!

BECOME INSTEAD *LIKE* THEM IN ALL THEIR GLORY AND DIGNITY.

IMITATION IS MAN'S NATURE AND IF HE BUT *WILLS* IT, SO SHALL HE SURPASS EVEN IMAGINATION'S *GREATEST* PARAGONS.

9:10 PM

GR8TNGS SPRMAN @ 21C!

U DUNNO I--I DUNNO U GET I *N-LISH* TOK

I *ROO MACZ* SPR-SCI-IST @ 24C

GR8-GR8-GR8EST *GRAN-MO* @ 21C OH *LIFE* 2 U

I 2 U I OH

4-BID 2 SINK *INFO* 2 *U-NOW* BUT OH I *LIFE.*

+ HOPE 4 U C *WORNING*

GR8TNGS @ I-NOW 24c, SPRMAN!

N-TIME *GR8TNGS* MADE @ *SOLAR N-TEL-SYS/* I-WARE.

SOLAR INTELLIGENCE SYSTEMS.

11:20 PM

MY 8TH *CHALLENGE* IS ON HIS WAY.

ALMOST COMPLETED MY *NEW* COSTUME.

4:30 PM

TO THE PROUD SURVIVORS OF *KANDOR*, MY KIN, I LEAVE A *THIRD GOLDEN AGE.*

HERE ON *MARS*, THEY'RE AS POWERFUL AS *I* AM...

...BUT STILL FAR ENOUGH *AWAY* FROM *HUMAN CULTURE* TO ALLAY THE FEARS OF *COUNCILLOR ZORA* AND OTHERS LIKE HER.

WHY DIDN'T I *TRUST* THEM ENOUGH TO EVER *THINK* OF THIS?

THESE REMARKABLE PEOPLE *OUTLIVED* THE PLANET *KRYPTON.*

THEY MAINTAINED THE *BEST* OF THEIR CULTURE IN *URBAN SINK* CONDITIONS THAT WOULD HAVE DRIVEN AN EARTH POPULATION *INSANE.*

THAT TAKES A MORAL STRENGTH HUMANITY CAN *LEARN* FROM.

LIKE YOU, THEY WANT TO *ENNOBLE* THE LIVES AROUND THEM.

THINK OF A LIVING KRYPTONIAN CULTURE FREE TO BREATHE AND EXPAND AND TO INTERACT WITH THE *HUMAN* WORLD IN A WHOLE *NEW* WAY...

THINK OF WHAT WE BOTH COULD LEARN.

I CAN SEE *MECHANO-MAN* ON A RAMPAGE IN *METROPOLIS*... I SHOULD *GO* NOW...

YOU TOLD ME YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN FRUSTRATED BY YOUR INABILITY TO READ *MY* DNA CODE...

IT'S TRUE. EVERY ATTEMPT TO *CLONE* YOU HAS RESULTED IN A DAMAGED BIZARRO REPLICA.

11:59:59:996 PM: EARTH Q:

Behold, I teach you the Superman...

ARE YOU SAYING YOU'D ENTRUST THE RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUR *GENOME* TO *ME?*

I COULD BE THE DEVIL *HIMSELF* FOR ALL YOU KNOW, SUPERMAN.

I'D LIKE TO THINK I'M A BETTER JUDGE OF CHARACTER THAN *THAT,* PROFESSOR.

I FINALLY COPIED THE ENTIRE EIGHT BILLION LETTER *SEQUENCE* INTO A *BOOK.*

ALONG WITH INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO *COMBINE* HUMAN AND KRYPTONIAN STRANDS.

THIS IS HOW MUCH I TRUST YOU, LEO.

TO *LOIS LANE*... I LEAVE OUR *FUTURE.*

6:45 PM

WE'RE SO SORRY, KAL-EL.

EVEN WITH OUR INCREDIBLE SPEED AND STAMINA, WE STILL CAN'T PREVENT YOUR WHITE BLOOD CELLS FROM COMMITTING ***SUICIDE.***

AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR US, WE'VE ***FAILED*** YOU...

ALL OF YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU ***COULD,*** VAN-ZEE.

BELIEVE ME, IT FELT GREAT.

TRUTH IS, I ONLY NEEDED YOUR HELP LONG ENOUGH TO ACCOMPLISH TODAY'S ***TASKS.***

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO SAVE ***ME.***

BUT ***HUMAN*** DISEASES WOULD BE ***NO MATCH*** FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND POWER, AM I RIGHT?

MICROSCOPIC KANDORIAN SUPER-DOCTORS COULD ***CURE*** ANYTHING.

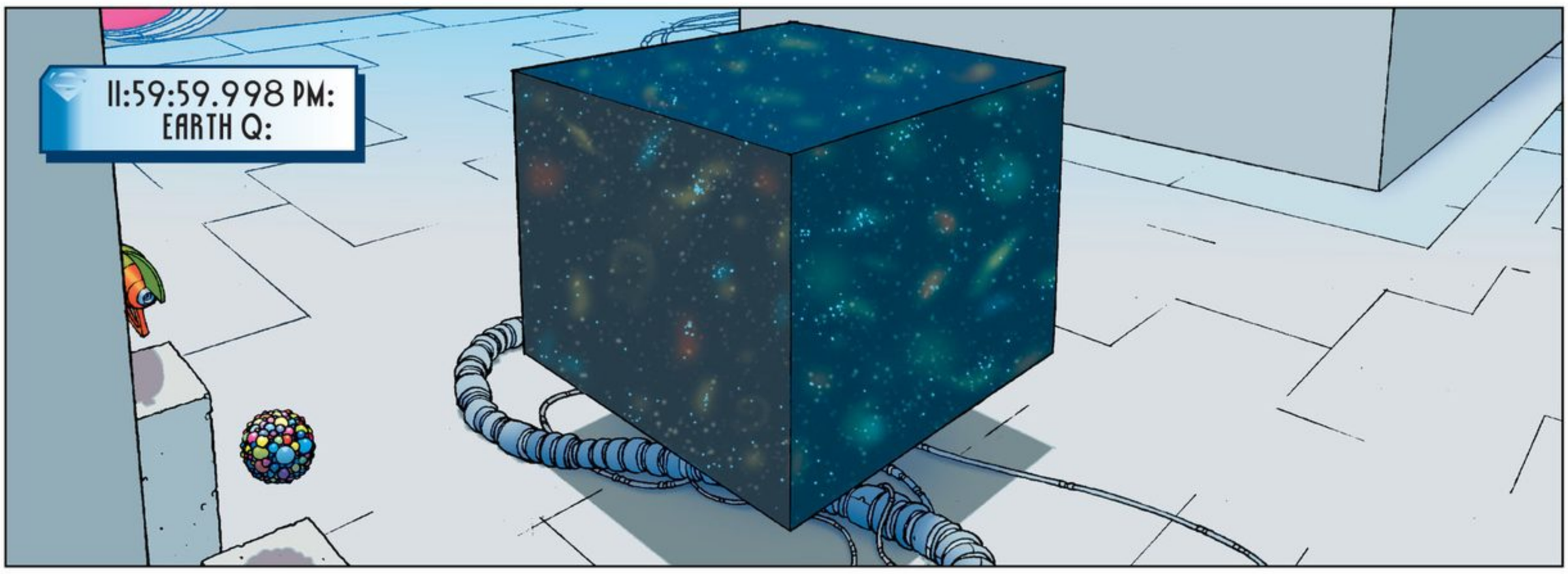
SUPERMAN!

WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ***YOU*** BACK SO ***SOON!***

I JUST DROPPED BY TO TELL YOU ALL I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO ***MAKE*** IT NEXT WEEK...

...BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL ***ALL*** BE GOING ***HOME*** LONG BEFORE THAT.

I BROUGHT SOME ***FRIENDS*** TO MEET YOU.



NEVERENDING

11:49 PM

AND TO *CLARK KENT*...

...THE MILD-MANNERED REPORTER WHO NEVER LET ME *FORGET* HOW IT FEELS TO BE A DOWNTRODDEN, ORDINARY MAN...

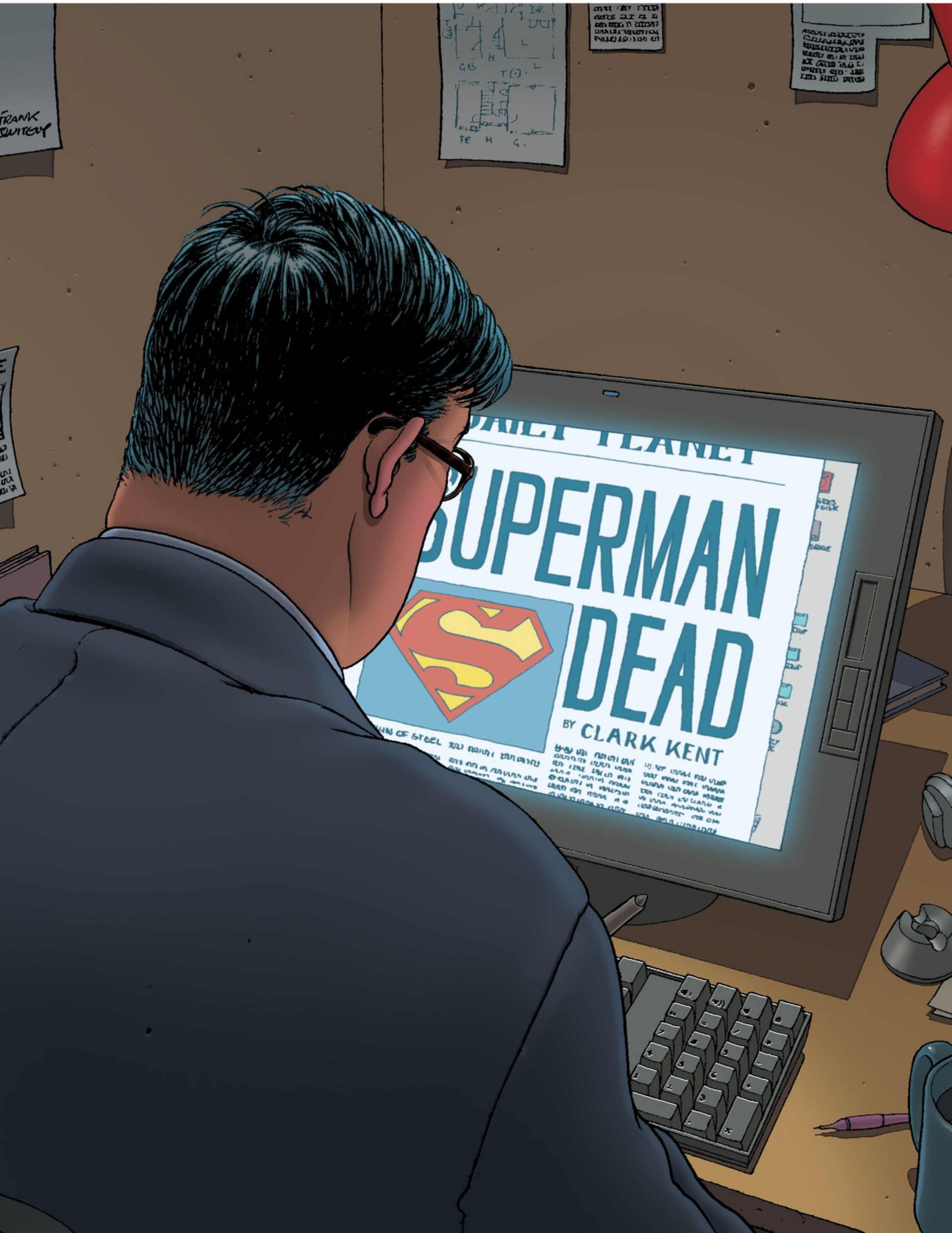
...I LEAVE THE *HEADLINE OF THE CENTURY.*

SUPERMAN DEAD

BY CLARK KENT

DISC 1

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY WITH JAMIE GRANT



EPISODE II RED SUN DAY

SWEET.

NOW CAN SOMEONE TELL THE PADRE TO GET OUT OF MY OLFACTORY RANGE?

HE *STINKS* OF THE IRRATIONAL.

TYPICAL.

SUPERMAN DIDN'T EVEN *BOTHER* TO SHOW.

ASK YOURSELF HOW IT FEELS TO *MURDER* THE GENIUS WHO MIGHT HAVE CURED YOUR SISTER'S *CANCER* WITH A CELLPHONE AND A SAFETY PIN?

TOO LATE FOR *HER*, LUTHOR.

TOO LATE FOR YOU!

...kkk... ha!

Kkh!

OH... YOU *MORONS...* YOU KNUCKLE-DRAGGING *NEANDERTHALS.*

THAT "LAST PERFECT COCKTAIL" YOU ALLOWED ME TO MIX...?

...CONTAINED A HIDDEN... PREPROGRAMMED... SHAPESHIFTING MOLECULE I DESIGNED...

...I JUST DRANK... A 24-HOUR... *SUPERPOWER...* SERUM.

AND THAT'LL BE *"MISTER LUTHOR"* TO YOU.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO YOUR SISTER.

AND SUPER...

NNNA!

STRENGTH!

GGT

WHAT DID I *TELL* YOU, BOYS?

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW!

YOU CAN LEAVE THE GRAVITY STABLE TO ME, SUPERMAN.

IF YOU WISH...

THIS IS JUST MY WAY OF SAYING GOODBYE, ***ROBOT 7.***

IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CREATURES IN THE UNIVERSE, BUT I'VE ***MISSED*** HAVING OUR LITTLE ***SUN-EATER*** AROUND.

I HOPE HE FOUND HIS WAY BACK ONTO THE ***MIGRATION ROUTES*** OUT PAST...

...OUT PAST THE ***OORT CLOUD.***

SUPERMAN...

YOU SEEM UNSTEADY.

MAYBE.

JUST A LITTLE.

CELLULAR BREAKDOWN'S HAPPENING FASTER AND FASTER NOW.

THE END'S NEAR.

AND I HAVE TO STAY ALIVE ***LONG*** ENOUGH TO ***COMPLETE*** MY FINAL TASKS FOR HUMANITY.

THAT'S WHY I NEED ***YOUR*** HELP.

YOU ROBOTS WILL HAVE TO MAINTAIN AREAS OF THE FORTRESS LIKE THE *BIZARRO ZOO.*

THESE POOR CREATURES, DISTORTED DURING THE INVASION FROM THE *CUBE EARTH,* REQUIRE SPECIAL CARE AND ATTENTION.

AND THIS...

YOU ASKED FOR THIS TO BE PRESERVED IN SUPERLAMINATE.

ZIBARRO'S POETRY.

...THAT LONELY, SANE VOICE OF A SUNKEN, DARK AND MARVELOUS WORLD.

WHAT A *LIFE!*

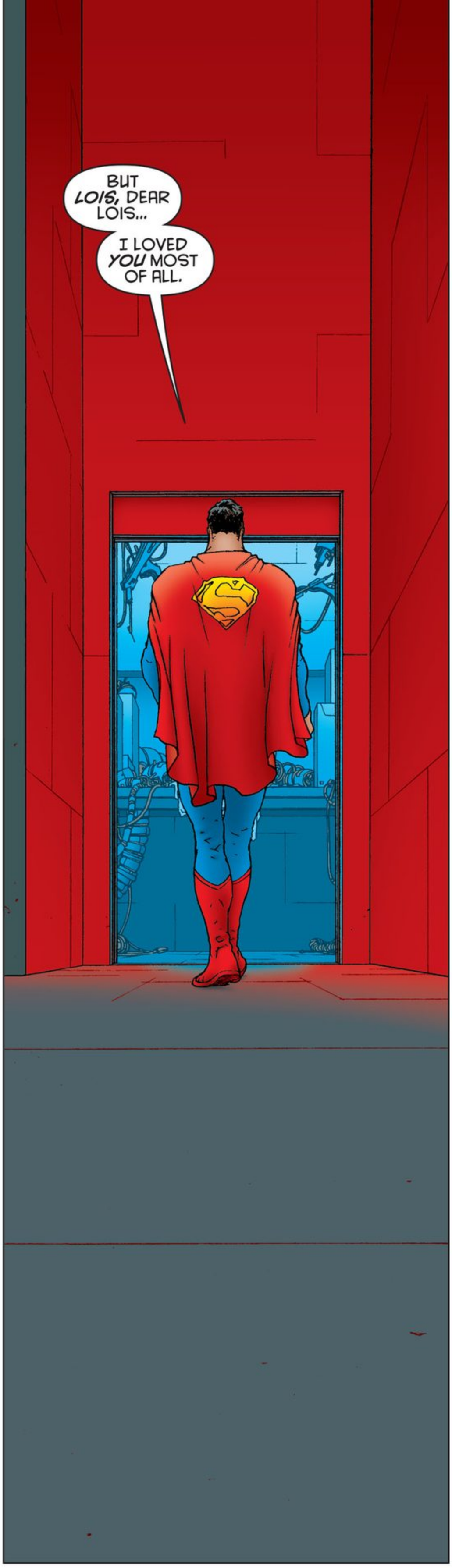
I'VE TRAVELED ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.

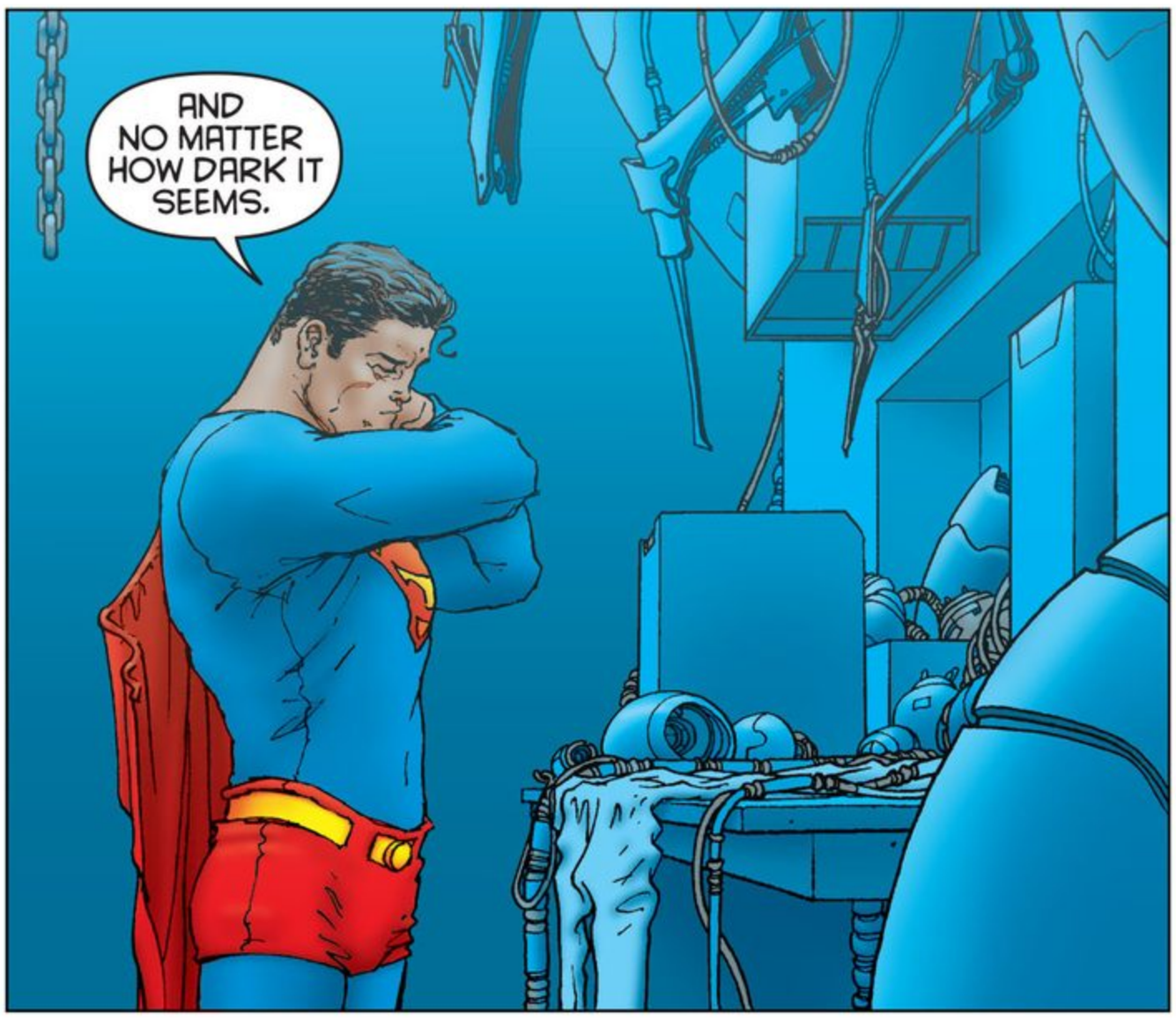
I'VE SEEN AND DONE THINGS BEYOND IMAGINATION.

BLESSED WITH FRIENDS LIKE *PETE* AND *LANA* AND *JIMMY.*

AND *BATMAN...* WHAT INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES WE'VE SHARED.

WHAT AMAZING PEOPLE I'VE KNOWN.


BUT LOIS, DEAR LOIS...
I LOVED YOU MOST OF ALL.


AND NO MATTER HOW DARK IT SEEMS.

RED SUN DAY

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

...UH-HUH... YEAH...*OBVIOUSLY* I'M IN AN "AUTHENTIC" *LUTHOR'S LAIR,* I'M NOT GONNA SAY *WHICH ONE,* DURR!

AT LEAST UNCLE LEXIE TAKES MY WORLD DOMINATION PLANS *SERIOUSLY!*

ANYWAY, THAT *SOUNDS* LIKE--

HA!

COULDN'T *RESIST* IT.

I HAVE *HIS* SUPERPOWERS FOR *24 HOURS,* NASTHALTHIA. THANKS TO A SERUM ONLY *I* COULD HAVE INVENTED.

HOW'S YOUR MOM?

MAD AT YOU.

SO WHAT'S IT *LIKE,* LEXIE?

WHEN CAN I GET *ALL* SUPERPOWERED UP?

ON THE DAY I CAN *TRUST* YOU WITH THE KEYS TO THE *FAMILY CAR.*

THIS IS THE *ULTIMATE* HIGH, SWEETHEART.

I SET THE SCUM OF *STRYKER'S* FREE TO KEEP THE *SCIENCE POLICE* AND THE *SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT* BUSY--TRY NOT TO PROVOKE THEM.

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE LIKE A STATUE! *OBSERVE!*

GENIUS, SIMPLE AS THAT.

HA! THOSE MUST BE *ATOMS*-- LITTLE EMPTY BAGS OF POSSIBILITY...

I WON'T *NEED* ANY OF THIS STUFF.

IT'S ALL *YOURS* TO PLAY WITH.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY PEOPLE REALLY *HATE* HIM.

ALL THAT GOODY, GOODY-GOODY SENTIMENTAL *CRAP.*

YOU *JUST* HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A *FIGHT.*

EVEN *WITH* SUPER POWERS, I'M NOT STUPID ENOUGH TO GO UP AGAINST *SUPERMAN* WITHOUT A LITTLE *EXTRA* INSURANCE.

BUT HE SHOULD BE *HALF DEAD* BY NOW...

I'VE BEEN PLANNING MY *WEDDING DAY:* I'LL BE STANDING ON AN ASTEROID *HURTLING* TOWARDS EARTH WITH MY UNDEAD GROOM...

WE'LL EXCHANGE VOWS, COMMIT SUICIDE, AND BRING ABOUT *MASS SPECIES EXTINCTION* AT THE SAME TIME.

YOU ALWAYS *WERE* MY FAVORITE NIECE.

NOW PAY ATTENTION.

HE *LOSES* HIS POWERS UNDER *RED SUNLIGHT,* RIGHT?

SO HOW COOL AM I?

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

TIME TO GET *CHANGED.*

SUPERMAN!

FACE THE TYRANT SUN!

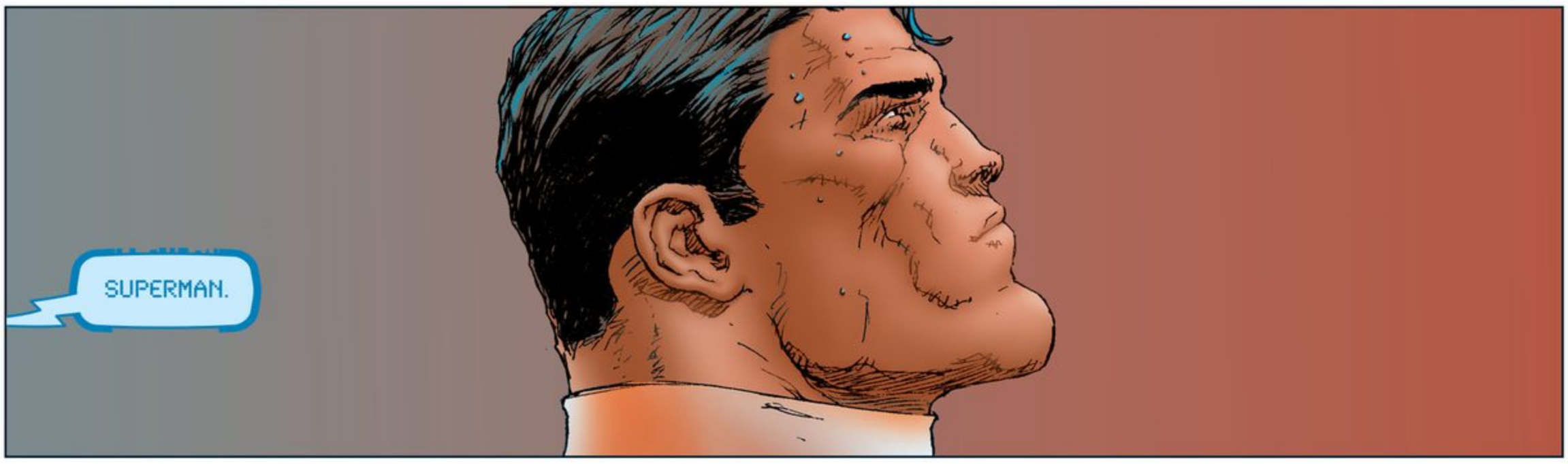
SCOURGE OF WORLDS!

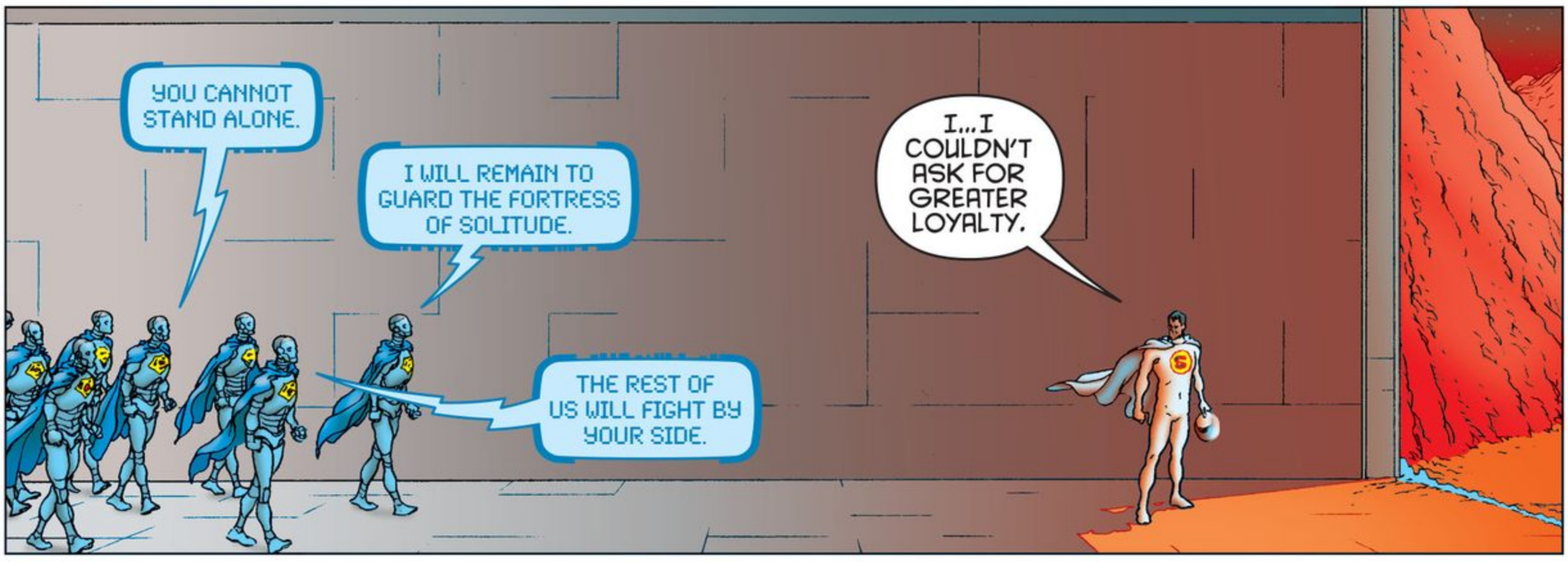
LUTHOR'S SECRET ALLY IS *HERE.*

MY FINAL ADVENTURE IS ABOUT TO *BEGIN.*

THIS IS SUPERMAN SIGNING OUT.

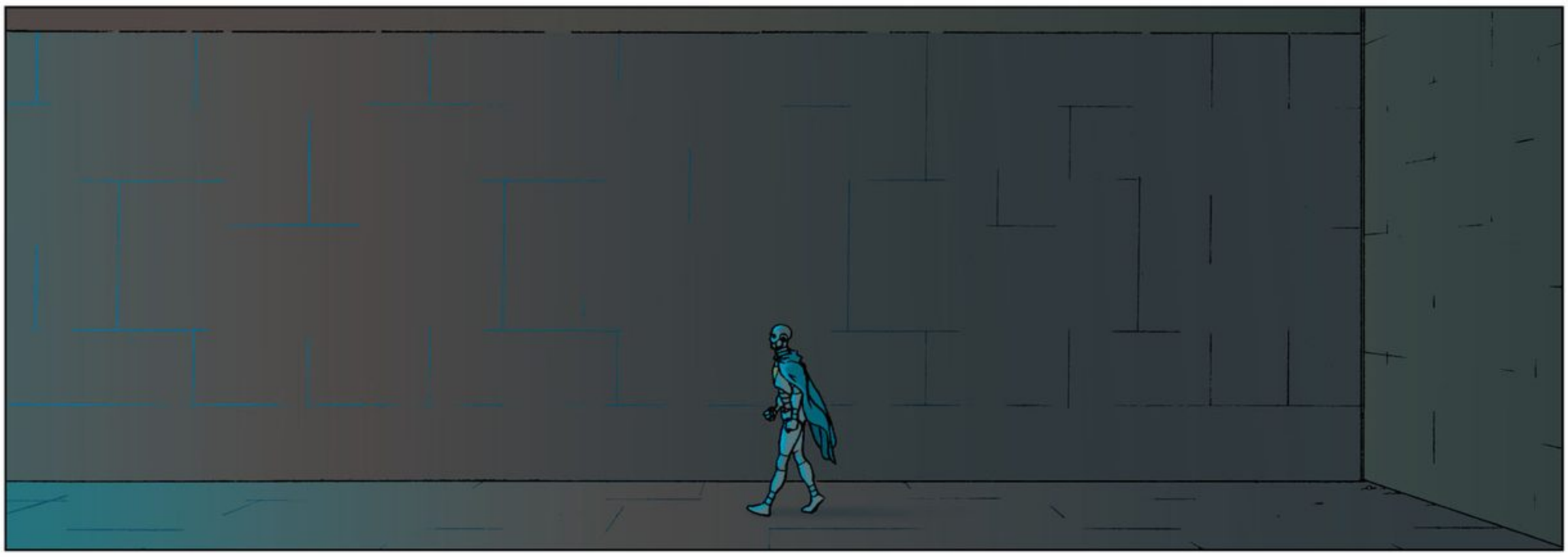
8


SUPERMAN.


YOU CANNOT STAND ALONE.
I WILL REMAIN TO GUARD THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE.
THE REST OF US WILL FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE.
I...I COULDN'T ASK FOR GREATER LOYALTY.

FORT SUPERMAN IS CLOSING DOWN.

SEAL THE FORTRESS!
WELCOME



YOU'RE ALL RECEIVING FILE DOWNLOADS ON *SOLARIS.*

YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR HIS VOICE ON THE 103mHZ WAVELENGTH.

COME, SUPERMAN!

COME DIE!

IMPOSSIBLE!

WHY NOT POWERLESS IN MY RED RAYS?

YOU REALLY EXPECTED TO *SURPRISE* ME?

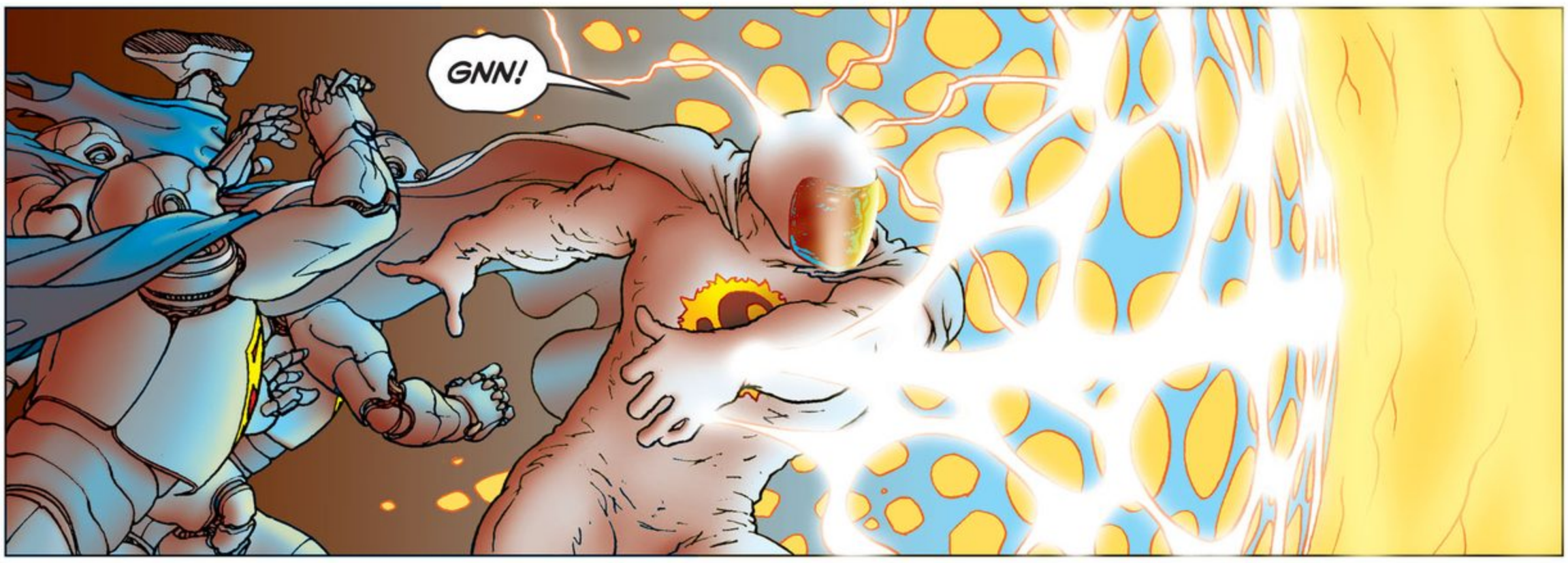
TOO BAD.

THIS *SOLARSUIT* I MADE WILL *PROTECT* ME FROM RED SUN RADIATION LONG ENOUGH TO EVEN THE ODDS.

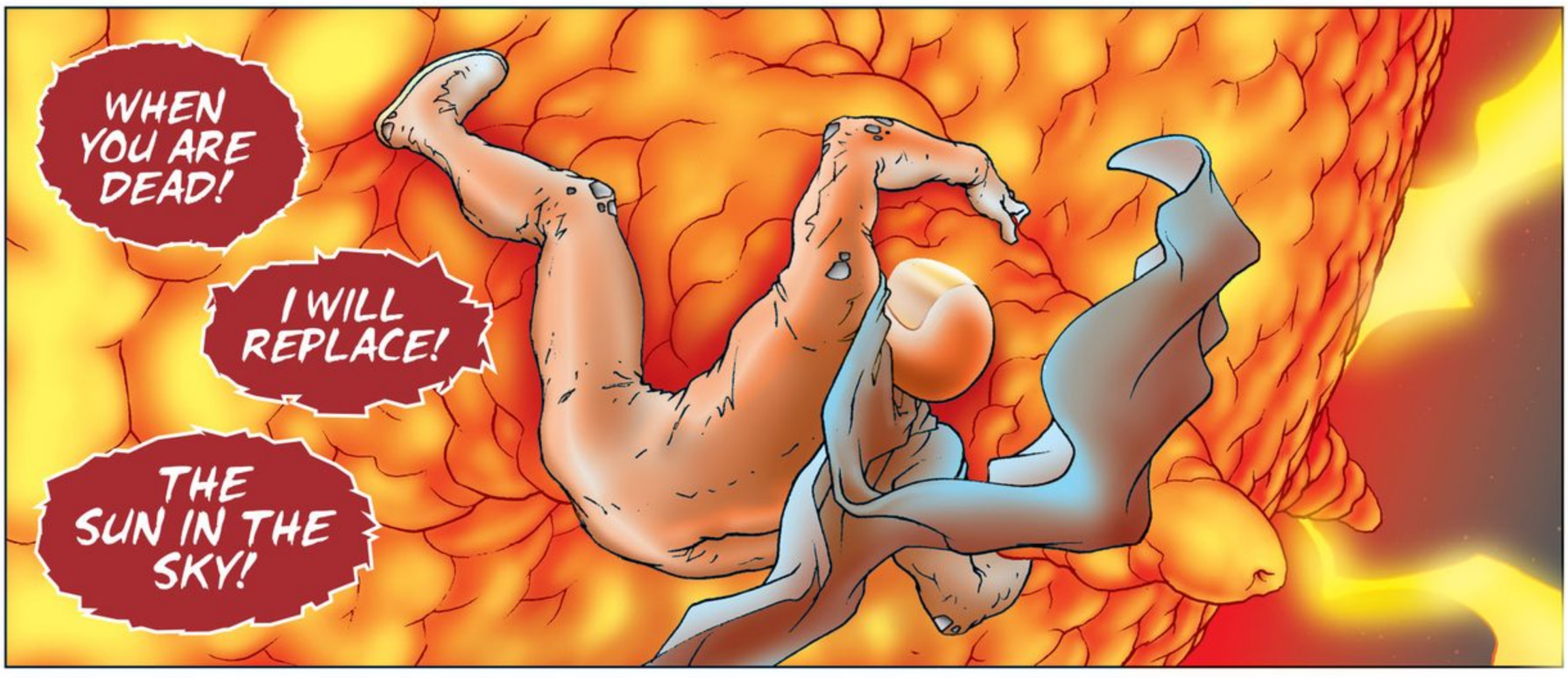
TOO LATE!

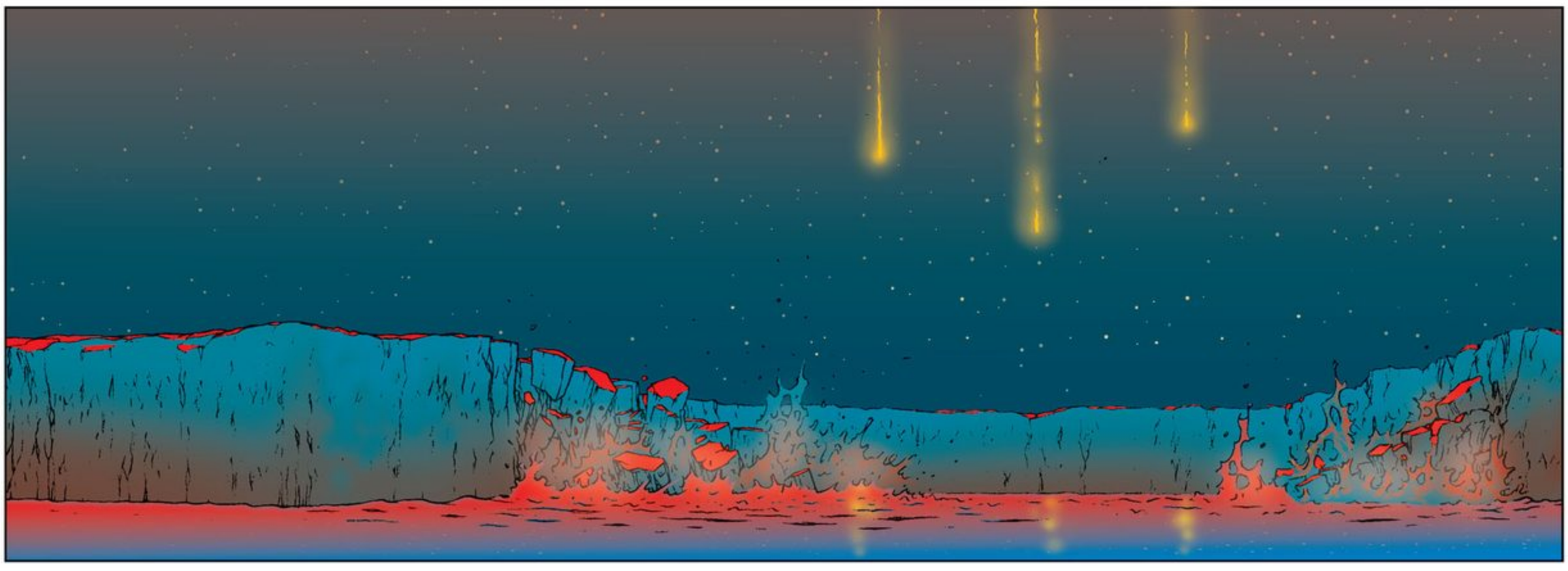
I KILL YOUR SUN!

AND YOU!


GNN!

NEW POWERS?
GZZZNN11010010


WHEN YOU ARE DEAD!
I WILL REPLACE!
THE SUN IN THE SKY!



YOUR PEOPLE WILL BOW!

+PRAY TO ME!

OR DIE IN DARKNESS!

HE'LL WIPE YOUR FILES!

SAVE YOURSELVES!

ROBOT 7...MUST ATONE...SOLARIS INVADED NEURAL NET...

GGAAA!

...SOLARIS STOLE FORMULA...SKKZZKK... SOLARIS STOLE FROM ROBOT 7...STOLE FORMULA...

...STOLE FOR LUTHOR...ROBOT 7... MUST...ATONE...

...FOR...

...GIVE...

...7...

SLZZZZHAHAPRK

GREAT KRYPTON!

NO!
GO BACK TO YOUR OWN KIND!
GO BACK!
WHAT IS THIS?
ABOMINATION!
THE *NATURAL* ENEMY OF A LIVING SOLAR COMPUTER.
TYRANT SUN...
MEET SUN-EATER!
10101010111
b10101010000111

UUQQUUIII!

KILLED HIM!

YOU KILLED HIM!

THE SKY'S NOT *RED* ANYMORE... IT'S LIKE *NORMAL NIGHT.*

SOLARIS, JIMMY!

DRIVER, WE NEED TO GET TO *STRYKER'S ISLAND* IN A *HURRY...*

I CAN'T *GO* ANY FASTER, Ms. LANE...

THERE'S SOME KIND OF *PARADE* OR SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

EVIL ARTIFICIAL STAR FROM THE FUTURE.

HE WINDS UP *REFORMED* AS PART OF THE INTERSOLAR COMPUTER NETWORK BUT RIGHT NOW HE'S *POWER-MAD*... UH...

GET OUT OF THE CAR, MS. LANE!

EVERYBODY!

NOW!

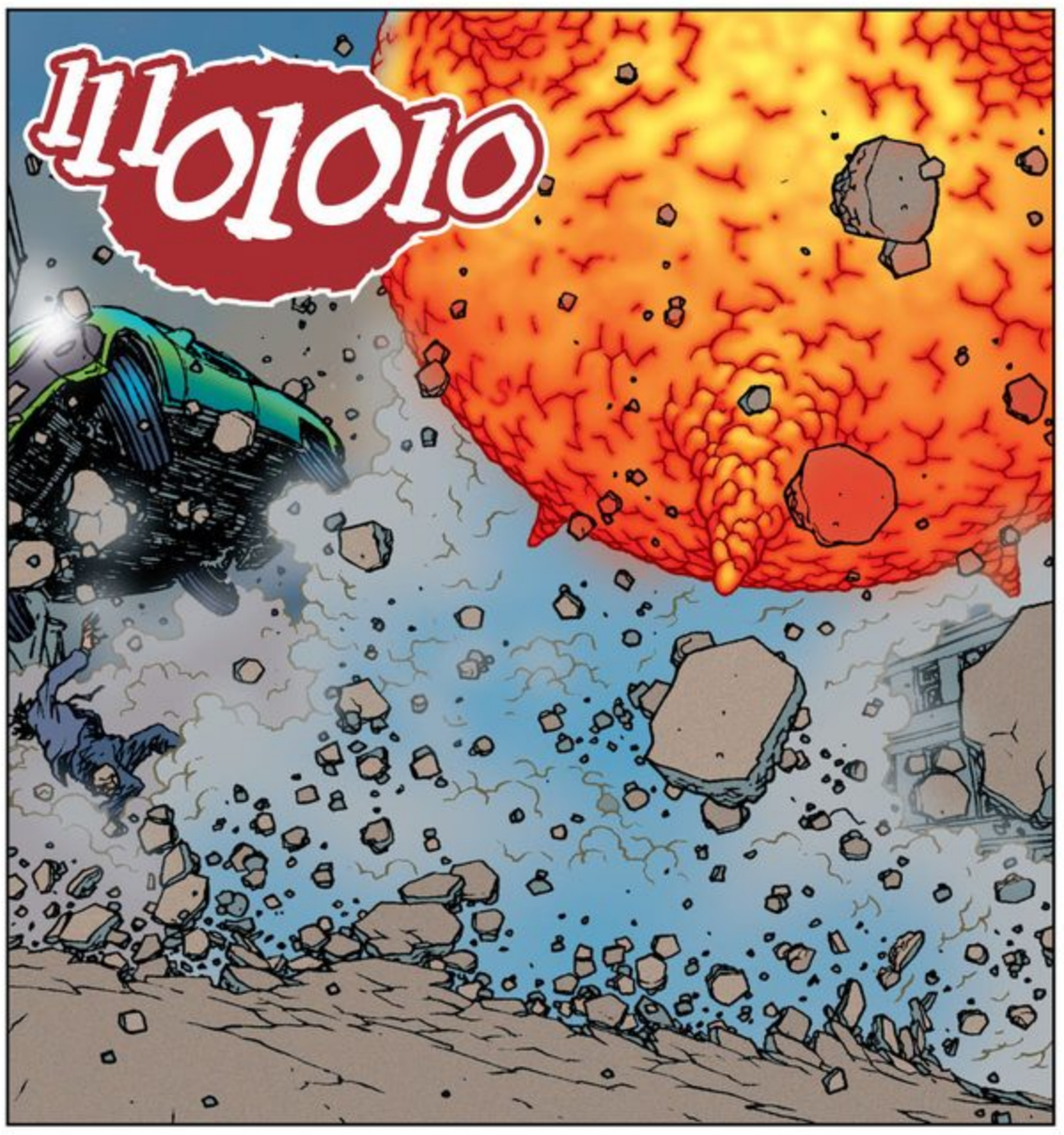
POSITRONIC CANNON, I LOVE YOU.

WOW

GOOD CALL, JIM.

...YOU TWO ARE *SO* POST-MORTEM...

HOTEL
CAFE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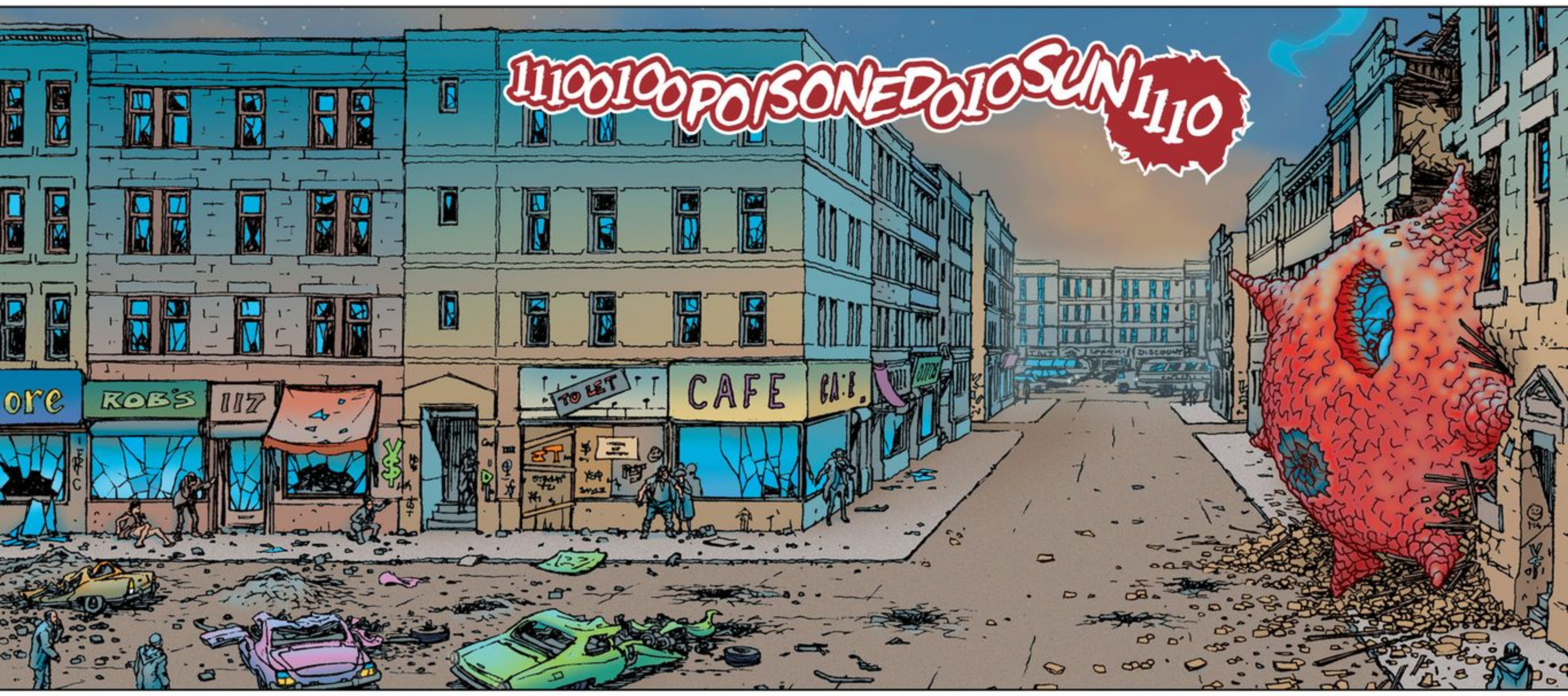
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ROB'S
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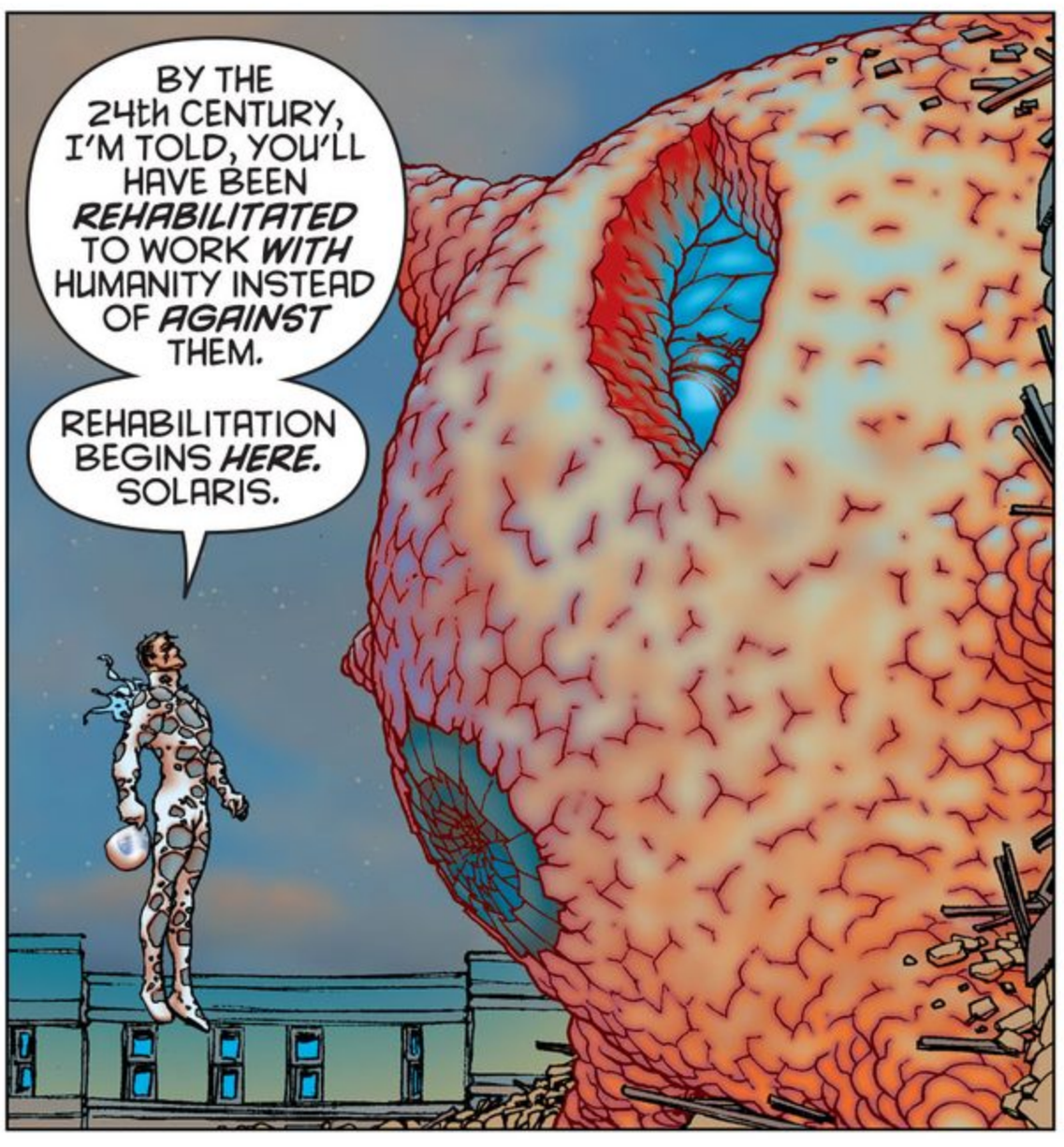
TO LET
CAFE
DISCOUNT

I NEED EVERYONE TO TAKE COVER!
NOW!


BY THE 24th CENTURY, I'M TOLD, YOU'LL HAVE BEEN *REHABILITATED* TO WORK *WITH* HUMANITY INSTEAD OF *AGAINST* THEM.
REHABILITATION BEGINS *HERE.* SOLARIS.

THERE'S A WAY TO EVERYONE'S HEART AND I CAN *SEE* YOURS.

MERCY.

YOU'LL LIVE.

PRESS!

THINK ABOUT IT!

YOUR, QUITE FRANKLY, ***STUNNING*** FACE ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE OF THE ***DAILY PLANET,*** WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HMMM.

THE PRINT MEDIUM'S SO PASSÉ... IN SO MANY WAYS BUT IT'S ALSO STILL PRETTY ***COOL*** IN SO MANY ***OTHER*** WAYS...

GET MY ***GOOD*** SIDE, THAT'S ALL...OR I'LL FIND YOUR HOUSE AND ***DISINTEGRATE*** YOU ***AND*** YOUR PETS.

NOW RUN AND TELL ***EVERYBODY.***

TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF A NEW WORLD!

A WORLD WITHOUT ***HIM.***

A WORLD WITHOUT ***SUPERMAN.***

CLARK?

WHAT'S GOING *ON* OUT THERE?

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, MAN! YOU LOOK TERRIBLE...

ARE YOU *KIDDING?* HE LOOKS *BUFF.*

BUT CLARK KENT'S NEVER IN THE OFFICE WHEN THERE'S *TROUBLE.*

SOMETHING'S UP.

SPIT IT OUT, KENT!

I.....AH... I WITNESSED THE *WHOLE THING,* PERRY...

I HAVE TOMORROW'S *BIG* HEADLINE.

SAW IT *ALL*...WROTE THE WHOLE THING...

Whole thing down

SUPERMAN DEAD

CLARK KENT

Auhhh, NO! NO!

HE AIN'T *BREATHING!*

THERE'S NO *HEART-BEAT.*

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT, LOMBARD? HE *CAN'T* BE.

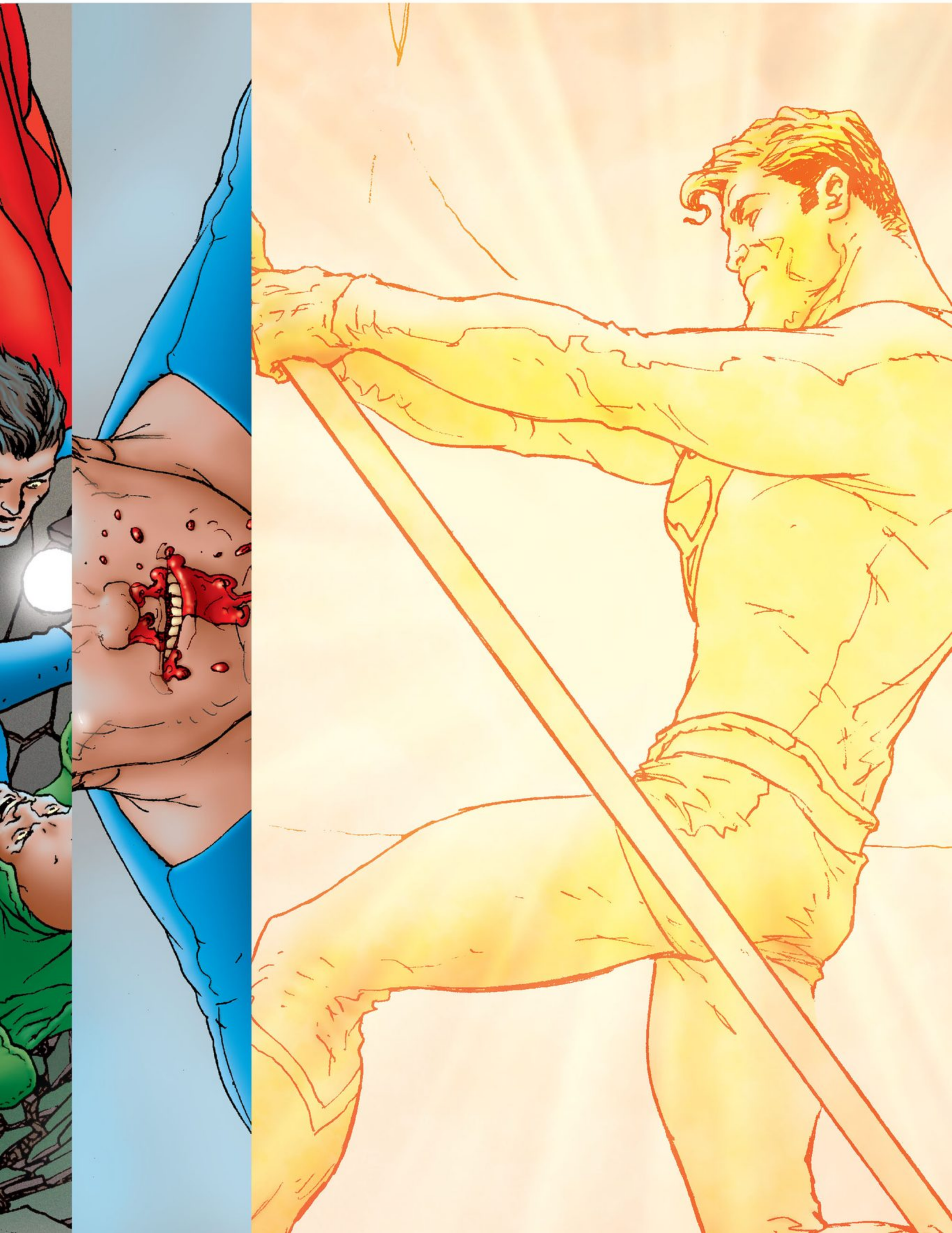
CLARK IS...

...CLARK IS...

CLARK IS THE *LEAST* OF YOUR WORRIES.

COVER BY FRANK QUITELY

EPISODE 12 SUPERMAN IN EXCELSIS



WHY NOW?

WHY DID YOU BRING ME *ALL* THE WAY FROM THE *SCIENCE PLAZA* DURING A MAJOR COREQUAKE?

JOR-EL!

JOIN ME, KAL-EL.

I'LL EXPLAIN *EVERYTHING* ON THE WAY.

SO... EXPLAIN *WHAT?*

FATHER JOR-EL, DO YOU KNOW HOW BUSY WE ARE AT THE *NEO-CONSCIOUSNESS LABS?*

ALWAYS AND FOREVER.

BUT I HAVE SOMETHING I MUST *TELL* YOU, MY SON.

THERE IS *SOMETHING* YOU *MUST* KNOW.

I'M *DEAD,* KAL-EL.

I DIED WHEN THE WORLD OF KRYPTON *TORE ITSELF APART* IN A CATACLYSMIC EXPLOSION.

MYSELF, YOUR MOTHER, OUR PEOPLE... ARE ALL *GONE.*

JOR-EL, *THIS* IS KRYPTON.

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T HAVE *SCARLET SPORE* FEVER?

TURN US AROUND, I'M TELEVOICING *DOCTOR LEX-OR.*

NO, NOT FEVER.

YOU'VE COME AMONG THE *DEAD,* MY SON.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...?

...YOU *TOO* ARE DEAD.

YOU DIED DEFENDING HUMANKIND AGAINST THE TYRANT SUN, *SOLARIS,* AFTER A PRIOR TOXIC *OVERDOSE* OF YELLOW SOLAR RADIATION.

THE *29 WONDERS* OF KRYPTON AND OUR *SHINING CITIES* WERE ALL *LOST,* KAL-EL.

OUR ART, OUR PROUD HISTORY, OUR VERY *NAMES...* ERASED FROM THE SCREENS OF POSTERITY.

CONSIDER US: A WHOLE CIVILIZATION OF *SUPERMEN* REDUCED TO *DUST* BY A CAPRICE OF COSMOLOGY.

THEN THINK HOW PRECIOUS AND HOW FRAGILE ALL THE *LITTLE* THINGS YOU VALUE ARE.

BUT YOUR MACHINES *STABILIZED* KRYPTON'S CORE.

JOR-EL OF EL, MY FATHER, IF I'M DEAD...

...WHAT *PLACE* IS THIS?

KRYPTONIAN CELL STRUCTURE ADAPTED OVER MILLENNIA TO ***STORE*** ENERGY FROM OUR DIM RED STAR, ***RAO.***

YOUR BODY IS UNDERGOING A ***MUTATION,*** A CONVERSION TO ***SOLAR RADIO-CONSCIOUSNESS!***

YOU MUST ***SURRENDER*** TO THE PROCESS.

SURRENDER?

MATTER, ENERGY: THESE THINGS CANNOT BE CREATED OR DESTROYED...

NOR CAN ***CONSCIOUSNESS,*** KAL-EL OF EL.

AFTER ***BODILY*** DEATH, AS ***NEOCONLAB*** STUDIES CONFIRM, INDIVIDUAL AWARENESS ***PERSISTS*** FOR A TIME AND BUILDS FOR ITSELF ***THOUGHT-PALACES*** OR COMPLEX ***HELLS*** TO INHABIT...

HERE THE CHOICE IS SIMPLE.

TO ***REMAIN*** AT PLAY WITHIN THE FIELD OF LIVING, FLUID ***CONSCIOUSNESS.***

OR TO ***TURN*** AND FACE DOWN ***EVIL*** ONE LAST TIME.

YOU DECIDE--
YOU'RE THE ONES WHO SENT ME TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

ME, THE FUTURE SAVIOR OF THE EARTH.
AND THE DAILY PLANET THOUGHT I'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD?
SO WHY DON'T WE LET THE PLANET DECIDE WHO LIVES, WHO DIES IN THESE NEXT HARROWING FEW MINUTES.

THE *TRUTH* SENT YOU TO THE CHAIR, LUTHOR!

IS THAT RIGHT, *MISTER WHITE?*

FUNNY, I DON'T SEE THE TRUTH *ANYWHERE* AROUND, DO *YOU?*

I MEAN, WHAT *COLOR* IS IT?

CAN I *TOUCH* IT?

NAH, I DON'T *THINK* SO!

LEX!

STOP!

I KNOW WHAT THE *POWER'S* LIKE.

I'VE FELT THE ARTIFICIAL *RUSH,* THE CLARITY OF THOSE SUPER SENSES... THAT *MIND...* USE IT...

PLEASE JUST *THINK* FOR A MINUTE, LEX!

SHE'S *RIGHT,* MISTER LUTHOR.

YOU HAVE TO LET IT ALL SINK IN.

TURN THAT DAMN ULTRASONIC WATCH *OFF! SUPERMAN* WON'T ANSWER.

AND AS FOR *YOU,* MISS LANE... FINE...

YOU'RE AN *AMBITIOUS* GIRL AND I'M SURE I CAN FIND SOME *ROOM* IN MY OUTFIT FOR A *PROPAGANDA* SPOKESPERSON.

BUT IF *I'M* DEAD... THEN...

... *SUPERMAN* IS DEAD.

THERE WAS ONE MORE *LABOR...*

ALWAYS ONE MORE.

YOUR WORK IS *DONE.*

YOU HAVE SHOWN THEM THE FACE OF THE *MAN OF TOMORROW.*

YOU HAVE GIVEN THEM AN *IDEAL* TO ASPIRE TO, *EMBODIED* THEIR HIGHEST ASPIRATIONS.

THEY WILL *RACE,* AND STUMBLE, AND FALL AND CRAWL... AND CURSE...

...AND *FINALLY...*

...THEY WILL *JOIN* YOU IN THE SUN, KAL-EL.

IN *TIME* YOU WILL NO LONGER BE *ALONE.*

BUT MY LIFE!

MY *LIFE!*

FOR KRYPTON, IT WAS *ALWAYS* TOO LATE!

BUT THE *BEST* OF US, THE *GOLD* IN US, WILL SURVIVE IN YOU!

ALL THAT IS IMPURE WILL BE BURNED TO *ASH.*

AND ALL THAT IS STRONG AND GREAT AND TRUE WILL *SURVIVE...*

...AND BE REBORN.

FATHER, NOT ME!

COME ON, CLARK! YOU CAN DO IT, BUDDY

COME ON!

I'M SORRY FOR ALL THOSE TIMES I PLAYED TRICKS ON YOU.

WHY WASTE YOUR TIME ON KENT?

WHAT DID HE DO WITH THAT AMAZING INTERVIEW I GAVE HIM! HE--

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THIS? I'M TALKING.

PICTURES FROM OUR SINGAPORE NEWSDESK.

THE SUN IS BLUE, MISTER LUTHOR...

SOLARIS DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU AND POISONED THE SUN, LEX!

SOMEONE OR SOME THING EXPLOITED YOUR VANITY TO GET REVENGE ON THE WHOLE WORLD, YET AGAIN, YOU IDIOT!

IDIOT?

UNNGHH!

Lois?

YOU DON'T THINK I'LL REPAIR THE SUN!?

YOU WATCH ME!

YOU WRITE THE HEADLINES!

NGGH!

SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT, LUTHOR!

WHAT?

ANYONE *ELSE* FEEL LIKE ACTING OUT IN FRONT OF THE *MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH?*

EH?

UMM... THERE'S *ME*, LEX...

I...AH... THINK MAYBE YOU SHOULD STOP THREATENING MY *FRIENDS.*

AND EVERYONE *ELSE* FOR THAT MATTER.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE MAYBE JUST A LITTLE TOO UNSTABLE FOR THE KIND OF POWER YOU'RE PACKING?

KENT?

SO THE WORM GROWS A SPINE TO IMPRESS THE GIRL.

WHAT *IS* THAT? WHAT'S *THAT* YOU'RE TRYING TO *HIDE* THERE?

THIS?

THIS IS A *GRAVITY GUN.*

UMMF--

I *KNEW* IT!

DIDN'T I *SAY* HE WAS *WAY* TOO BUFF TO BE CLARK KENT?

I GIVE YOU THE *REAR VIEW!*

SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

AND THANKS FOR NOTICING THOSE EXTRA HOURS ON THE *STAIRMASTER,* CAT.

I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING THE *REAL* CLARK IN YOUR *FORTRESS* ALL THIS TIME, RIGHT?

NICE, AH, *DISGUISE,* SUPERMAN.

WE ALWAYS KEEP A SPARE.

CLARK'S SAFE, JIMMY.

LEAVE LUTHOR TO ME.

KENT?

NO.

HMM.

NOW *THERE'S* AN AMAZING IDEA.

I SHOULD BE *WRITING* THESE...

S.A.F.E.

WHAT *IS* THIS, HIDE AND SEEK?

STUPID, INFANTILE GAMES?

I *KNOW* WHERE YOU ARE, SUPERMAN.

I DON'T NEED TO BE ABLE TO *SEE* THROUGH LEAD...

...I CAN *LIQUEFY* IT WITH A *HARD STARE!*

SUPERMAN,

DID YOU *EVER* THINK IT WOULD *END* WITH *ME* LOOKING DOWN ON *YOU* LIKE THIS?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAD THE WHOLE THING PACED OUT TO END PRETTY MUCH *EXACTLY* LIKE THIS, LEX.

I'VE SUSPECTED YOUR INVOLVEMENT SINCE ROBOT 7'S *MALFUNCTION* DURING PREPARATION OF THE EXO-GENE SUPER SERUM.

AS YOU KNOW, I'VE HAD TO CONFISCATE SOME OF THE GALAXY'S DEADLIEST WEAPONS, INCLUDING *THIS* ONE.

SEE HOW YOU'RE WORKING FIFTY TIMES *HARDER* JUST TO *STAY* IN THE AIR.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I CHOSE THE *GRAVITY GUN.*

GAH!

NO, DAMN YOU!

IF I DIE...

...YOU DIE...

...FIRST!

THAT'S IT!

NO MORE TRICKS!

NO MORE!

STAND ASIDE!
DON'T BE ALARMED!
THIS IS ONLY THE PHASE TRANSITION TO A NEW WAY OF LIFE WITHOUT SUPERMAN!
Station Cafe
SWAT
LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS, SURRENDER AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE NOW THAT LUTHOR HAS THE MANDATE.
AND YES, I EXPECT THE PRESIDENT TO BE WAITING WITH THE KEYS TO THE WHITE HOUSE WHEN I ARRIVE IN... IN... OH...
YOU *HEARD* HIM!
THIS IS *SCIENCE YEAR ZERO!*
AND WE'RE PUTTING THESE *TRAITORS* ON TRIAL!
SWA
LEXY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE *WORKING?*
YES... YES...
LEX LUTHOR IS *SPECTACULAR* TODAY, ACTUALLY.
NO, YOU LOOK *WEIRD.*
NOT AS WEIRD AS *YOU,* SWEETHEART.
SEEN ACROSS THE *ENTIRE* ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM?
EINSTEIN FAILED TO UNIFY THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCE WITH THE OTHER THREE BUT HE...HE HAD NO EXPERIENCE OF *THIS...*

IT'S SO *OBVIOUS.*

I CAN ACTUALLY *SEE* AND HEAR AND FEEL AND TASTE IT AND...

THE FUNDAMENTAL FORCES ARE ALL YOKED BY THOUGHT ALONE.

LEXIE?

HOW DO I GET THIS *HAT* TO WORK?

IT'S THOUGHT-CONTROLLED!

HMM?

SORRY... SORRY, THESE NEW *SENSES...*

I CAN ACTUALLY *SEE* THE MACHINERY AND WIRE CONNECTING AND SEPARATING EVERYTHING SINCE IT ALL BEGAN...

THIS IS HOW *HE* SEES *ALL* THE TIME, EVERY DAY.

LIKE IT'S ALL *JUST US,* IN HERE, *TOGETHER.*

AND WE'RE ALL WE'VE GOT.

UNCLE LEX!

YOU'RE LITERALLY *EMBARRASSING* ME *BEYOND ALL THERAPY* WITH THIS BEHAVIOR!

NASTHALTHIA!

...NO--HE'S JUST TRYING TO ARTICULATE HOW GRAVITY WARPS *TIME* AND HOW I FORCED HIS METABOLISM TO *ACCELERATE* TO COMPENSATE.

HE'S TRYING TO TELL YOU HIS *24-HOUR* POWERS JUST *RAN OUT.*

YOU WERE *RIGHT,* LEX...

... BRAIN BEATS BRAWN EVERY TIME!

NO! NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

I HAD IT TIMED!

AND... AND YOU THINK I'D BE STUPID ENOUGH NOT TO MAKE MORE OF THIS FOR MYSELF?

THIS?

I SAW HOW TO SAVE THE WORLD!

I COULD HAVE MADE EVERYONE SEE.

I COULD HAVE SAVED THE WORLD IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU!

YOU COULD HAVE SAVED THE WORLD YEARS AGO IF IT MATTERED TO YOU, LUTHOR.

OH, YOUR POOR FACE!

SUPERMAN!

STRANGE.

IF HE *HADN'T* FATALLY OVERDOSED ME WITH SUNLIGHT, I WOULDN'T HAVE THE *POWER* TO ATTEMPT THIS *FINAL* FEAT.

NO ONE BUT *ME* CAN REPAIR THE SUN, LOIS.

MY CELLS ARE CONVERTING TO PURE *ENERGY*, PURE *INFORMATION.*

AND I ONLY HAVE *MOMENTS* TO SAVE THE WORLD.

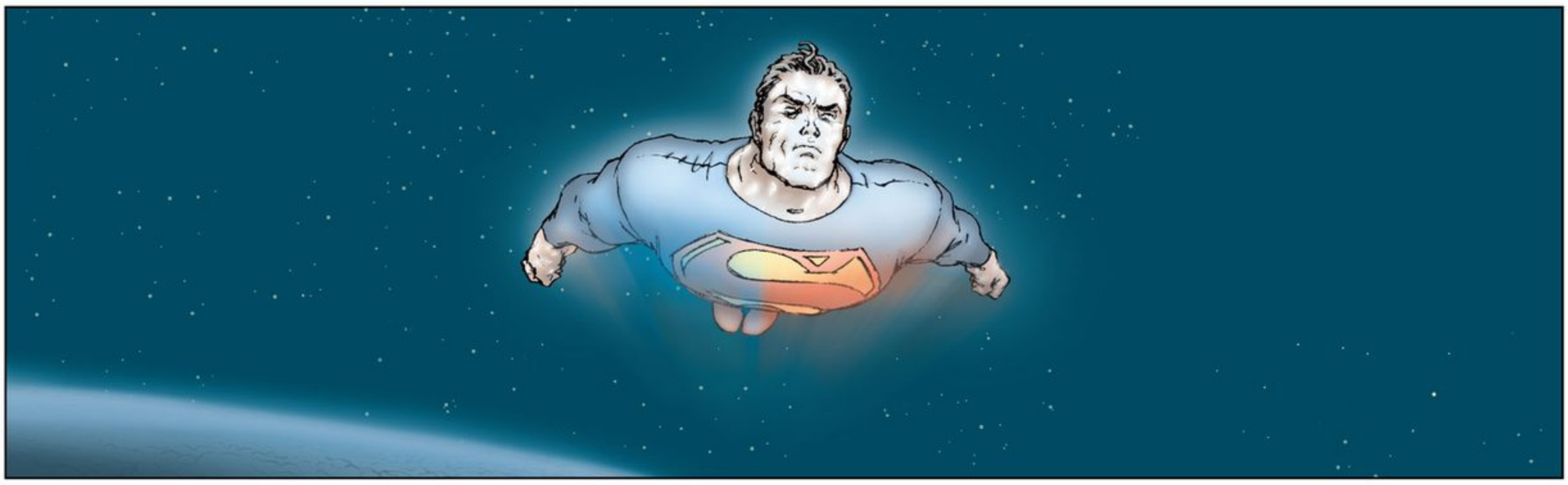
THAT'S *MORE* THAN YOU *EVER* NEEDED.

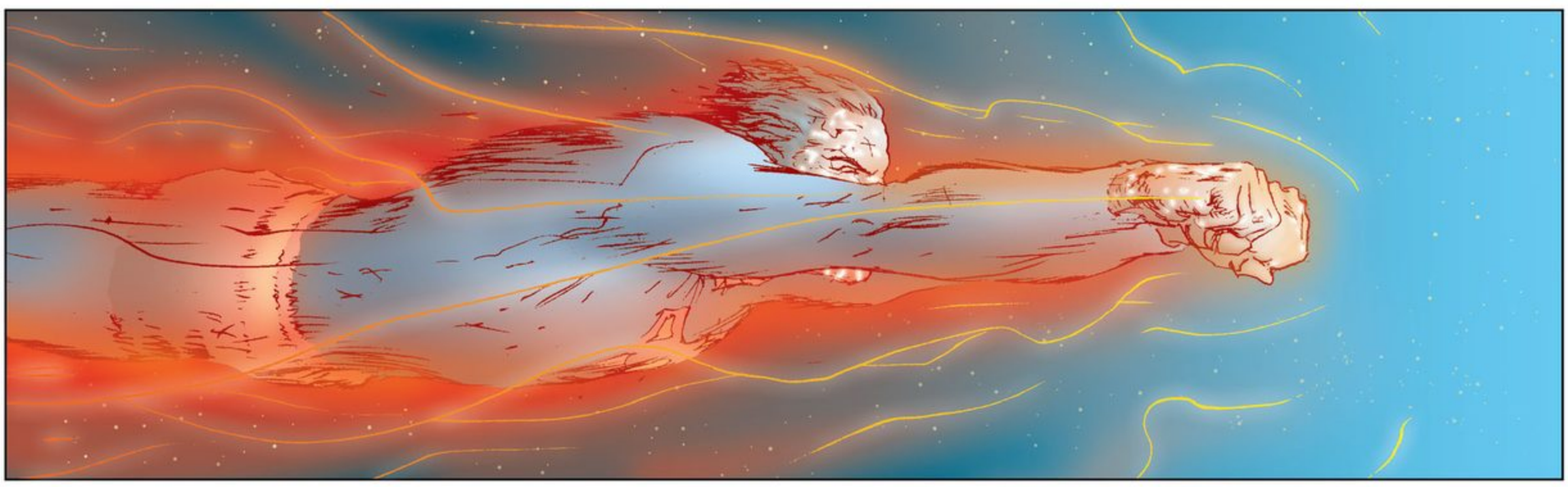
I LOVE YOU, LOIS LANE.

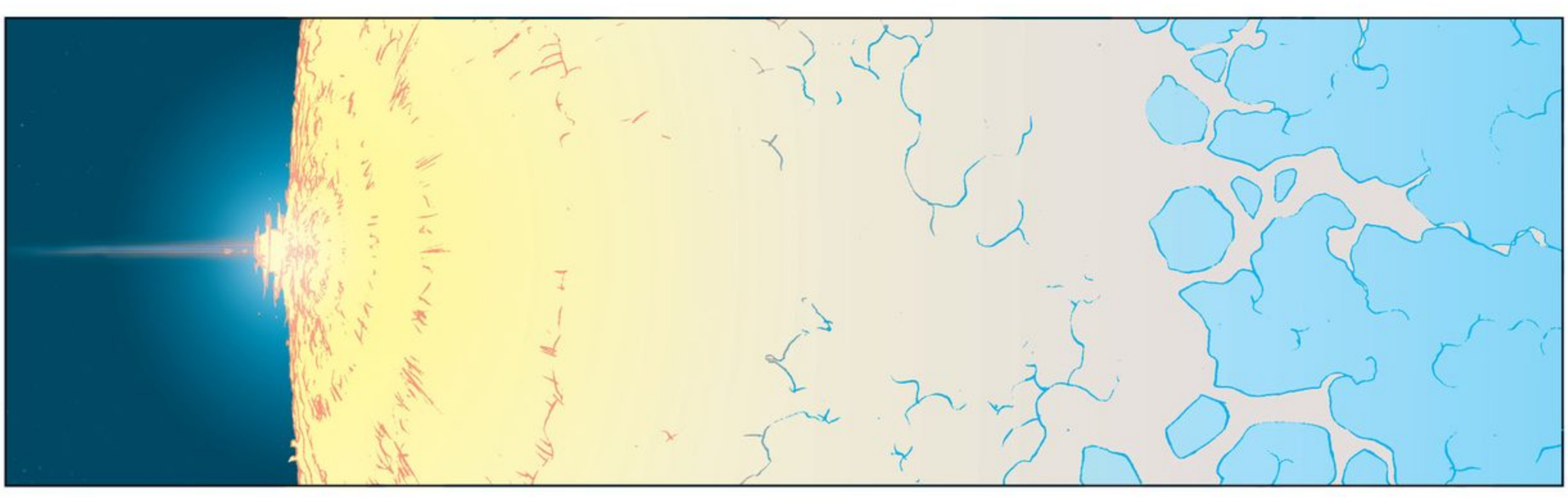
UNTIL THE END OF TIME.

I LOVE YOU, SUPERMAN!

Stat







...MISS *LANE...?*

...YOU *SURE* YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY SOMETHING AT SUPERMAN'S *MEMORIAL SERVICE?*

IT'S BEEN A WHOLE *YEAR* SINCE HE DISAPPEARED, AND *THOUSANDS* OF PEOPLE JUST TURNED UP TO PAY THEIR *RESPECTS.*

SUPERMAN'S NOT DEAD.

WE *PUBLISHED* THAT HEADLINE AS A *WARNING* TO BE CARRIED *BACK* THROUGH TIME.

MAYBE *SOME* PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE IT.

BUT I KNOW HE'S UP *THERE,* BUILDING AN ARTIFICIAL *HEART* TO KEEP THE SUN ALIVE.

HE'LL BE BACK WHEN HE'S *DONE,* JIMMY.

AND WHEN HE'S DONE...

HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND ME.

P.R.O.J.E.C.T.

... WONDERFUL CEREMONY.

DISARMINGLY *MOVING,* ACTUALLY.

EVEN *LUTHOR* SEEMED TO FIND SOME CLOSURE IN THE FACE OF RENEWED GLOBAL CALLS FOR HIS *EXECUTION.*

HE SEEMS SO *FADED,* SO SMALL, NOW THAT HE FINALLY GOT HIS DEAREST *WISH.*

A WORLD *WITHOUT* SUPERMAN.

THERE'S A CHALLENGE TO HUMAN INGENUITY.

WE *ALL* HAVE TO MAKE SURE IT GETS *TAKEN CARE OF* WHILE HE'S GONE.

BUT WHAT IF SUPERMAN *NEVER* RETURNS?

WHAT THEN, MISTER QUINTUM?

I WOULDN'T WORRY *TOO* MUCH ABOUT *THAT* DAY, AGATHA.

NOW THAT WE KNOW HOW IT'S *DONE...*

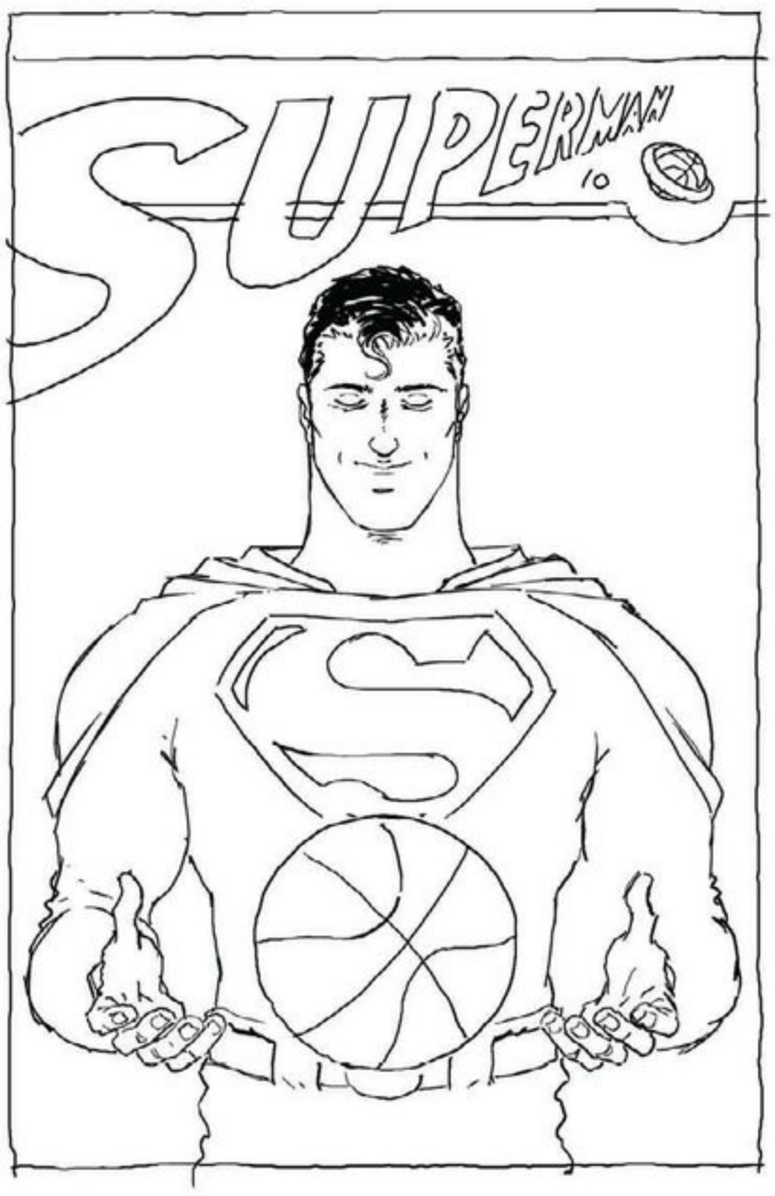
P.R.O.J.E.C.T.

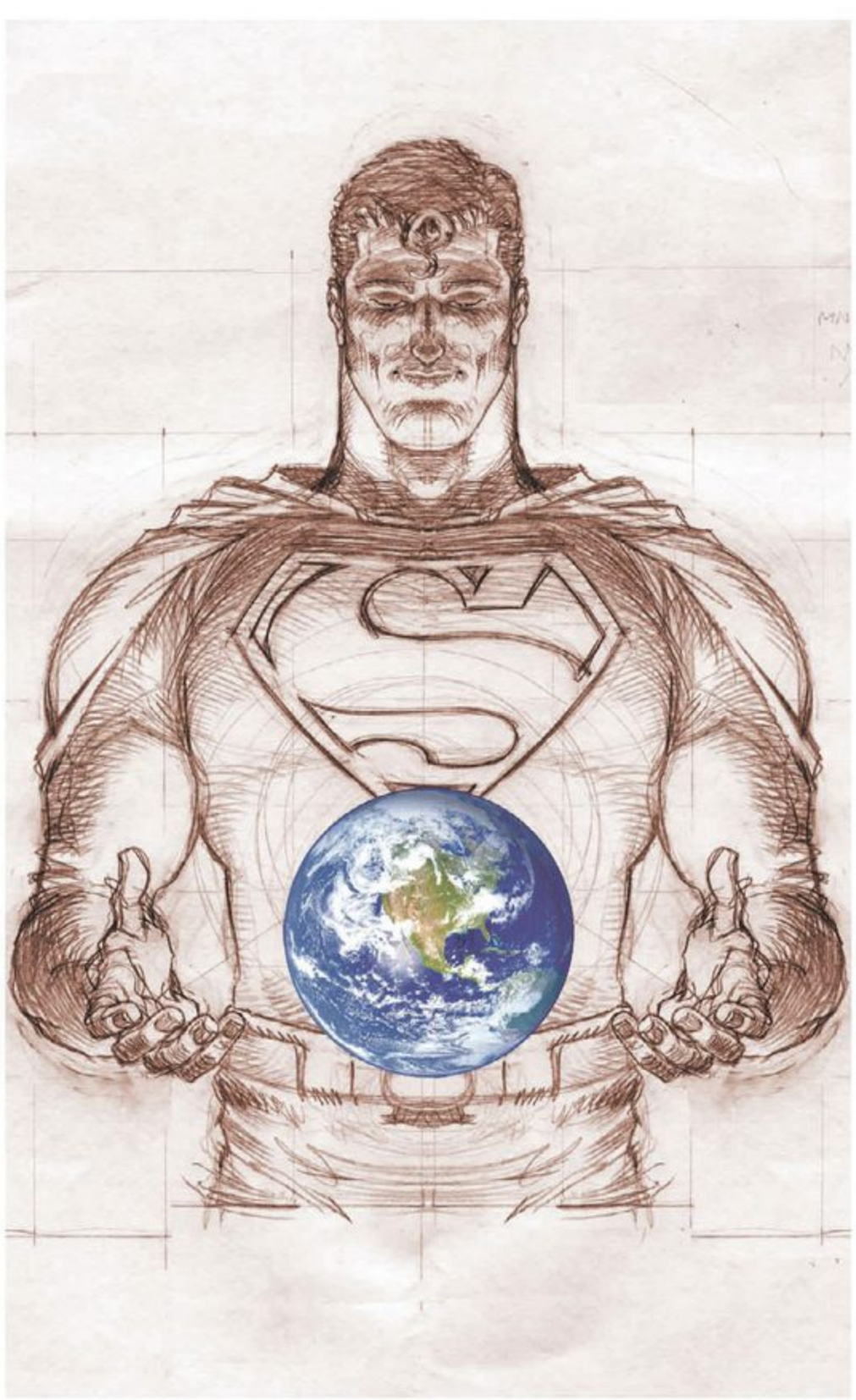
...I'M SURE WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

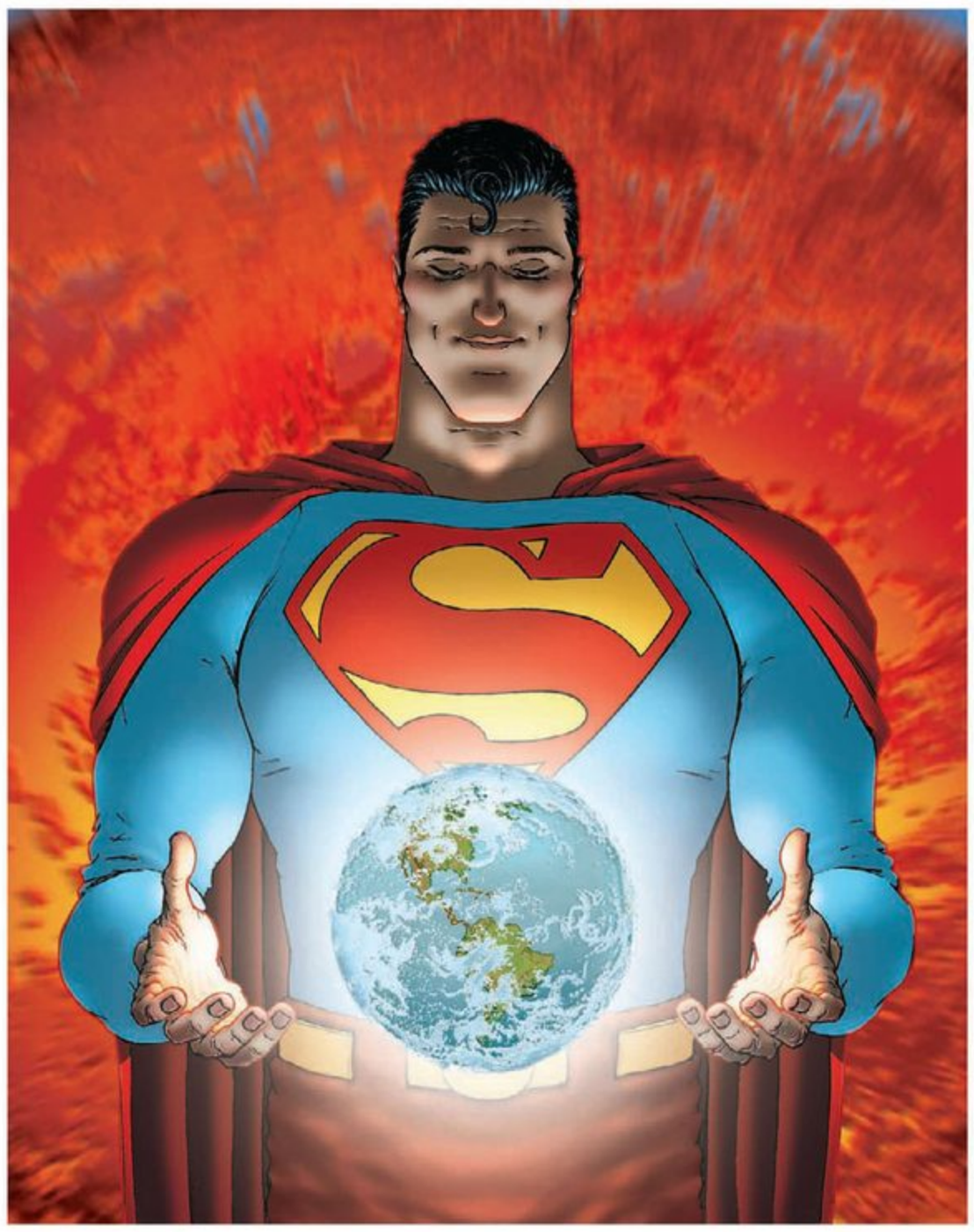
END

ALL-STAR SUPERMAN

words by Grant Morrison art by Frank Quitely



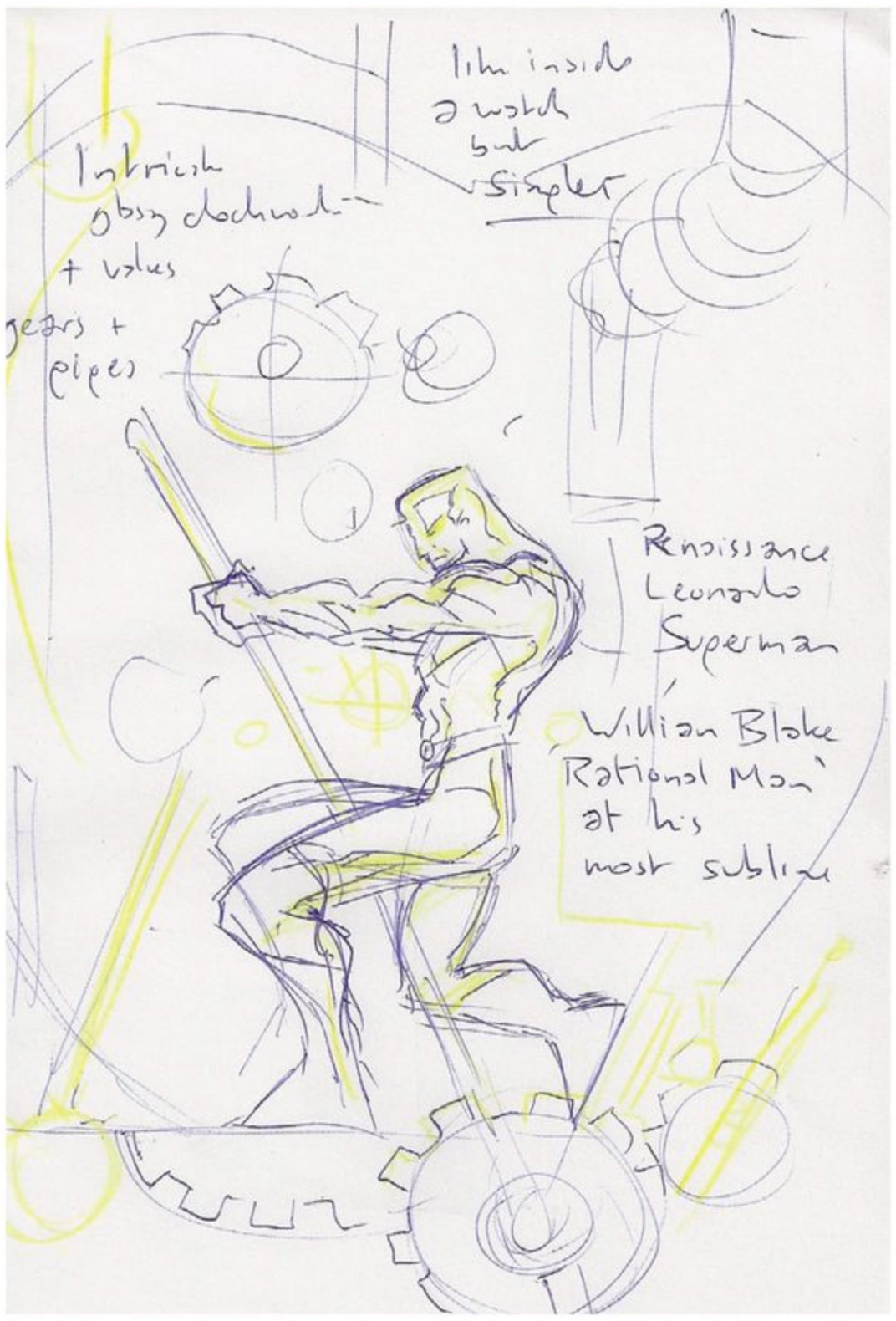




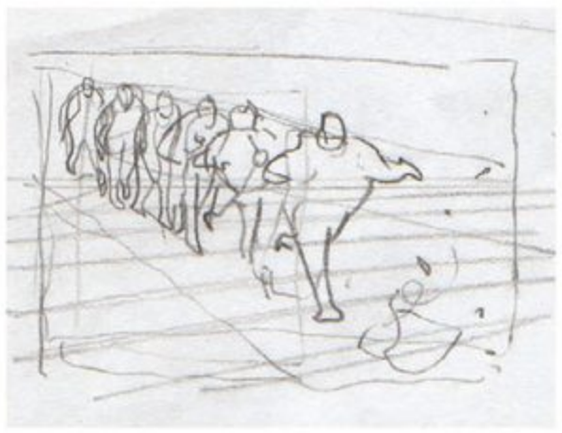
The title ALL-STAR SUPERMAN was DC co-publisher Dan DiDio's idea. ALL-STAR COMICS was published by DC in 1940 and introduced to the world the first great superheroine, Wonder Woman, as well as the prototype super-team, the Justice Society of America. Dan revived the All-Star trademark for a play-on-words imprint, established as a playground for "big name" comic book creators to cut loose on non-continuity, "definitive" and personal visions of DC's top characters.

In the end, only two All-Star books were published: this one and the brilliant, controversial ALL-STAR BATMAN & ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER by Frank Miller and Jim Lee.

And so, ALL-STAR SUPERMAN. Saddled with this slightly odd and archaic title, Quitely and I decided to make it literal and to tell the story of Superman as star or solar "deity," hence our opening shot of Superman framed by solar flares and the structure of the story, which traverses one epic "day"—dipping below the horizon in issue six so that Superman, like all good solar myth heroes, can journey through midwinter's longest night and the upside-down underworld before rising again in issue nine, revitalized.



Machine from Grant Morrison's sketchbook.



CLARK KENT

It's rare for an artist to really emphasize the difference in physicality between Superman and Kent, but we wanted to make a feature of it. One of my first ideas for Superman was to connect him to his Jewish roots by bringing to ALL-STAR SUPERMAN the dramatic, hand-wringing gestures of Yiddish theater. Frank and I wondered what it might have looked like if Will Eisner had drawn Superman in the 1940s, and from these roots we evolved the contrasting physicality of Kent and Superman.

We wanted his disguise to seem plausible. Generally, Clark Kent is shown as a tall, well-built man whose only real difference from Superman is his slicked-back hair and bottle-top glasses.

We decided Superman could release his posture so that his shoulders slumped, his spine curved and his belly stuck out. He could give himself pigeon toes.

Rather than a cowardly, sickly *milquetoast*, we decided instead to make Clark too BIG for his environment. He's playing the part of a hulking farmboy who's used to wide open spaces and can't help bumping into things or tripping over people in the big city.

We also decided that each time Clark did something clumsy, he would actually be saving someone's life. Even as Kent, Superman is never off-duty.

Frank Quitely's mastery of anatomy and body language sold this transformation in a way I'd never seen it before.

LOIS LANE

Lois Lane was an older, wiser amalgamation of all her previous appearances and we really wanted to show why Superman would fall in love with this human woman.

Apart from her obvious beauty, our Lois had to be clever, witty, compassionate, understanding, suspicious, cynical, insulting, courageous and even reckless.

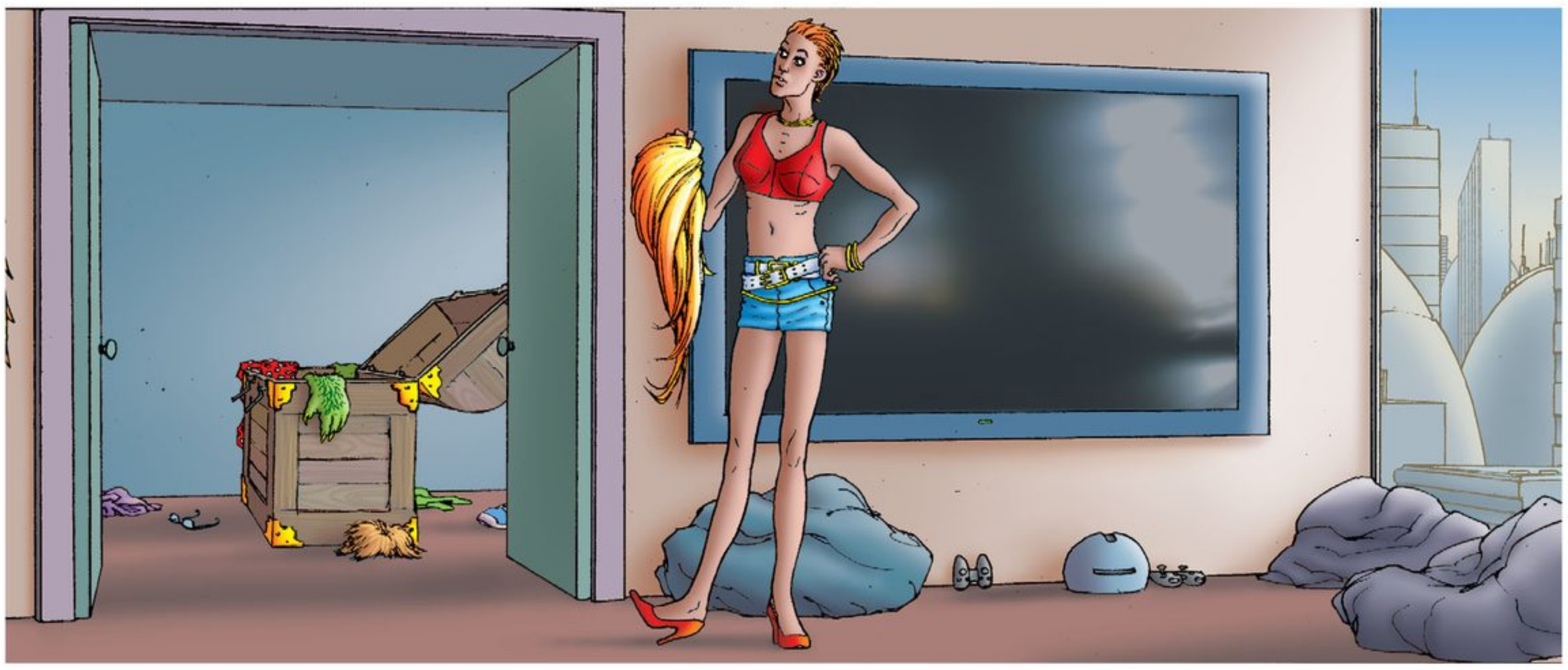
Superwoman sketches from Grant Morrison's SUPERMAN NOW sketchbook.

JIMMY OLSEN

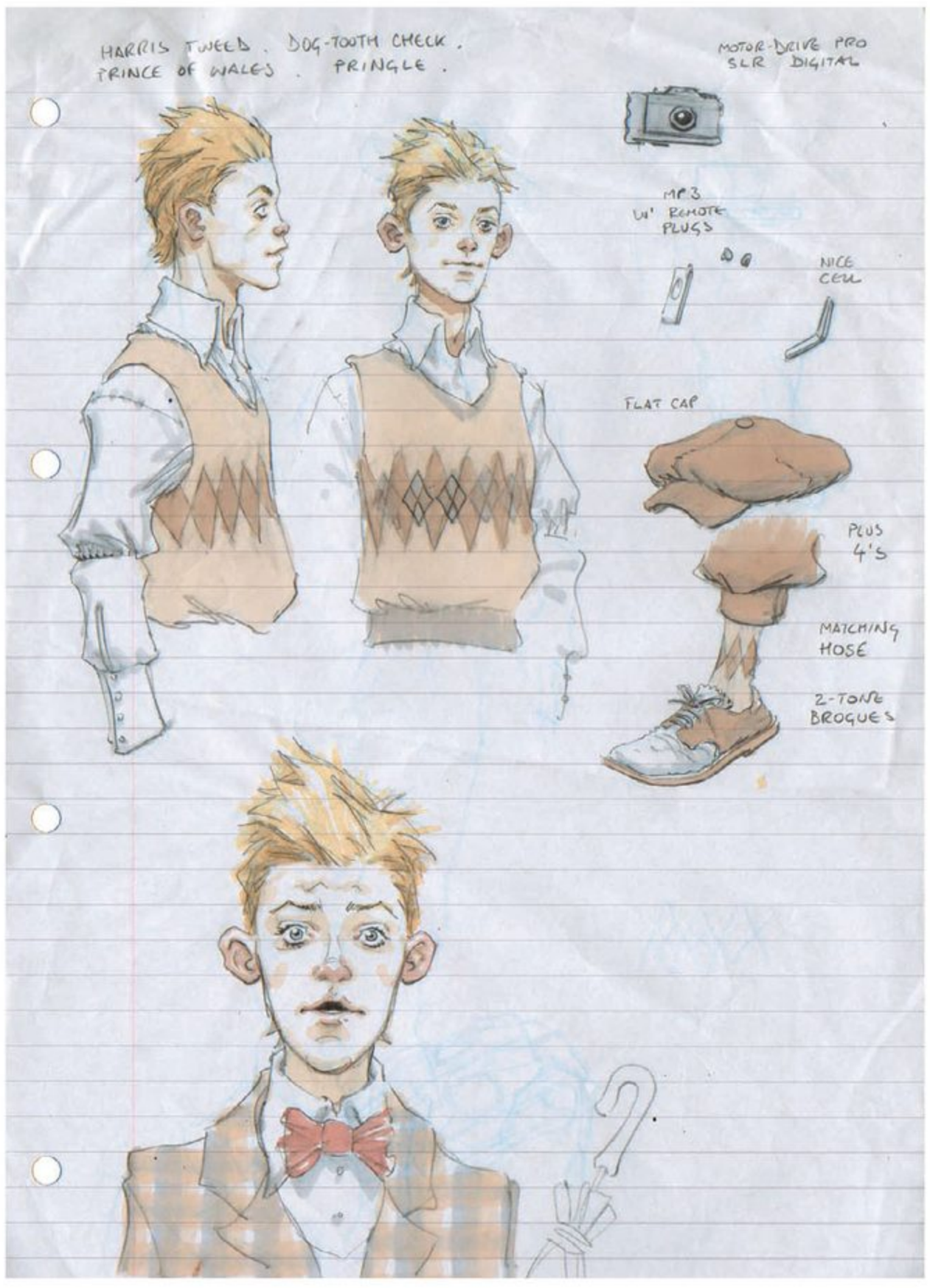
Our Jimmy Olsen was a total rethinking based on the aspects of Olsen we both liked while playing down the whole wet-behind-the-ears "cub reporter" portrayal, which often cast Jimmy in the role of buffoon.

I borrowed a little from Jack Kirby's "Mr. Action" idea of a more daredevil, pro-active Jimmy, added a little bit of TV comedy character Nathan Barley, some Abercrombie & Fitch preppy style, a dash of Tintin and a cool Quitely haircut. At the request of the singer Robbie Williams, Frank included the hints of his features that you may still be able to see in these sketches.

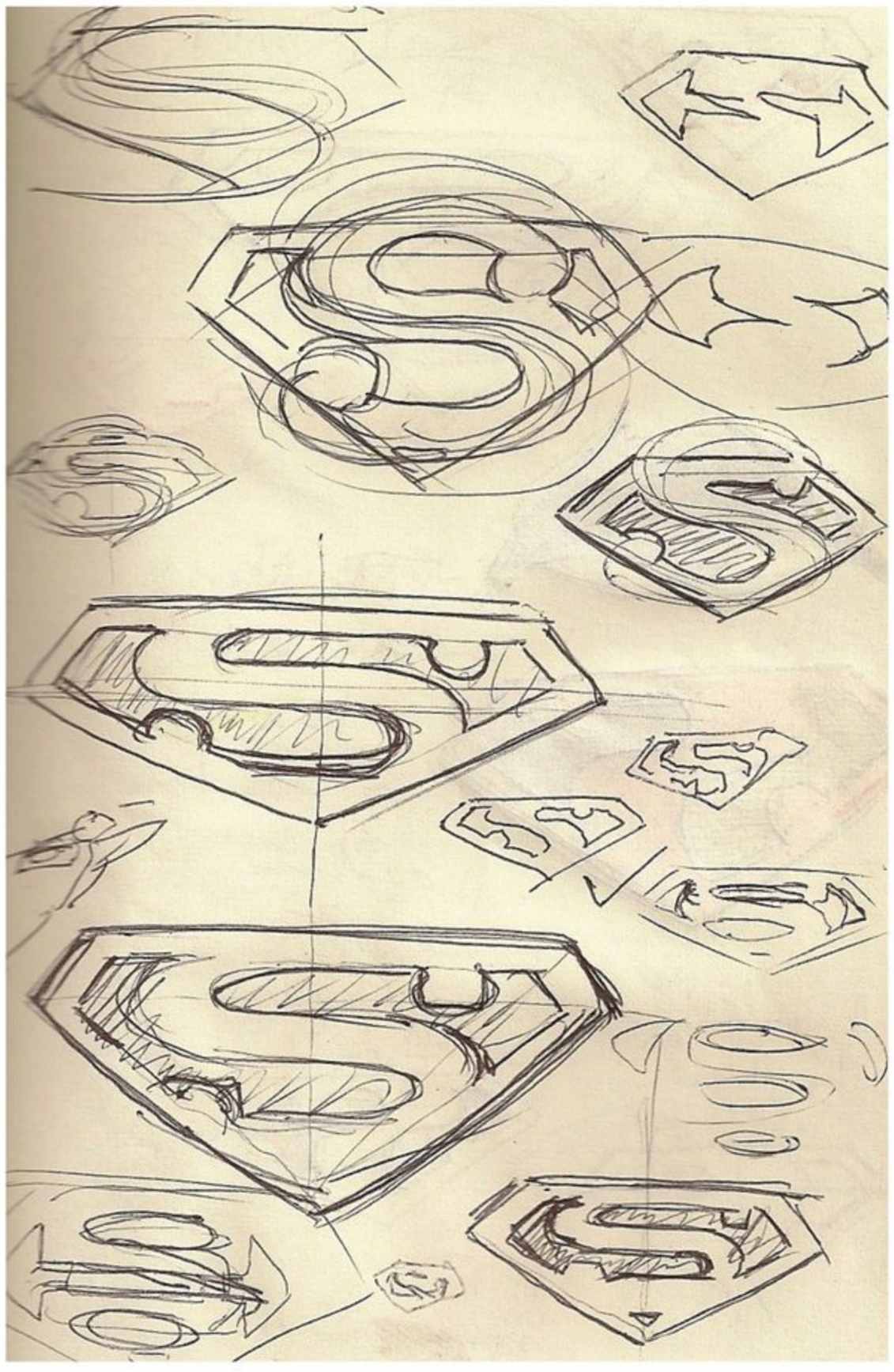
Jimmy was renowned for his "disguises" and bizarre transformations (my favorite is the transvestite Olsen epic "Miss Jimmy Olsen!" from SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN Nº95, in 1966, which gets a nod on the first page of our Jimmy story).



So I wanted to take that aspect of his appeal and make it part of his job.



I don't like victim Jimmy or dumb Jimmy, because those takes on the character don't make any sense in their context. It seemed more interesting to see what a young man would be like who could convincingly be Superman's "pal." Someone whose company a Superman might actually enjoy. That meant making Jimmy a much bigger character: swaggering but disingenuous, innocent yet worldly, enthusiastic but not stupid.

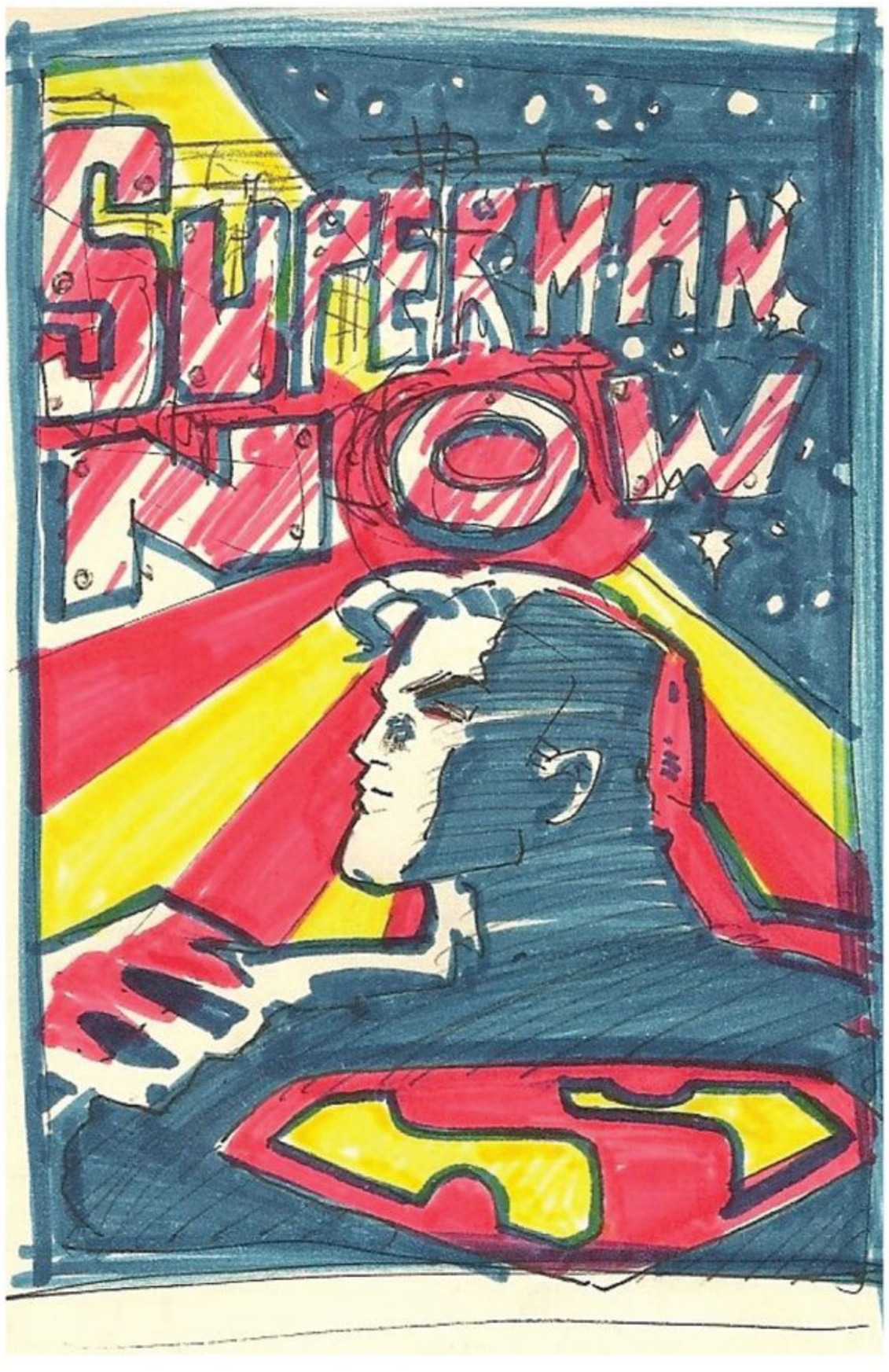


SUPERMAN

We wanted to present Superman, in this series, as an Englightenment figure, a Renaissance idea of the ideal man, perfect in mind, body and intention, and I wanted a storytelling style that would reflect that, so we chose a formal approach to layout and storytelling. Some of the original ideas were created for an aborted series entitled SUPERMAN NOW in 1999.

In these primary sketches, you can see a simplified "S" logo. I'd hoped we could do a new Superman insignia that would set the ALL-STAR SUPERMAN version apart from others and declare our commitment to modernity, but the powers-that-be asked us to stick with the traditional trademark version and we did.

In the end, the idea of the updated logo was developed to a better conclusion and was used as the final image in the book, where it was much more powerful and effective than it might have been up front.



SUPERMAN NOW concept sketches from Grant Morrison's sketchbook.

ALL-STAR SUPERMAN I Alternate Cover
Art by Neal Adams and Jamie Grant

GRANT MORRISON has been working with DC Comics for 30 years, after kicking off his American comics career with acclaimed runs on ANIMAL MAN and DOOM PATROL. Since then he has written such best-selling series as JLA, BATMAN and *New X-Men*, as well as such creator-owned titles as THE INVISIBLES, SEAGUY, THE FILTH and WE3. In recent years Morrison has been hard at work expanding the DC Universe in titles ranging from the Eisner Award-winning titles SEVEN SOLDIERS and ALL-STAR SUPERMAN to the weekly 52 to the reality-shattering, multiverse-spanning epic that is FINAL CRISIS. In his secret identity, Morrison is a "counterculture" spokesperson, a musician, an award-winning playwright and a chaos magician. He lives and works between Los Angeles and his home in Scotland.

FRANK QUITELY was born in Glasgow in 1968. Since 1988 he's drawn *The Greens* (self-published), *Blackheart*, *Missionary Man*, *Shimura*, *Inaba*, ten shorts for Paradox Press, six shorts for Vertigo, FLEX MENTALLO, 20/20 VISIONS, BATMAN: THE SCOTTISH CONNECTION, THE KINGDOM: OFFSPRING, JLA: EARTH 2, THE INVISIBLES, TRANSMETROPOLITAN, THE AUTHORITY, *Captain America*, *New X-Men*, THE SANDMAN: ENDLESS NIGHTS, WE3, ALL-STAR SUPERMAN and BATMAN AND ROBIN. He has also created covers for *Negative Burn*, *Judge Dredd Megazine*, *Classic 2000 AD*, JONAH HEX, BOOKS OF MAGICK: LIFE DURING WARTIME, BITE CLUB, AMERICAN VIRGIN and ALL-STAR BATMAN. He lives in Glasgow with his wife and three children. He used to design his own hats and clothing. Currently his favorite hobby is cooking.

JAMIE GRANT first appeared in 1968 in Dunfermline, Scotland. As he grew to reading size he began to read a *lot* of comics. Later (when bigger) he penned *Blank Expression* (self-published) and painted *Missionary Man* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine* while performing many other demeaning commercial art services in exchange for money (which he spent on comics). Since 1999 he's lived and gotten thoroughly wasted in Glasgow while publishing many issues of *Northern Lightz*, an underground anthology comic. He also founded Hope Street Studios (a true comics den), where he crafted the digital inking and coloring techniques applied to Vertigo's WE3 before tackling ALL-STAR SUPERMAN. His favorite music to color comic book super-spandex to is Devo, the Mothers of Invention and Frank Black. Jamie's personal coat of arms: "It doesn't take me long to work half an hour. No job too dangerous!"

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"Maniacally brilliant."
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